"...chilling...terrifying...grips you to the very end..." Daily Courier

IND.

UNTIL THERE ARE NONE

AMAZING BOOK BONUS:

ONE BY ONE, STARTING WITH THE LOWEST RANKING SECRETARY IN THE CABINET, THEY WOULD ALL BE ELIMINATED — UP TO AND INCLUDING THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THIS WAS THE MASTER PLAN OF RED CHINA'S GEN. CHO.

MAR.

40¢

stag

NEW RACKET

Girls Who Bring Sex to Your Door

Dec. 30th–

THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE WASHINGTON MINT

From Inside The Vatican:

FATHER O'FLAHERTY'S P.O.W. ESCAPE COMPOUND

Would You Like to Take in $140 after Supper?

This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in $140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running $300 and more."

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this $140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a *clear net profit* to you.

Start while Continuing Present Job

We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . have a fast growing income . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable . . the electric Foamovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . easy to start . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . **before** someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big . . . in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods.**

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have 5 **other services.**

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

•

Your Services Are Endorsed by McCall's Magazine, Amer. Research & Testing Laboratories and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

•

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled $1,475.

R. C. Blue: Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . . to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could"

Charles Randal: Business keeps growing. Made as much as $120 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

George Byers: For University, my total billing was $2,416. Total expenses $814.

Gerald Weihrauch: Three persons called me saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Hoy: A smoke damage insurance claim bill was $186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Hoak: I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Smith: Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer **C. Weed:** Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

John E. Frost: First 2 months I grossed $1,000 part-time.

Loren Farris: I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased $17,660 this year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly.**

FREE BOOKLET tells how to Start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income.**

Your location should be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon **today.**

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 5-313 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

To keep the cover intact use duplicate coupon for this advertisement on page 74

CONVENTIONS

LaSalle trains you in spare time at home

HERE IS A NEW and uncrowded profession which offers men high earnings, fascinating and dignified work, and lifetime security. Stenotype is the famous machine shorthand so widely used in business and government today. It provides top speed and accuracy in the recording of speeches, testimony, interviews, debates, conferences, etc.

As a Stenotype operator you are always in the center of things. You cover important events, see influential people, travel to exciting places. Skilled Stenotype operators cover business, professional and political conventions where they record speeches, minutes and discussions right on the spot. They record depositions and briefs for law firms; record press interviews. They sit beside top executives at management meetings, board of directors meetings, other company conferences. Many develop their skills to qualify as official court reporters, with all its excitement and drama. Stenotype operators hold key jobs in the armed forces working side by side with officers of the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force. Others enjoy key posts and assignments on every government level.

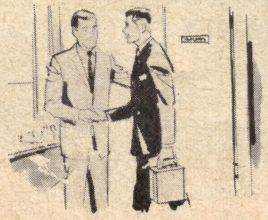
Become a high-pay Stenotype operator through LaSalle spare-time training

You can learn stenotype at home, in your spare hours, at surprisingly low cost, without interfering with your present job. No previous experience or training is necessary. You'll be amazed how fast you learn. The Stenotype machine is included in the course, *yours to keep.*

Send for FREE booklet

If you want to enjoy a profitable career with a bright future, then you should investigate the many splendid opportunities that can be yours as a LaSalle-trained Stenotype operator. Send now for the free descriptive booklet that explains this exciting new career for men of every age. There is no obligation. LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago 5, Illinois.

Stenotype operators have professional status in business and government.



MANAGEMENT MEETINGS

For more than 50 years LaSalle has been world leader in business training through home study, with more than 1,000,000 students. A LaSalle diploma is a credential respected by employers.

LaSalle-trained operator shares $7,000 fee for one month's work

"Only recently, working for Chicago attorneys on a patent trial at St. Louis, another reporter and myself shared a fee of more than $7,000 for transcript alone, plus all expenses for the month. My stenotype career continues to be profitable."

—Walter Brown, Chicago 5, Illinois

Appointed court reporter—credits LaSalle training

"Since the completion of this training with LaSalle, I have become an official court reporter at the criminal court, I owe it all to LaSalle and the staff of the Stenotype Division."

—Ronald Belleau, St. Laurent, Canada

Wins respect of officers at Army headquarters

"My LaSalle training course in Stenotype has gained me the respect of all the command and administrative personnel, which proves the effectiveness of this type of training."

—Charles Summers, 35th Artillery

These are typical success reports from students of LaSalle's Stenotype training. You can achieve similar success.

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A Correspondence Institution

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Please send me, without obligation, your free booklet "Stenotype Careers".

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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County..... State.....

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Occupation..... A.M.....P.M.....

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419

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Giant ICBMs, "psyche" gases, Buck Rogers "death rays." The "ultimate" in mass annihilation—and the "ultimate" in deterrents, for the hope is that because they exist, they'll never be used...

Dec. 30th—THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE WASHINGTON MINT ..... **James Harvey** **20**
Nobody had ever tried to heist the Treasury's "Dillinger-proof" money factory—until an obscure wrapping clerk walked off with $160,000 in $20 bills, hot off the government presses.

CORAL SEA... U. S. NAVY'S BLOODIEST PACIFIC BATTLE ..... **Stan Smith** **24**
The order to "intercept" the Jap armada was clear to every man in Task Force 17: "roadblock" Hirohito's fleet dead in its tracks, or risk losing the entire ocean.

STAG'S BIG PICTURE **30**

Robert Rogers' "Quick-Kill" Rangers— AMERICA'S FIRST COMMANDO ARMY ..... **Richard Gallagher** **32**
No "civilized" troops had ever fought a war the way these men did: Attacking where least expected, striking with hit-and-run tactics that had every enemy soldier garrisoned on the lonely Northwest frontier shying at his own shadow.

MURDEROUS MORTARS OF "TEXAS" JACK SHELBY—1ST INF. DIV. HERO ..... **Len Guttridge** **36**
The ex-broncobuster and his 107-pound, 81 mm, stovepipe-figured, shell-spitting "lady" were the most lethal combo ever to go into WW II combat.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION **38**
Behind-the-scenes report from around the world.

THE SAVAGE WORLD BELOW CITY STREETS ..... **John Drozen** **40**
In every major city that has a subway system, teen-age "rat-packs" terror-stalk the maze of tunnels and arcades, working out of subterranean "clubhouses," preying on commuters in an orgy of crime.

■ OFF-TRAIL

SWEET POTATO SPADER FROM THE SWINGING ISLAND OF JERSEY ..... **STAG Picture Feature** **34**

■ DEPARTMENTS

LAST LAUGHS **11**
OUT OF THIS WORLD **50**

COVER BY MORT KUNSTLER

- For Action, Security, Big Pay -

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO TOP THIS JOB!

Earn To $15 An Hour ★ Work Part-Time Or Full-Time ★ Car Furnished — Expenses Paid ★ No Selling — No Previous Experience Needed ★ Only Average Education Required

NO OTHER CAREER OFFERS YOU A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Consider this fact. In the short time it takes you to read this page 1,100 accidents will take place. Over 440,000 will occur before this day ends. *These accidents must be investigated.* The law demands it. Yet in 4 out of 5 cities, towns and rural communities, no one has been trained for this vital work.

KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned $14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over $2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning $7.50 to $15.00 an hour in my own business . . . Universal's course is wonderful."

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We CAN and WILL show you how to rapidly build your own full-time or part-time business. Or if you wish a big-pay job as Company Claims Investigator, our Placement Service will give you *real* assistance. Hundreds of firms needing men call upon Universal. *We place far more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school.*

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Write today for complete information. Costs are less than you'd imagine. And even on these low costs you need pay only a portion — less than half — in order to complete your training. We finance the rest for you. You may pay out of actual earnings. And you can keep present job while learning. Send now for free book. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs . . . no time out for strikes . . . no oversupply of men . . . no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. *Write today!*

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M. O. Wilson, Dept. S-3
Universal Schools,
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Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money In The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under the slightest obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

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3. Sample lesson to demonstrate the success-proved I.C.S. method of spare-time study.

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Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED," the opportunity booklet about the field I have indicated below, and a sample lesson.

Course in which I'm interested:_____
(Select from listing above)
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Address_____
City_____State_____Zip Code_____
Occupation_____Working hours___a.m. to___p.m.
Employed by _____

STAG CONFIDENTIAL

EVEN SPACE MEN COMPLAIN.

MEN IN UNIFORM

Astronauts' biggest beef is that the planes assigned to them for flight practice are too few and too slow. Space men also complain that publicity appearances prevent them from getting in as much jet time as they would like . . . A "Skunk" in Navy slang is an unidentified ship that pops up on a radarscope ...Vietnamese have now conquered their fear of the demoralizing "dung bombs" tossed by Red Vietcong troops, now throw this sinister concoction right back at the Reds . . .

THE ARMY HAS DEVELOPED A NEW "SNOOPER SCOPE" NIGHT VISION RIFLE SIGHT THAT INTENSIFIES THE LIGHT OF STARS, MOON AND SKY GLOW and enables troops to shoot distant enemy soldiers in spite of darkness. Old night-firing devices used infra-red rays which enemy could detect, pinpoint and retaliate against . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

An occasional woman can be stirred to orgasm by "sex talk" alone. Physical contact actually spoils it for her . . .

Some busy people, scorning full-fledged affairs, have "quickie" arrangements, in which they meet each other for hit-and-run sex, half hour in a car, hurried few minutes in a crowded alcove. They claim it enhances the sexuality of the relationship . . .

It's understood by participants in Arab country beauty contests that girls will sleep with the judges. The girls would be offended if the judges turned them down . . .

DOCTORS STILL CAN'T AGREE AS TO THE EXACT MOMENT OF DEATH IN HUMAN BEINGS, whether it's when the brain waves cease, when breathing stops, or the heart, or what . . .

One thing the Alaskan earthquake proved was that wooden houses survive better than stone buildings. Flexible construction with nails and screws makes the difference . . . FASTEST GROWING TELEPHONE SYSTEM IN THE WORLD BELONGS TO JAPAN . . .

Biggest unnecessary hang-up in a marriage comes frequently from one partner's desire for some fairly unusual sex activity. Best medical advice, in this situation, is to cooperate, if the practice isn't physically harmful, and it doesn't do any real mental damage. It's usually no worse than having to wash the dishes or take out the garbage, and more often than not, turns out to be fun . . .

RED WORLD

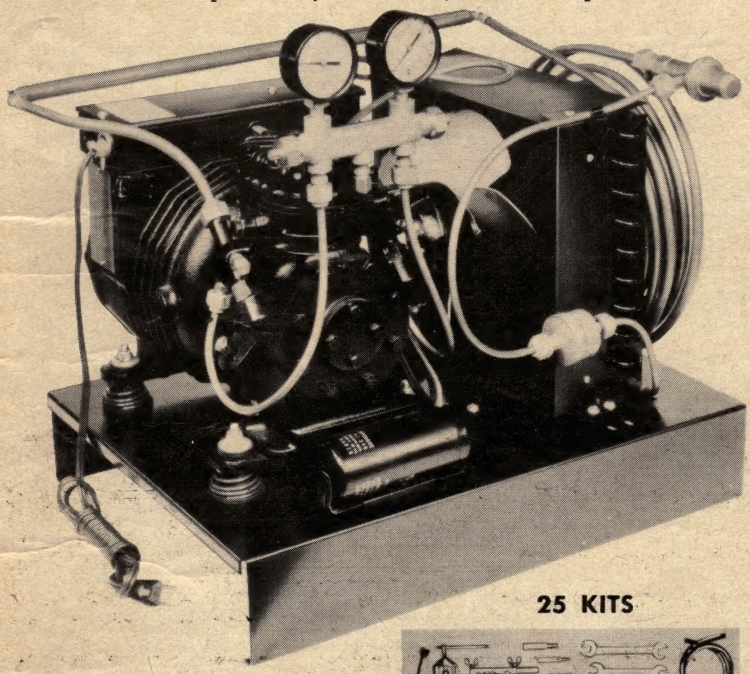
FEELING NOW IS THAT RED CHINESE ARE NOT SO MUCH CONCERNED WITH TAKING OVER SOUTHEAST ASIA AS THEY ARE IN KNOCKING OFF AFRICA. They feel if they can capture the Congo, they have Africa by the tail, can wolf it down whenever they like. As a result, the African who visits Red China is treated like a king, has all the food and women he wants, is never arrested no matter how violent and heinous his crime. There will soon be a sea of Afro-Asian babies born as a result of Red China's Love-To-Africa program . . .

Continued on page 44

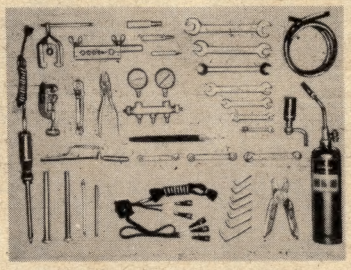
LOVE, RED CHINA STYLE.

Need a better job?
Want to own a business?
LOOK INTO AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION FIRST!

Skilled men are in big demand in the air conditioning and refrigeration field. Industry leaders say that 20,000 mechanics must be trained each year. Here's why: During a 12-year period, production quadrupled. Only one other industry grew so fast. Last year, over 3 million air conditioning units and 5 million refrigerators and freezers were produced. Over 150 million units are in use. It takes skilled men to install, service and repair such equipment. They are well paid. They work steady. Why don't you qualify for one of the better-pay jobs? CTI trains you at home in spare time. *For complete information, send coupon.* No obligation.



25 KITS



Above—This is how your heavy-duty refrigeration system will appear after it is built. All parts are new and late model. A work project accompanies each kit. *Right*—You also get mechanic's tools, including wrenches and flaring tubes; also gauges, propane torch.

You train at home—Build a complete refrigeration system

In addition to easy, illustrated lessons, CTI sends 25 kits of parts and tools to build a complete, operating refrigeration system. As you assemble your unit, you get practical experience and gain confidence. You become familiar with parts and their functions. You develop skill in using tools. On completing training, you can convert your system into an air conditioner, freezer or refrigerator (from plans we provide). CTI makes home your training center.

Many earn money while learning

Since the CTI course includes training with real equipment, many students start service work soon after enrolling. They go out on their own, or get a part-time job with a local dealer. Some arrange with food stores, taverns, restaurants, etc., to handle maintenance. Numerous students pay part or all of their tuition through spare-time earnings.

Recommended highly by students

"I operate my own sales and service shop. As a student I made more than the course costs."—*Ray Ball, Kan.* . . . "I have started a refrigeration business of my own. The prospects are good."—*John Brooks, Ariz.* . . . "The refrigeration course is excellent. I have had two pay raises."—*Paul Zeleski, Ill.* . . . "I am now working in the refrigeration field—for the man who advised me to take your course."—*G. R. Fontenot, La.* . . . "I have my own shop—earn about 60% more than when I enrolled."—*David Fonseca, Pa.* . . . "My income has doubled. I service in people's homes."

—*Donald Minner, California*

An easy course—Written especially for beginners

You don't need a formal education, not even a grade school diploma. You don't need previous experience. All we ask is that you can read and write, and be willing to devote a few hours a week to training. If you have ambition, and can finish what you start, you can earn a CTI diploma.

Mail coupon for 3 free booklets

Investigate the opportunities available in air conditioning and refrigeration. Find out how easily you can train yourself for a better job, more pay or a business of your own. Discover how you can earn money as you train. Fill out and mail coupon today.

Commercial Trades Institute
Chicago 26, Illinois
Accredited Member National Home Study Council

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE **DEPT. R-362**
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Without cost or obligation, mail me your booklet, "Be a Success In Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Heating." Also a sample lesson.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Starting Right Now — with the DynaGlaze MILLION DOLLAR PYRAMID CLUB PLAN Just $3.00 Can Turn 1965 into the Year You Can Make a Real Fortune—as the Owner of YOUR OWN BUSINESS and You Can Own a Brand New Rolls Royce Motor Car—without the necessity of Any Personal Retail Selling—Ever Again!

There is still a way today that an ordinary person, lacking the necessary capital to start his own business, can earn the large yearly income he dreams about - with all the fine things in life that go with it! You can turn your HOPES and DREAMS into visible REALITY - quickly - easily... with a tiny "peanut" investment - without risking your present job and without the necessity of ANY personal retail selling ever again.

If you have little or no capital, here's an opportunity made to order for you - if you are enthusiastic, honest, sincere and determined to make lots of money. Of course, with just a little capital you can PYRAMID YOUR EARNINGS even faster! Yes, almost overnight and even while you sleep, the DynaGlaze Pyramid Club Plan gives YOU the magic opportunity you've waited for. It can lift you by the bootstraps and virtually propel you into YOUR OWN BIG - MONEY BUSINESS. We furnish everything you need. No EXPERIENCE or formal education is necessary. Send coupon NOW to learn how YOU can become a full or part-time DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Member. No dues necessary!

What Is the DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan ..... and How Can It Make Your Fortune Almost Overnight?

The DynaGlaze PYRAMID CLUB PLAN works through chain sponsorship. It is the same kind of MONEY-MAKING plan that has taken the country by storm and turned ordinary "no capital available" people into men and women who, we have been told, "have made $100,000 and more a year in net income before taxes, etc. --- some even having retired with a half million dollars in about 3 years." Rather than use time-consuming and conventional distribution methods, the folks at DynaGlaze would prefer to PUT THE LARGE PROFITS into YOUR POCKETS - and so we have developed our Pyramid Million Dollar Club Chain Sponsorship Plan.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

You sell or give just one can of DynaGlaze away. That's all! You show the person who receives the can our Magic Newspaper Demonstration Test (explained in the FREE DynaGlaze 32-page booklet).

Each such person in turn shows it to others. The product is so miraculous it literally NEEDS NO SELLING! Each person who sells himself on it immediately becomes part of YOUR DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Chain. You can make a tremendous profit on the sales in YOUR chain without selling! YOU can get as much as 75% discount on the amount of each sale! And you can make EXTRA bonuses, over-rides, etc. in open territories. FIND OUT HOW THE PYRAMID CLUB PLAN TERMINATES WHEN THE TERRITORY CLOSES. RETURN COUPON NOW!

The MIRACLE PLAN That Virtually Turns "Ordinary Men" into Millionaires

The DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan is NOT for every Tom, Dick and Mary. It IS for the few thousand men and women who are serious about earning ONE MILLION DOLLARS in their lifetime - the sooner the better! It is loaded with the dynamic METHOD of MAKING MONEY - an EXCLUSIVE method that explodes other direct-selling deals. If you are not a man or woman with ambition and determination who really wants big money, the DynaGlaze Plan is not for you. For the DynaGlaze Plan staggers the imagination. It is a Plan in which YOU can have hundreds of people working UNDER YOU --- for YOU exclusively-people you may never even meet!

How Did This Plan Originate?

The DynaGlaze Pyramid Club Plan is adapted from the Nutri-Bio Marketing Plan. Nutri-Bio is a company that reputedly went from $50,000 a year to $15,000,000 a year in ONLY 5 SHORT years! It made FORTUNES for HUNDREDS of ordinary men and women. There has never before been a product like DynaGlaze, a product that has set the sales world ablaze. Once YOU DISCOVER the DynaGlaze Pyramid Club Plan you will never put your energies into any other product or sales plan.

WHAT IS ★ DynaGlaze ? ★

THE MIRACLE AUTO POLISH

DynaGlaze, the MIRACLE Auto Polish, actually puts a protective GLAZE on your car. It LASTS and LASTS and LASTS.

CONTAINS SILICONES

DynaGlaze contains Silicones and more than 8 other Miracle ingredients to protect any car from RAIN, SNOW, WIND and all other atmospheric conditions - plus SALT SPRAY and other ice-removing chemicals!

CAN BE USED ON AIRPLANES

DynaGlaze can be used on airplanes to glaze and reduce friction! Makes them fly faster and FARTHER on less fuel! What will it do for YOUR car ?

DynaGlaze SHINES Like a DIAMOND

because it is made by a modern chemical manufacturer in continous operation since 1865-almost 100 years of quality manufacturing. This is the SAME DynaGlaze that is used on $25,000 ROLLS ROYCES, CADILLACS and LINCOLN motor cars and expensive foreign sports cars!

YOU CAN GET A BEAUTIFUL ★ ROLLS ROYCE WITH YOUR ★ DynaGlaze EARNINGS !

PROFITS SKYROCKET

The DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan shows you how to make as much as you want. You set your sights - $20,000 ... $40,000 ... $60,000 or even $100,000 or more a year. Then you accumulate EVERY CENT OF IT! It will take a little courage - but you're not going to make big money without courage. You're dealing with BIG GAME now - and it's just as easy to deal with big people as with little people. Your earnings will immediately reflect the difference. RETURN COUPON TODAY TO SEE HOW YOU CAN BECOME AN EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTOR.

© 1965 by G & A Industries, Inc.

PLAN CAN MEAN $ $ $ $ TO YOU!

The DynaGlaze Plan works even for men and women who have been weak in sales or who dreaded sales work. Now these same individuals can earn MORE in ONE WEEK than they previously earned in a year! The DynaGlaze Plan is no nonsense. It can mean hundreds of THOUSANDS of dollars to the men and women who start NOW. It will end FOREVER the negative attitude and lack of confidence often found in sales work. You'll be with the money-making giants as a person of stature and INNER STRENGTH. You'll feel differently about yourself.... you'll have an INNER Self-esteem to accompany your new-found success. You'll enjoy life and success to the fullest.

YOU CAN START AT ONCE

DynaGlaze Auto Polish is on its way to becoming a LEADER in the tremendously expanding auto polish field - with annual sales of $150,000,000.00. The VAST MAJORITY of the surface has not been scratched. We still have need of an effective distributor network in many areas. MANY territories are virgin, and the opportunities are unlimited. Our Hawaiian DynaGlaze Distributor has already purchased DynaGlaze with a retail value of $54,000.00 in only 5 short weeks, - and he's been at it for less than a year! These apparently fantastic earnings are possible because of the unique marketing methods found in the DynaGlaze plan booklet. That is why we urge you to return the coupon below now so that we can rush full details to you. This is truly the opportunity of your lifetime! DON'T LET IT PASS!

G & A INDUSTRIES, INC.

DynaGlaze Div., Dept. CMD-35, P. O. Box 67
Midwood Station, Brooklyn 30, New York

THIS FREE COUPON CAN BRING YOU INFORMATION ON HOW TO EARN UP TO $20,000... $40,000... $100,000 OR MORE A YEAR STARTING RIGHT NOW THROUGH the DynaGlaze MILLION DOLLAR PYRAMID CLUB PLAN !

G & A INDUSTRIES, Inc., Dept. CMD-35
DynaGlaze Div., P. O. Box 67,
Midwood Station, Brooklyn 30, N. Y.
Phone: (212) 252 - 0022

☐ Rush complete and FREE details on your money-making DynaGlaze and tell me how to get in on the ground floor of this fabulous Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan with no obligation.

☐ I want to get started FAST. Enclosed is $3.00 (refundable) for a Regular size can of DynaGlaze Plus all Free details of the Pyramid Club Plan.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

LAST LAUGHS

"How come you keep calling me Elizabeth, Rita?"

It was late in the afternoon as the traveling salesman drove along the lonely road, looking for a place to spend the night. Coming upon a tidy-looking farmhouse, he pulled over and stopped, ran up the porch steps and knocked on the door. A beautiful girl with long, blonde hair and large, blue eyes opened the door.

"Gee, I'll bet you're the farmer's daughter!" exclaimed the salesman.

"No, I'm not," answered the girl, "I'm his mistress."

◆ ◆ ◆

A Spaniard, visiting the United States, was enchanted by an American expression he heard, "Can I drop you off somewhere?" He went to a party one evening and one girl in particular appealed to him. As the party was breaking up, he approached her with a gleam in his eye and said, "Can I throw you down someplace?"

◆ ◆ ◆

The new minister of a small-town church was calling at several homes in an effort to secure more members for his congregation. In one home where the husband was absent, the preacher asked, "What makes you think your husband is so religious?"

"Well," she replied, "I know he loves his enemies."

"That's fine. What enemies does he have?"

"Oh, his worst ones are whisky and wild women."

The soldier was reading a letter from his wife and didn't seem too pleased about it.

"What's the matter?" asked his chum. "Is there trouble at home?"

"Well, not exactly," replied the soldier, "but we got a freak in the family. It says here, 'You won't know Willie when you come back; he's grown another foot.' "

◆ ◆ ◆

A man who was visiting New York to see the World's Fair got to thinking about writing home. He walked into a nearby store and said to the pretty girl behind the counter: "Do you keep stationery?"

"Hardly, dahling!" replied the girl disdainfully.

◆ ◆ ◆

"I won't offer you a drink, Mr. Brown," said the hostess, "since you're head of the Temperance League."

"No, I'm president of the Anti-Vice League."

"Oh, well, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

The personnel manager called the head of the stenographic pool into his office and said: "This is Miss—what did you say your name was, young lady?"

"Miss Smith," replied the slender blonde.

"—Miss Smith," continued the personnel manager, "one of the applicants for the vacant position of my personal secretary. I have just been testing her fitness for the job and I'm favorably impressed. Her typing is good, her shorthand is excellent, and her accuracy is perfect. I am particularly impressed by her education, her cultural background, her evident refinement and her alert intelligence. Put her on the payroll as of today. Inform her as to salary, office hours, and other details . . . er, is there something you want to ask, Miss Smith?"

"Yes," said the girl hesitantly. "Could I please have my bra back?"

◆ ◆ ◆

The medical profession won't believe it but they crossed an elephant with a prostitute and wound up with a three-ton pick-up.

"Then of course, for the sports minded, there's the $100 trip to my apartment."

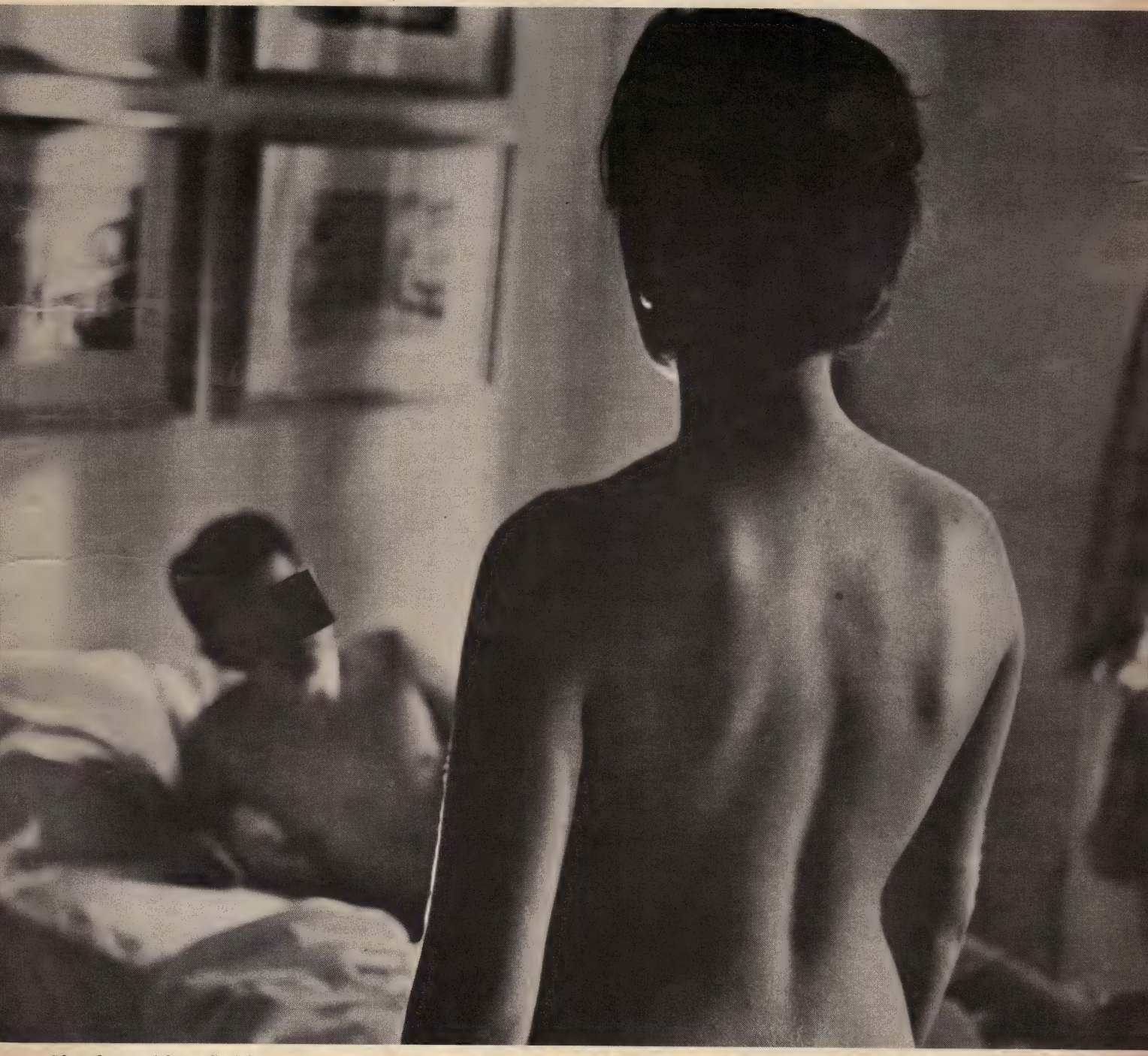
Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

by
RICHARD FARRINGTON

New Racket

GIRLS WHO BRING SEX TO YOUR DOOR

The "sex" may be only suggestive talk, the salesgirl's hand on the buyer's knee, perhaps even a kiss, but nothing more — unless, of course, the "clinching" of a sale depends on more intimate measures — then the "customer" is always right.



If an hour with an S-girl seems expensive, there are always years of curling up with the set of encyclopedias she's thrown in.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

SEX TO YOUR DOOR

Some customers call the S-girl back, want her to "sell" her "wares" all over again, complete with pleading whispers, soft caresses and enticing striptease.

WE'LL call the woman Betty Kincaid and the man Amos Shanklin. The names are ficticious to spare Amos Shanklin further embarrassment.

Betty Kincaid is 24, blonde, good-looking. Amos Shanklin is 40, lean and hewn-looking, a farmer. When he met Betty Kincaid last August 27, he was also a widower of one week.

Following are the events that transpired that day as sworn to by Amos Shanklin in the Illinois courts . . .

"She came driving up about 5:30 that afternoon, in a convertible. She got out of the car carrying a big brief case. She said, 'I know this sounds silly, but I'm really working my way through college selling magazine subscriptions and I wondered—'

"I snapped at her, 'Quit wondering. There's been a death in the family. My wife—last week. I don't feel like talking about no damned magazines.'

"She started to cry. I realized I had no call to talk to her that way. I said, 'I'm sorry. I don't want any magazines, but I don't have to be rude. Come on in and have a beer . . .

"That's how it began. By 6:30 I was becoming a different man. She was funny. She told stories about young people at college. I never went to college, but I remembered what it was like to be 20 again. She had me laughing again. What a relief it was

Insurance salesgirls may offer bonuses: $25 commission, a kiss; $100, an affair.

to laugh. She was simply wonderful.

"Finally, she said, 'Tell you what, Mr. Shanklin. You buy one of my subscriptions, and I'll cook you dinner before I go.' I said, 'Fine, And if you wash the dishes, I'll take *two* subscriptions.'

"She kissed me on the cheek and said, 'I'll remember you when I'm paying the lab fees in comparative anatomy.'

"After that I felt she could do no wrong. What I'm trying to say is, I suddenly felt like I needed her—if only for a night, if only for another hour in the kitchen. I started drinking bourbon and that's when I lost my head. I was lonely. I just wanted to listen to her talk. I didn't pay any attention to the words.

"She kept plugging subscriptions and I was willing to go along with anything, just to keep her there.

" 'Wouldn't you like the library to have subscriptions in your wife's name? What a nice tribute.'

" 'Fine,' I said.

" 'How about the hospital, too? Five year subscriptions to each.'

"That was fine, too. She was letting me touch her. Later, I remember both of us being in the bedroom. She was saying, 'Mr. Shanklin, I *want* to stay with you tonight. You need me, and it's the least I can do, but first let's get these long-term subscriptions to the church and the overseas mission signed!'

"Fine. Everything was fine. I signed. Then she smiled like a cat, started throwing off her clothes and said, 'Now, Mr. Shanklin, we're going to have a ball . . .'

"I woke up feeling a little ashamed, my wife Marian being gone only a week and all. Yet, I couldn't really see anything wrong in doing what I'd done. I knew I'd been lonely. And I knew I wasn't feeling so lonely any more when I woke up. So what harm?

"Then I found all the subscription receipts and my checkbook stubs totaling almost $1,100 and I suddenly knew something else—I knew I'd been a fool. I knew I'd been taken . . ."

It took courage for Amos Shanklin to tell these things in court, for when he was finished talking, he was humiliated, discredited and couldn't bear to go back home. But he was also the first man in the U. S. to tear the wrappers from the newest and dirtiest practice in the door-to-door sales business, which this year is expected to gross $275,000,000.

Betty Kincaid, as a witness, was candid and open. Shanklin's attorney, Morris Gall of Chicago, threatened to take the evidence to the District Attorney and press criminal prostitution charges if she didn't tell the whole truth.

Gall's case hinged on the following exchange in court. Gall opened:

"Are you now, or have you ever been a student at the University of Illinois, or any other institution of higher learning?"

"No."

"Did you know Mr. Shanklin's wife had but recently died?"

"Yes. I read it in the obituaries in the local paper when I first came to Libertyville last week."

"Is this checking of obituaries and calling upon widowers the usual practice in your profession?"

"Yes."

"In your own words can you tell the court why you do this?"

"Because widowers are lonely men. Lonely men are the most susceptible to our approach. That's how we were trained, and that's how we sell."

"Does it work? Is it a profitable business?"

"Yes."

"How much did you personally earn last year?"

"Approximately $28,000."

"Is this above average for a door-to-door magazine salesperson?"

"About $20,000 above average."

"Do you know whether this is common practice in other businesses dependent on door-to-door sales?"

The attorney for the subscription service (*Continued on page* 42)

Hours are long but pay is good: many earn as much as $28,000 in yearly commissions, representing roughly $200,000 gross sales.

Some of the "doorstep-sex" girls, like two below, get caught because they "work" together and attract too much attention.

Whether Pope Pius XII knew about it or not, a redheaded Irish padre and his amazing "underground railroad" shuttled at least 4000 Allied GIs in and out of the Holy State, right under the noses of the Fascist police and Hitler's top SS aces.

by JAMES BURNS
Art by Bruce Minney

FROM INSIDE THE VATICAN:
FATHER O'FLAHERTY'S

GENERAL Maelzer, German Commander of Rome, stomped up and down his office. SS officers, the Gestapo, *Facisti Policia, Republica Guardia, Carabinieri,* winced in their chairs before his towering fury.

"Who is it?" Maelzer roared. "People slip through our fingers. Anti-Nazis. Anti-Fascists. British escapers. Shot-down American fliers. Russian prisoners. Jews. Saboteurs. All of them disappearing like smoke. Somebody has to be responsible besides you incompetent morons. Who is it? Get me his name."

As he hustled the lieutenant out the back and into the trunk of the car, armed SS troops prepared to enter from the front.

P.O.W. ESCAPE COMPOUND

"Sir," Pietro Koch, Commander of the Fascist Police, began. "The Vatican—"

"The Vatican! The Vatican!" Maelzer shouted. "That's all I hear—the Vatican!"

"Sir!" Koch protested mildly. "The Vatican *is* Rome."

The general turned on him, veins pulsing in his fleshy neck. "Another example of your blundering idiocy. The Vatican is a little state filled with old men and praying preachers. They're harmless."

"Not so," a Gestapo man said (*Continued on page 77*)

"Condition Red" would alert 600 US "Overkill" bombers.

If population destruction is the goal, radiation is the weapon—with C-bomb.

A LITTLE publicized incident that occurred while former Red boss Khrushchev was visiting New York City, in the fall of 1960, tells a lot about how close the world stands to the other side of Doomsday.

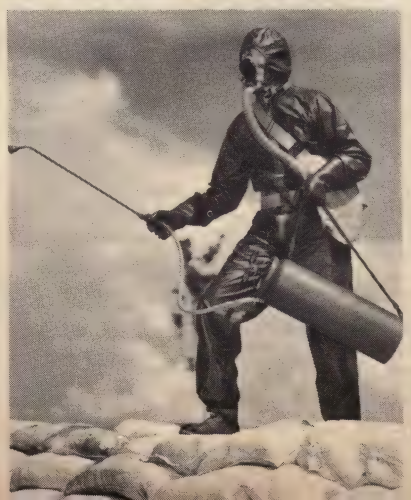
In Alaska, at a BMEWS radar tracking station, all the sets registered the flight from the U.S.S.R. of hundreds of ICBMs. The computerized alert system instantly went into action, and the unbelievable signal flashed out: *Condition Red*. It meant that the U.S. had approximately 15 minutes to retaliate before the first missile hit and crippled our ability to get our "bird"—planes and missiles—into the air and into space.

For one alert Air Force colonel, whose turn came to give the next go-ahead in the prearranged sequence, the situation grew very tight indeed. He knew that if missiles *were* on the way, every (*Continued on page* 56)

TEN "INSTANT DOOM" WEAPONS THAT CAN DESTROY THE EARTH

ICBMs like the Polaris are among most advanced arms.

For WW III GIs, special suits to protect them against "nerve gas" attack.



"Death ray" weapons like laser beam rifle are step toward neutron bomb.

Laboratory-invented bacteria have no "cure" or antitoxin.

They range from the giant ICBMs to tiny microbes; from "psyche" gases to Buck Rogers "death rays." The "ultimate" in mass annihilation—and the "ultimate" in deterrents, for the hope is that because they exist, they will never be used...

by ROBERT LAGUARDIA

"Firestorm bombing" gutted Dresden in '45; same technique using A-bombs would triple nuclear war effects.

DEC. 30TH – THE DAY
THEY ROBBED THE

WASHINGTON MINT

In 30 years, nobody had ever tried to heist the Treasury's "Dillinger-proof" money factory. But then an obscure wrapping clerk decided to turn a practical joke among friends into the real thing — and walked out with $160,000 in $20 bills, hot off the government press.

by JAMES HARVEY

JAMES LANDIS tucked the small package under his overcoat and walked into the neighborhood bar.

"Over here, Jim," Edith Chase called from a booth. Edith, his cousin, an attractive brunette, was sitting with the usual crowd—William Giles, William Johnson and Roger Patterson. The men were all about Jim's age, the early 30s. As he walked over to join them, he wondered which of them would come up with the crack about his "bringing samples home from work." Landis worked at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, D.C., better known as the U.S. Mint. "The Crack" was something he'd had to listen to for years. But tonight he had an answer for it.

"How are things at the Mint?" William Giles asked. "Still making money by the ton?"

Landis stroked his dark, drooping mustache and pretended to be annoyed. "You know I'm just a working stiff at the Mint," he said. "I make about the lowest salary there."

PLEASE TURN PAGE

Edith squealed excitedly, tossed handfuls of the brand new twenties into the air. "You did it, Jim! You really did it . . . !"

Art by Samson Pollen

"Then why don't you pick up some samples and bring them home?" Edith giggled.

Everyone laughed. They always laughed when The Crack was made.

Landis waited for the laughter to die down. "As a matter of fact, I did bring some samples this time—a brick of twenties."

At the Mint, newly printed bills were bundled into small, eight-pound packages called "bricks" for shipment. Landis had explained the term to his barroom friends sometime ago. Now they all stared at him.

Roger Patterson leaned across the table. "You're joking, aren't you, Jim?"

In answer, Landis took the package out of his coat, placed it next to him on the seat. "There's eighty thousand dollars there," he said casually. "I need you four to help me change the brand new twenties into smaller, older bills. All you have to do is spend them in various stores to get change. Now, you'll all get equal shares, but I get fifty percent of the total haul. Agreed?"

Edith swallowed hard. She looked around the bar to see if anyone was listening to them. "Jim, you must be crazy!" she exclaimed softly. "You'll never get away with it. The Secret Service will be after you the minute they find the money is missing."

Landis shrugged. "Well, if you don't want a share of eighty thousands bucks—" He retrieved the package, put it back under his coat and half rose to leave.

William Johnson held his arm. "Wait, don't rush off. I think you're kidding, Jim. Anyone could make up a package like that and pretend it was a money brick from the Mint."

Landis put the package back on the seat, between himself and Bill Johnson. He tore a (*Continued on page* 46)

Theft was discovered Jan. 4; the Secret Service boss Baughman (l.) visited scene.

If Landis' plan had worked, his phony money bricks—complete with Treasure seals and inspectors' initials—would have sat undetected in Mint vault for two months.

Police staked out Virginia farm owned by Landis' father-in-law where some of the money was cached; more was uncovered in homes of his "big spending" accomplices.

Socks Baughman holds "banked" $7000; box contains rest of $133,000 recovered.

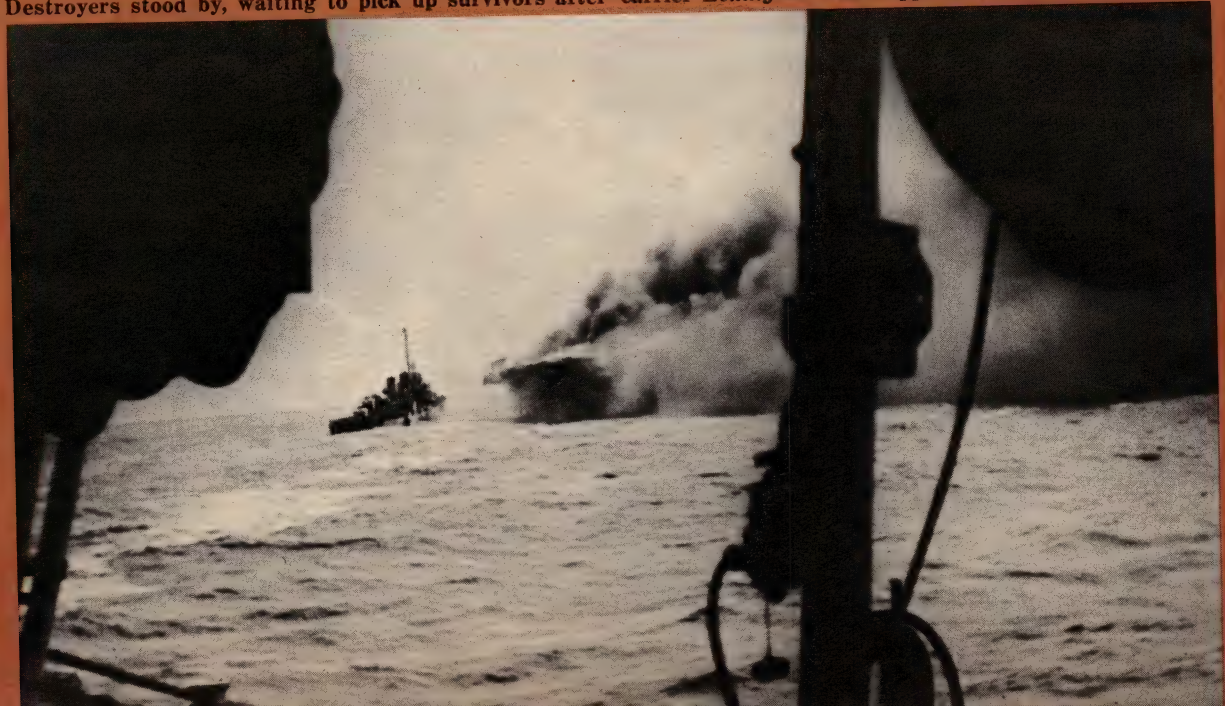
Landis (light hat) and wife leave Treasury Dept. after arrest. For "masterminding" near-perfect crime, Landis got 3-9 years.

US cruiser gave assist with firehoses when USS *Yorktown*'s hangar deck exploded into flames after Jap bomber attack.

CORAL SEA...

U.S. NAVY'S BLOODIEST

Destroyers stood by, waiting to pick up survivors after carrier *Lexington* was crippled by Japanese torpedoes.



When confirmation was in that the Japanese armada was steaming head-on for Port Moresby, the order to "intercept" was flashed to every unit of Task Force 17. And "intercept" meant roadblocking Hirohito's fleet dead in its tracks, or risk losing the entire ocean . . .

When a fighter plane crash-landed on flight deck, *Yorktown's* fire-battlers quickly doused flames and snatched pilot out safely.

PACIFIC BATTLE

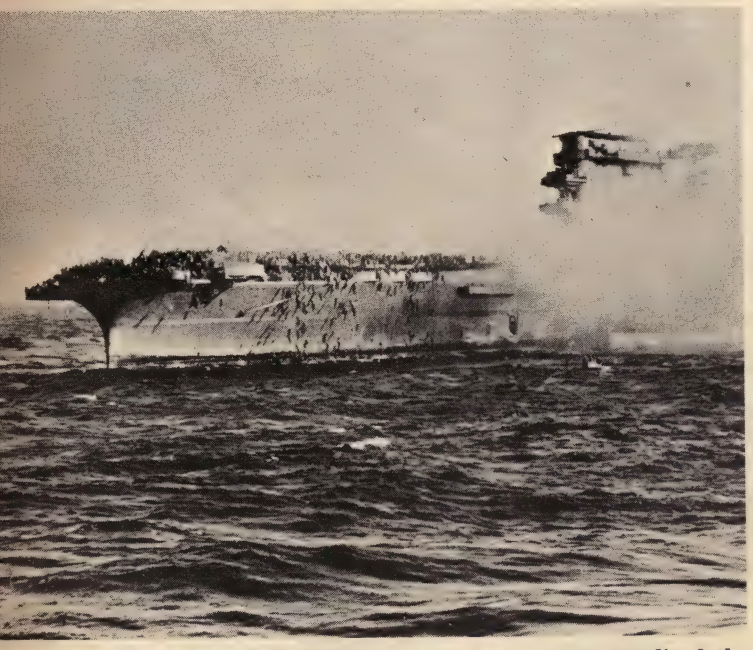
by
STAN SMITH

STORY STARTS
ON PAGE 27

Burning Jap flattop *Shoho* fled at flank speed after being hit hard by fighter squadrons from U.S. task force 17.

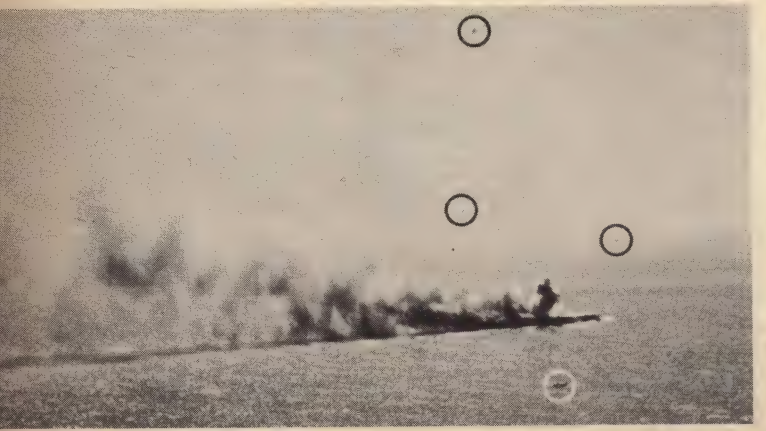
The USS *Yorktown,* which had a smaller turning radius than the *Lexington,* successfully evaded all Japanese shells.

Yorktown's crewmen hurried to get damaged fighter off the runway so that incoming planes could land without trouble.



When Captain Ted Sherman of the *Lexington* realized the carrier was doomed, he quickly ordered crew to abandon ship.

Destroyer USS *Morris* received direct hits to forward 5″ guns, but remained afloat and continued to take part in battle.



American fighter planes (circled), in the final air strike of the battle, belted the Japanese light carrier *Shoho* with bombs

CORAL SEA

ON May 4, 1942, a strike of 37 U.S. Navy carrier planes roared over Guadalcanal and Tulagi for the first time. Off Lengo Channel, sprawled out and unloading obliviously, was a large concentration of Japanese shipping. Visibility was perfect.

"Attack! Attack!" thundered Lieutenant Commander William O. Burch, Jr., commanding *Yorktown's* air groups.

Twelve TBD torpedo planes instantly split up and veered around over the water from the east and south, low, at masthead height. Simultaneously, 25 SBD dive bombers slanted into steep power glides as their pilots zeroed in.

On the Japanese flagship, minelayer *Okinawashima,* scholarly Rear Admiral Arimoto Goto, 55, was just finishing his morning tea. In a few minutes, the admiral planned to visit his bridge to supervise the occupation of the lower Solomons by two construction battalions and a company of Kure Special Marines.

But, suddenly, a rain of American explosives brought utter chaos into Goto's well-planned day. As bombs struck the minelayer forward and she began to sink, the teapot leaped off Goto's breakfast table. Then the table leaped into the air on a wildly heaving deck. The ship rolled drunkenly from side to side, hanging at about 45 degrees to starboard for a horrifying moment. Scrambling up off the deck, the admiral charged up the bridge ladder into the pilothouse.

"Commence firing all guns!" he screamed, as the spectacle of death came into sharp focus. "Signal all vessels to get under way immediately! Radical maneuvering!"

Astern of the minelayer, destroyer *Kikuzuki,* first to open fire with her main batteries, was also the first to die. A deluge of thirteen thousand-pound bombs turned her into a flame-gutted derelict. Although most of her crew leaped into the water, her captain and a few courageous souls managed to get the anchor up and beach the stricken vessel near Guadalcanal.

Almost at the same time, eleven torpedoes sundered the sweeper *Tama Maru* at her mooring inshore of the flagship. The vessel disintegrated in a monumental pall of flame and smoke as fire reached her handling rooms. Then a transport, *Osama Maru,* and another destroyer, *Miyama,* went down in quick succession.

Goto's little fleet—now seven of 11 IJN warships and transports—fled for its life . . .

Three hundred miles to the south, tough, taciturn Rear Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, 59, was sprawled in a chair in *Yorktown's* crowded ready room listening to the show by radio. Coming so soon after Pearl Harbor, it was a really great performance. The Japanese obviously had been caught flatfooted!

Yet, only three hours before, most of Fletcher's staff had seriously questioned the advisability of such a strike. The target, after all, was well within the operating area of Japan's Outer South Seas Frontier at Rabaul, New Britain. Beyond which, the enemy was known to have big carriers skulking around. Captain S. D. Jameson, the chief-of-staff, had been one of the skeptics. But now Jameson was in there, cheering with the rest. Watching him, Fletcher couldn't resist a good-natured dig.

"Sam," he said slyly, "how's your crystal ball doing?"

The four-striper smiled and held up crossed fingers. "Admiral, I only hope their aim is as good as their advertising—every Jap in the South Pacific knows we're out here."

Fletcher scratched his long nose thoughtfully. "You're right. But like I said this morning, son, by the time those buzzards fly down here, we'll be long gone."

A new burst of ecstatic shouting wafted over the radio: a dive-bomber pilot was about to lay an egg.

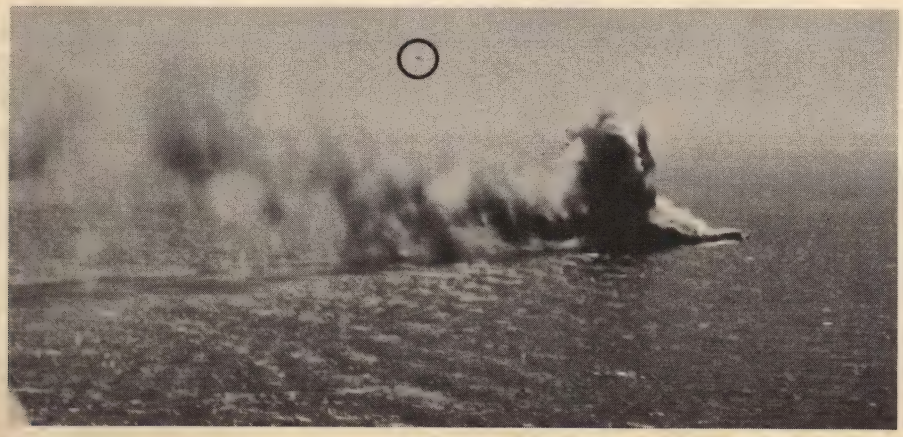
"Tojo, you horse's ass! Hyeh's a present from Biloxi, Mississippi—mah l'il ol' Granny in the Gun Factory made it jes' foah you!"

Laughter rocked the ready room. But Fletcher's face was suddenly stern. "Tell that man to report to the bridge the minute he gets back. That's abominable radio procedure."

"Under the circumstances, Admiral," Jameson said, "couldn't you overlook it?"

"Overlook it, my foot!" Fletcher rasped, cocking an ear as the sound of an explosion boomed over the airways. "I want to give that kid the Navy Cross . . ."

So it went, long into the afternoon—an afternoon three months *before* American Marines stepped ashore on Guadalcanal and Tulagi to open the (*Continued on page* 52)



and aerial torpedoes; sent the vessel burning beneath the waves of the Coral Sea.

Frank Jack Fletcher was promoted to vice admiral for Coral Sea victory.

AMAZING
Book Bonus

UNTIL THERE

When the first three Secretaries were murdered, it was obvious the rest would die in order of importance — up to and including the Chief Executive himself. It was time for a last-ditch showdown between ex-POW Major Kogan and his "brainwasher" — Red China terror-master General Cho.

THE murder squads struck at precisely the same hour: 2:00 A.M. The five men of Liquidation Unit Number Three walked confidently across the tree-shaded lawn of the home of the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Harvey Hewitt, approaching the darkened house without a sound. All of them wore black form-fitting clothes—ski pants, sweaters—black surgical gloves, black hoods whose eyeholes gave them a ghastly appearance, black crepe-soled sneakers. From their uniform appearance and precision drill movements, it was evident they had practiced long and knew exactly what they were doing.

At the rear of the house the electrical expert in the unit connected the two parts of the burglar alarm protected window with a long silver wire, allowing the current to flow without any betraying drop of voltage. A suction cup on the glass, a quick circle with a glass cutter, a tap (*Continued on page* 88)

As Tina struggled out of her stupor, Kogan took on the two-man "murder squad" blasting their way through the window.

Art by Charles Copeland

ARE NONE

by W. J. SABER

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

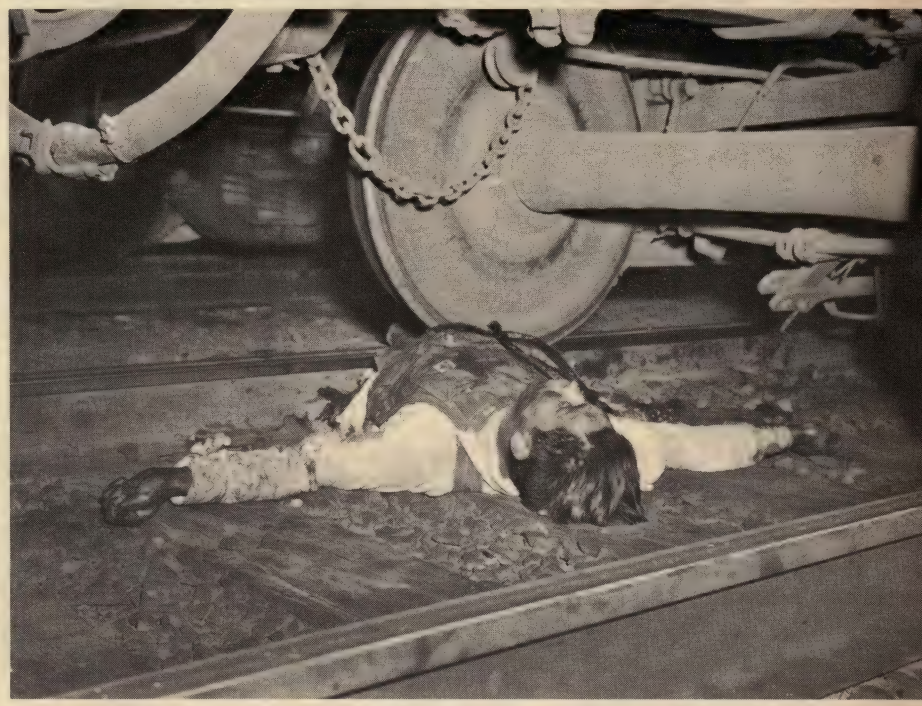
A woman rushes to man in blazing bed and quickly smothers flames with blanket. Was he hurt? No. He was covered with asbestos sheet, part of fire-fighting exhibition by American Nursing Home.

Some guys have all the luck! Below is love scene between Marcello Mastroinni and Senya Seyn in Italian movie "Casanova 70." And talk about luck—Senya is only one of twelve girl friends Marcello romances.

Even a wooden Liz Taylor has sex appeal. Proving it is actor Richard Burton as he unveiled it at a Paris art gallery. The statue, carved by Edmund Kara, has a role in the film, "Flight of the Sandpiper."

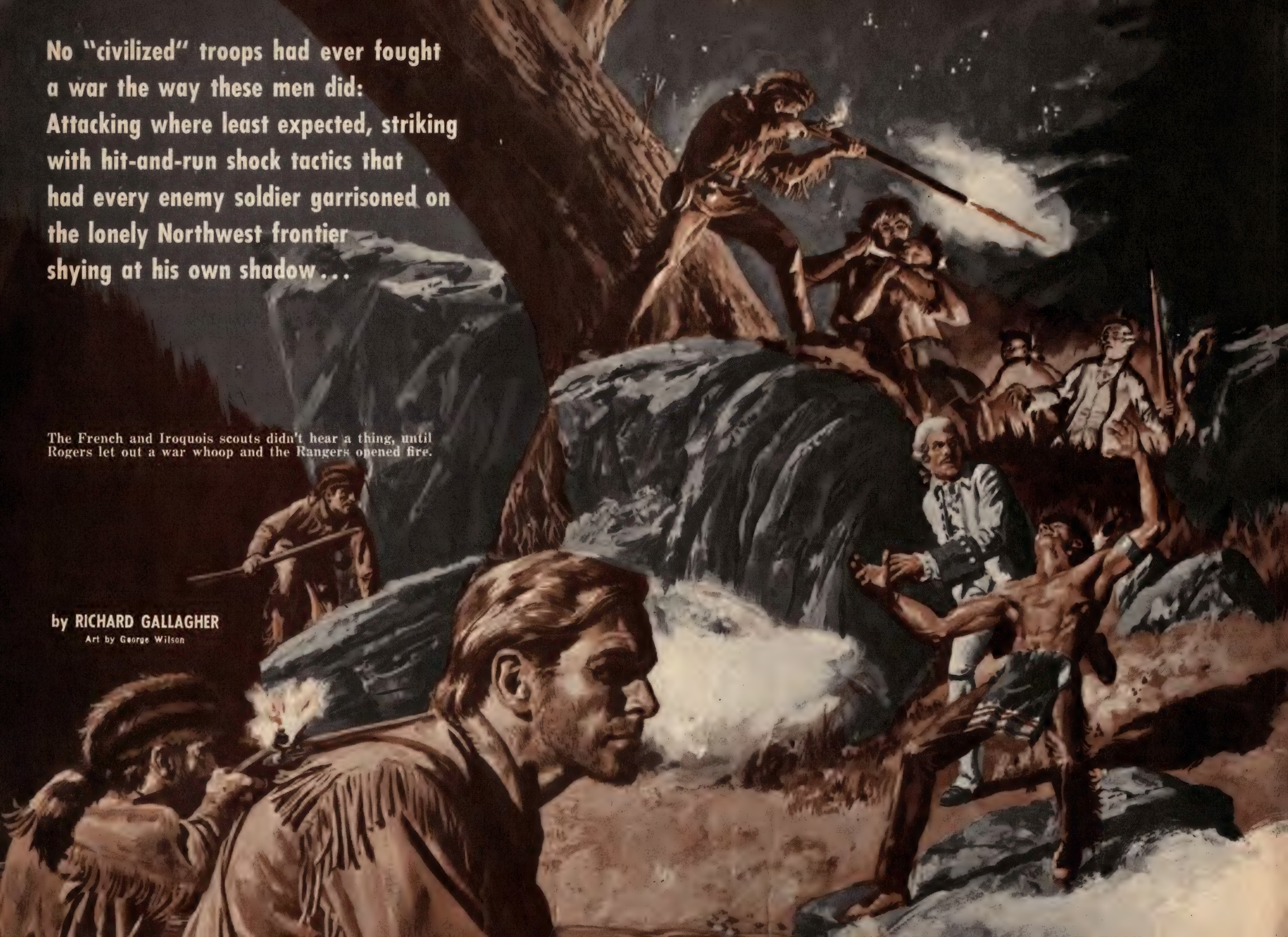
It looks as if this guy decided he'd rather fight than switch and lost his head in the battle. Actually, trick photography was the case here when two young men got "together" for a cameraman.

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease . . . Dallas Cowboy fullback Jim Stiger was sent hurtling after being upset while vaulting over a player on an 11-yard gain play against the NY Giants.



A severed, bloodied corpse is all that remains of an unfortunate migrant worker who attempted to cross tracks at night—the horrifying proof that "riding the rails" can be fatal way to travel.

No "civilized" troops had ever fought a war the way these men did: Attacking where least expected, striking with hit-and-run shock tactics that had every enemy soldier garrisoned on the lonely Northwest frontier shying at his own shadow . . .



The French and Iroquois scouts didn't hear a thing, until Rogers let out a war whoop and the Rangers opened fire.

by RICHARD GALLAGHER

Art by George Wilson

Robert Rogers' "Quick-Kill" Rangers—

AMERICA'S FIRST COMMANDO ARMY

AT DAWN December 17, the white-hooded French sentries freezing on the walls of Fort Ticonderoga noted a party of French scouts and friendly Iroquois Indians standing patiently a hundred yards out on the ice of Lake Champlain, blankets and capes flapping in the wind.

A veteran sergeant said to a new soldier on his first overseas tour: "Now that's the way to manage a scouting party. They waited until dawn before approaching, cold as they were. We might have shot them in the dark by mistake if they hadn't. A smart and cautious leader there. Learn from him."

The sergeant raised his rifle three times, the signal to advance and be recognized. Five minutes later the recruit drawled, (*Continued on page* 66)

Best bet to stump the experts on What's My Line is 18-year-old Kim Courtenay who, instead of beating off beaux at her door, proudly lists her profession as spud digger.

SWEET POTATO SPADER from the SWINGING ISLAND OF JERSEY

MURDEROUS

Shelby and his squad landed with 1st Div. at Oran, wiped out French machine gun ambush nest in their first combat action.

The ex-broncobuster and his 107-pound, 81 mm, stovepipe-figured, shell-coughing "lady" were the most lethal combo ever to go into combat—knocking over Hitler's elite at North Africa, Sicily and Omaha Beach to become a WW II legend.

by LEN GUTTRIDGE

THE 2nd Battalion, 16th Regiment, 1st U.S. Infantry Division waded ashore in darkness at 0230 and pushed inland. It was November 9th, 1942. The damp, chill air had that special musky Mediterranean smell about it, but soon the GIs in companies F and H sniffed the more familiar tang of ripe apples as they trudged silently through an orchard.

Some of the men began to relax. Back on the troop-crammed transport, their company commanders had told them that it wasn't known whether the Oran garrison would resist or welcome them as friends. Well, thought Sergeant Jack Shelby as he ducked tree branches in the dark, this sure as hell is no royal welcome, but at least nobody is shooting at us.

Ten seconds later the lanky noncom ducked again, this time from something more lethal than a branch.

"Hit dirt," he barked at his squad as machine gun bullets tore inches above their heads. The men pitched headlong, but three GIs in the next squad didn't move fast enough and took the machine gun burst full in the face.

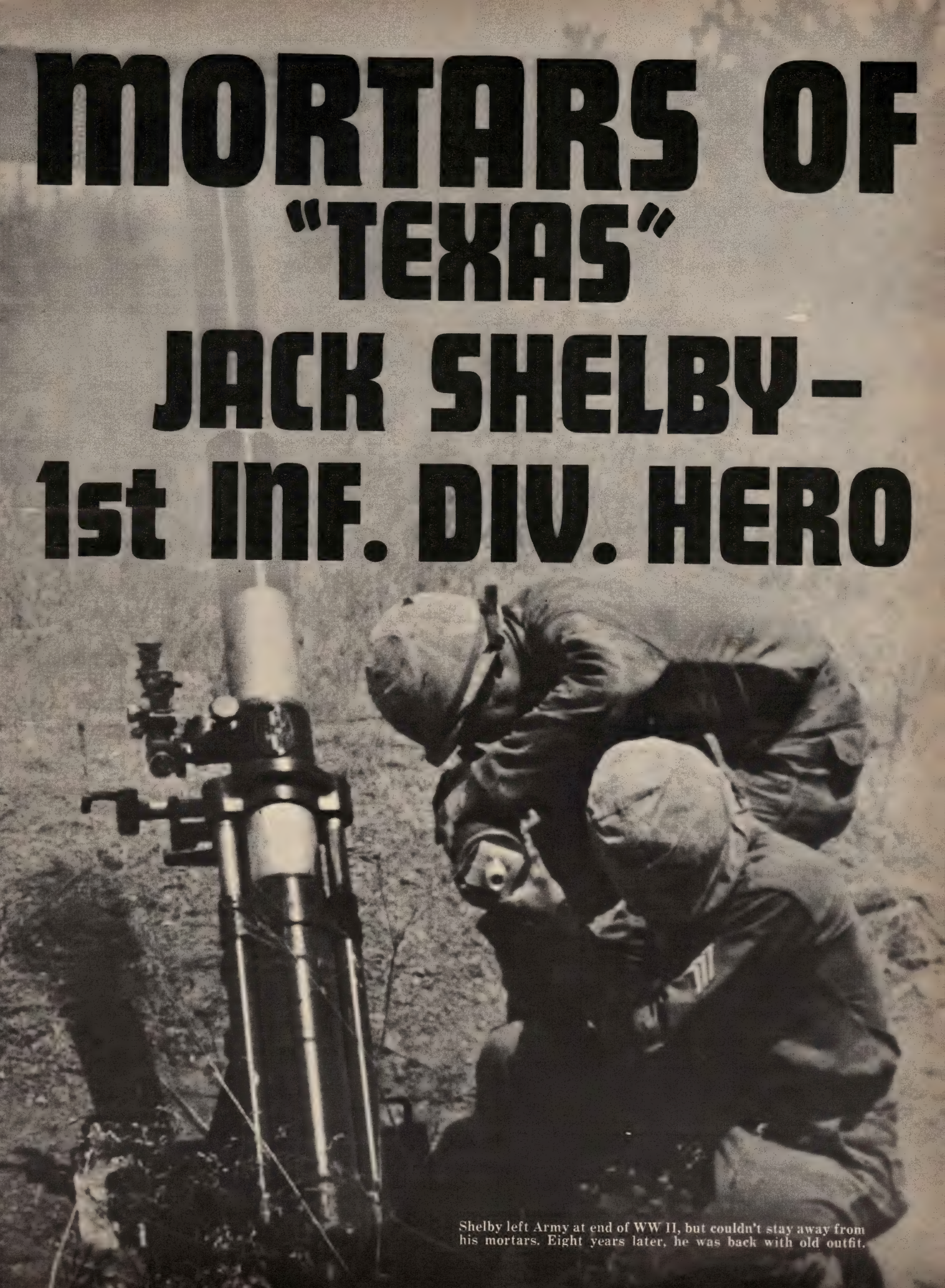
Half a minute later, a Company (*Continued on page* 61)

On Sicily, his mortars crippled Mark VI panzer counterattack, kept the road from beachhead-inland open.

Pinned down on Omaha with the rest of the 16th Reg., Shelby's team took heavy casualties before bust out.

Advancing into Colleville with other scattered U.S. units, the "mortar kings" fought block-to-block, house-to-house to secure the town.

MORTARS OF "TEXAS" JACK SHELBY— 1st INF. DIV. HERO



Shelby left Army at end of WW II, but couldn't stay away from his mortars. Eight years later, he was back with old outfit.

Behind-the-Scenes Report From Around the World

For Your

DEAD RECKONING — The first to discover the ant trick was probably First Lieutenant Paul Jemison of Alexandria, Va.

This 24-year-old officer was the only survivor of a Vietcong ambush of a 20-man security detachment 15 miles from Saigon last October 5. As he filed his report he explained that the ants were the reason why.

"I was playing dead after the attack. There were red ants all over me, crawling in my nose and ears and covering my face . . . The ants didn't sting but I could hardly control the urge to scratch." He endured this for a half hour. During this

time he heard the enemy shooting the wounded. One guerrilla stole Jemison's ring and watch but did not kick him to see whether he was really dead.

"The ants," concluded Jemison, "probably convinced them."

The ants did, and the reason was explained by another old Vietnam hand of 24 years, a sergeant who has been dealing in trickery and treachery in the paddies for two years: "The Vicks still don't believe Americans can endure any discomfort they themselves can't stand. They can't tolerate insects on their own bodies, so they figure any Yank with ants crawling over his eyeballs, then, really must be dead."

After all U.S. weapons and helicopters have failed, playing dead has often been the only way to live.

► One Kentucky sergeant has twice sunk his face into the soupy paddy mud and held it there for an hour while Communist ambushers looted the bodies of his bushwhacked platoon. How does he manage? With the old Dick Tracy comic book trick of breathing through a bent hollow reed. "There's nothing more convincing," the sergeant says. "You see a man not coming up for air for an hour, you usually don't wonder if he's really dead."

► A young Kansas City corporal reports using a sickening but convincing "stage make-up" to give himself the look of death. A Vietcong regiment overran his platoon early last November. As is usual practice they started looting the dead and killing the wounded. The corporal scooped handfuls of mess and viscera from a Vietnamese captain's opened-up body, smeared it over his own shirt and face and lay still.

Each new "death tactic" is eagerly absorbed by other GIs against the day when they might need it themselves. Explained one U.S. Ranger captain: "The Vicks are not super jungle fighters as some believe, only men who can be fooled, just like we are. But our success at these tricks shows us something else . . . that we're just a little smarter than they are."

BORN AND MADE — One reason is heredity.

The other is environment.

Both, according to British Dr. J. M. Tanner, may explain why American Negroes were the giants of the running events in the Tokyo Olympics last October.

Dr. Tanner's assertions in his report, "The Physique of the Olympic Athlete," can neither be scoffed at nor ignored. He is one of the Sonny Listons of his profession. His report represents four years of study of hereditary and environmental make-up of the 1960 Rome Olympics athletes. He also spent many months analyzing the pre-Tokyo records of Negroes such as Bob Hayes and Wyomia Tyus, men's and women's 100-meter spring gold medalists. The report is generally intended to grant coaches some clairvoyance in spotting future champions. The Negro findings are but part of it.

But, from hundreds of body measurements taken during research, Dr. Tanner feels he is able to explain why the Negro sprinters are so good.

He first takes the heredity approach. He states Negroes are generally born with one genetic advantage over whites.

Their calf muscles are lighter in weight.

Says Dr. Tanner: "The lighter calf produces a lower drag in the leg, and this would permit more rapid movement."

But Dr. Tanner then takes the environment approach. Good sprinters are not only the result of being born with lightweight

legs. They are also made, much-shaped by their society.

Concludes Dr. Tanner: All great performers, white or Negro, "have that single-minded desire to excel, to achieve and experience something never achieved before." In terms of Negroes specifically, he says, "There is, of course, under present economic and social circumstances a stronger pressure for an ambitious and talented Negro to enter competitive athletics than for a white, for it opens doors to him that otherwise might remain closed. Thus probably more of the naturally-gifted Negroes are found during the process of selection."

Information

"MY NAME IS MONEY" — "Pablo," pleaded the poor poet, "A small loan, please." The renowned Picasso gave the poet his autograph instead. The poet was delighted.

Like a loan, it represented hard cash. Any U.S. tourist will pay $25 for a Picasso autograph. Unlike a loan, no repayment was required, or possible.

* * *

In 1900, another painter, Paul Gauguin, broke in Tahiti, wrote his Paris agent demanding money due. Gauguin didn't collect a **sou.**

Two years ago, however, this same letter was auctioned for $160. The sum would have supported a man on the island for a year.

* * *

The moral of the two tales is simple: Money, money, money. Suddenly, autographed documents have become a capital letter HOBBY big as golf and stamp collecting. Anyone with an attic full of junk may have a bundle of old letters, maps, shopping lists, etc., worth thousands on the collector market. Just **any** letter with any signature will not do, however.

Movie star autographs, for example, are now like periods on sentences, last in value. According to Charles Hamilton, author of the authoritative book on graphology, **Collecting Autographs and Manuscripts,** the documents that "will provide a new interpretation of history" are the money-making collector items today.

Some history-packed papers and their current values are:

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—"Lincoln made five copies," says Dr. David Mearns, manuscript division chief, Library of Congress. "Three were given to the U.S. Sanitary Commission to be sold to benefit soldiers. The original and a second draft are here. (In the library.) One of the copies has been appraised at $100,000."

Adolf Hitler documents—His squiggles resemble nothing in any known alphabet and his letters, autographs are worth about $5 apiece. If you find an Eva Braun (his mistress), however, hold out for $75-100. Fraulein Braun often wrote to American acquaintances.

Napoleon papers—Worth about $500. His signatures are noted for uncrossed Ts. This, say modern psychologists, reveals a streak of latent cowardice.

The famous have always been dogged by autograph nuts. Rudyard Kipling was perhaps the most deft at frustrating these odious people.

He once received a written request stating: "I understand you are paid a pound per word for your poems." Enclosed was a one-pound note. Kipling pocketed it and wrote one word: "Thanks."

"HELP WANTED, PROSTITUTE" — Maria Gonzalez-Valenzuela, age 39, was everything a young sister should be, loving and devoted to . . .

Her older sister Delfina, 56, a pillar of the community and generous to the church.

The fact that both were madams running two brawling brothels bothered no one in the Mexican town of San Francisco del Rincon.

Last year, however, it began to bother the police. Three girls, former Gonzalez-Valenzuela B-Girls, sobbed out a startling story of . . .

Girls being lured to the Gonzalez-Valenzuela houses by newspaper ads calling for "domestics" and promising fine homes and fat wages . . .

Of fine homes turning out to be one of the sisters' own sex traps . . .

Of wages that **were** fat by Mexican prostitute standards, $25 per night, but seized by the sisters . . .

At first the police were not moved to pity. These were harsh truths, but, isn't every prostitute's life harsh? Then someone looked under the bar in one of the bordellos. There they found skeletons of 22 girls who had not made good, and the truth was out:

► Newly hired "domestics" who refused to be prostitutes

were dunked in tubs of ice water or made to kneel on sharp boards while holding heavy stones.

► If they insisted on going home, they were tied, driven to a countryside "discipline center," given one more chance, then clubbed to death.

► Girls who became pregnant were clubbed to death.

► Girls who fell ill on the house diet (one cup of beans, two tortillas daily) were clubbed to death.

► One intimidated girl, in fear of the club for herself, beat her own sister to death on bosses' orders.

► One bestiality did not involve the club. A deranged girl, to ingratiate herself with the sisters, incinerated two other girls with burning gasoline.

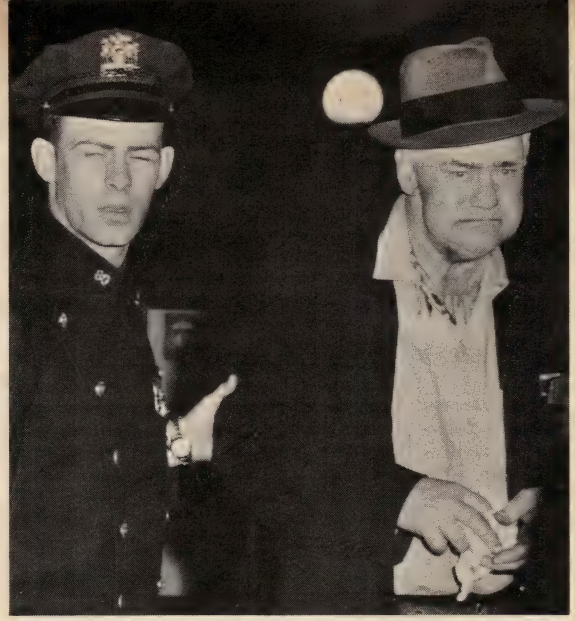
Devoted Maria and dedicated Delfina denied all allegations at their trial, of course, and will appeal their 40-year sentences. Forty is maximum in Mexico.

Says Maria: "The little dead ones died all by themselves."

Says Delfina: "Maybe the food didn't agree with them."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? — Yogi Berra may come, Yogi Berra may go, but the man who first put him in uniform in 1946 goes on forever. Stanley "Bucky" Harris has always been a baseball man, beginning when he managed the Washington Senators to win the series in 1924. When not being a homebody with his wife Marie at his home base in Kensington, Md., 67-year-old Harris is still a baseball man scouting talent for his old club, the Senators.

Gangs runs in packs of ten or more, have two or three girl members; they eat, sleep, party underground, rarely come up to see daylight.



Late-hour riders are frequent gang victims. Off-duty patrolman (r) was beaten, robbed at Brooklyn station.

THE SAVAGE WORLD BELOW CITY STREETS

by JOHN DROZEN

AT approximately 2:00 A.M., August 24th 1963, Melvin W. and his fiancée, Eileen T., left a party of friends in Manhattan and caught a downtown Sixth Avenue Independent train to 34th Street. They had about twelve minutes to catch the Long Island Railroad train going out to Lynbrook, Long Island, from Pennsylvania Station.

A block-long tunnel beneath 32nd Street leads directly from the Sixth Avenue subway line to Seventh Avenue and Pennsylvania Station. The young couple used this direct route. At most hours of the day, the tunnel is crowded with people, but after midnight it is deserted. They hurried along, their heels echoing a sharp clip-clopping sound in the long, white-tile thoroughfare.

At the far Seventh Avenue end (*Continued on page* 84)

West Berlin police broke up an "underworld" setup by swamping area with cops.

Girl gang members are considered "community property," shared the way gang shares loot.

Friends comfort a knifing victim whose attackers vanished in underground maze.

Short on men, police can't patrol all subway areas, concentrate on finding gang clubhouses and driving members into street.

New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow... In every major city that has a subway system, teen-age "rat packs" terror-stalk the maze of tunnels and arcades, working out of subterranean "clubhouses," preying on commuters in an orgy of crime.

SEX TO YOUR DOOR

Continued from page 15

objected, saying the girl was being asked to speculate about other businesses of which she knew nothing. Objection overruled.

"Yes," Betty Kincaid said quietly. "From what I've heard, traveling around the country, many companies in the U. S. and Canada knowingly put girls on the road who make most of their sales 'in the bedroom' as we say."

"Now, if you will, tell the court whether your use of sex on the job is optional."

"It's not. If you can make a sale without it, fine. But if not, or if you think you can make a bigger sale, you start working the customer toward the bedroom."

"What happens if you don't use this approach."

"With the firm I work for, you get fired."

"But how can anyone check on whether you are using sex to sell or not?"

"The company gives us sales leads. Every once in a while one of them is a company snoop. His job is to see how far we'll go. You never know who's a snoop and when you'll draw one."

Amos Shanklin received a judgment for $1,100 and costs on October 5, 1964. He was denied punitive damages of $10,000, however, because "by accepting the girl's advances he had in a sense encouraged her to proceed further."

Ironically, the case might never have gone to court if Betty Kincaid had not done her work so well. She explained during the trial that she usually quit selling when the subscription total reached $200.

Any man who protested this amount later—and most did—got told by the subscription outfit's sales manager: "As far as this organization is concerned, you have signed a contract. We insist upon payment. If payment is not forthcoming in fifteen days, we shall have to take the matter up with our attorneys. We are sure you would find a full airing of the facts in court more inconvenient and embarrassing than warranted by the amount of your bill . . ."

Threat and blackmail. But legal. And it works. Few men, to recover $200 or less, will admit publicly that they had been conned into signing subscription blanks in bed. Amos Shanklin might have forgiven $200 as other men had, but not $1,100. He was mad; he wanted his money back. Creating a public fuss that may lead to Federal regulations on door-to-door tradesmen and corporate shakeups was the farthest thing from his mind . . .

SEX in business is nothing new in America. The fact that big corporations make liberal use of 100-a-night call girls, hired through public relations agencies, to help clinch big sales is well known. Sex on high corporate levels gets few of us really excited. It is seldom for us. But the door-to-door Sex Sell is different; it's aimed at every man.

Shanklin vs. Kincaid was only the beginning of revelations to come in the "Sex-to-Door" sales business. Acting upon the Shanklin testimony and other complaints, a Congressional group studying unethical business practices investigated further, early last November, and reported the following about this new sales "pitch."

1. A quiet investigation of American businesses which sell their products door-to-door shows that several companies rely heavily on sex to sell their products. The "sex" may be only suggestive talk, the salesgirl's hand on the customer's knee, perhaps even a kiss, and no more. But interviews with road girls like Betty Kincaid confirmed what Betty said in court: "Where clinching a sale depends on sex, the customer is always right."

The major industries which recruit Betty Kincaids into their sales organizations are familiar ones: Insurance, household appliances, brushes, home improvements, magazine subscriptions, driving lessons, encyclopedias, anything anyone could possibly peddle on your front stoop. Everyone knows them well. Everyone has received a call from them at one time or another.

It must be stated clearly at this point that not every company peddling its products door-to-door resorts to the Sex Sell. Most of the large and well-known ones do not. They don't have to. They get along very nicely on their long-time reputations for quality and reliability.

2. The "targets" are always men, and they are targets as sure as deer are prey for hunters. The reason for this sex discrimination is obvious. A woman selling a woman has no special advantage; few housewives are influenced by another woman's sex appeal, except perhaps to become jealous and say "No Sale."

Just incidentally, there is little evidence of anyone playing the other side of the street, that is, hiring salesmen to turn the Sex Sell on the women. Cases of salesmen seducing housewives—the stuff of which traveling salesmen jokes are made—are the exception, not the rule. No company is known to hire men specifically for the purpose; road men are required to be good-looking, but that is all.

3. S-Girls and the Sex Sell represent a growing enterprise. There is more of it this year than there was last, and all indicators point to still more of it next year. More and more women are being hired by door-to-door sales organizations. Ten years ago, their numbers were few. Today, at least 50 percent of door-to-door sales people are good-looking women.

4. Competition is the principle reason for the growing popularity of the S-Girl and the Sex Sell. Ironically, the Federal government is partly responsible for that competition. New tax laws promote business expansion. The only thing is, the same tax benefits are available to everyone. Many old-line companies are developing new products and opening new sales divisions to handle them. Government encouragement paves the way for new companies. These new companies couldn't have survived under "Old Law" tax structure. With each expansion of the door-to-door sales economy, competition grows fiercer. Hence, the sex race.

A Midwest industrialist, active in door-to-door sales promotion for two decades, summed the situation up in an exclusive interview at the time of the probe last November. His company hires S-girls by the dozens. He would not want this known, for obvious reasons. Explaining the value of the S-Girl, he said:

"In the door-to-door setup, the girl who's willing to seduce her customers is worth an extra $20,000 to $30,000 a year in sales. Multiply that by a hundred girls working for a small company, say, and you've got $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 extra annual gross. Take a large company hiring a thousand girls and the gross goes up $20,000,000 to $30,000,000. Every one of my company's subsidiaries has these girls on the payroll now. Any other company that doesn't by now, should.

"LOOK, in this racket—I go to church and I know this sounds terrible—business is business and morality is for the Salvation Army. You compete or die. You can't eat morality if you go out of business."

Throughout history there has been a Sex Sell. Numbered among the first saleswomen are Cleopatra, the Sirens of Circe, and the Assyrian horse traders whose women seduced customers right in the stables to keep them from examining the horses too closely.

In the 1920s, in the U. S., one of the top sellers of burial insurance to Deep South farmers was "Model T Millie," a blustery, busty Minnesota Swede, so named because she made her rounds in an old Ford. Millie was as moral in her own way as she was legendary. She gave the Sex Sell only to bachelors and widowers. To married men, she gave fountain pens.

Once a married sharecropper lied. He said he was single. Millie found he wasn't when his wife returned from plowing, caught them on the feed sacks in the barn. Millie herself chased the cropper into the fields with a pitchfork.

Millie did not go the sex route to make a sale if she didn't have to, just as today's girls do not. But if she did, she had a formula: A $25 commission brought a kiss. For a $50 commission, a man could caress her, hands outside her blouse. For $100, he could bed her. Maximum time allowance for a $100 was an hour.

The first mass hiring of women for door-to-door sales was in the late 50s, by a company of high integrity. Its management has never hired girls for the Sex Sell; its management pledges it never will.

This hiring represented a breakthrough, however—traditionally, door-to-door sales was a man's province. Other companies soon followed suit. No one knows which company was the first to hire women to specifically practice the Sex Sell. But one of them was a now-defunct door-to-door distributor of vacuum cleaners in Washington State.

In 1950, the distributor found himself short of reliable young salesmen and no replacements available. The Korean war was on. Eligible salesmen in his vicinity were either drafted, enlisting or working in the Seattle defense industries.

That summer, the distributor experimented. He hired two University of California coeds who wanted to vacation

and work at the same time in the Pacific Northwest. One of the two, a perky brunette named Eve Mims who drove a red convertible, was soon far outselling her friend—ten cleaners per week. To the distributor's surprise, many of the sales were to men. He soon learned why.

One night in August, the Portland, Oregon, police called him long distance. "We've locked up a girl named Eve Mims here on prostitution charges," the detective said. "She sells vacuum cleaners for you, she says."

"That's right. But prostitution? She's an 'A' student in college. I mean, I don't understand. Prostitution? Selling vacuum cleaners?"

The detective laughed. "The complainant states he told her 'no sale' several times. First she cried and said she needed the sale to pay her tuition. Then she hugged him and kissed him. Then she peeled off all her clothes and threatened to yell rape if he didn't buy. That's it. You got anything to say for her?"

"How do you know the complainant's telling the truth?"

"He's a very reliable man," the detective said. "He's a police lieutenant."

The distributor could recognize a good thing. He paid the girl's fine. Regardless of how she did it, Eve Mims was the best salesperson he ever had. He needed her. Driving back to his office from the jail with her, he asked, "Is this how you made all your sales?"

"No, but most of them," she said. "I really do need that tuition money."

The distributor was silent for a few minutes. Finally, he said, "Look, I don't care how you sell vacuums, so long as you sell them. You're good for business and that's all I care about. But for chrissakes, sex 'em like a lady next time, and if they don't buy, forget it. That 'rape' bit was stupid. Next time you're caught I'll have to leave you in the clink. I have to think of the business."

"You mean, I'm not fired?" Eve Mims said.

"No. I only wish I had a dozen more like you."

Eve Mims laughed. "If you're serious," she said. "I think I can get them for you."

Eve got them, and a new wave of salesmanship was born, at least in the Northwest.

Eve and her boss eventually got too bold. Business watchdog groups and the police finally shut them down. But the word had spread. To meet the competition, other distributors hired girls for a sex-sell job, but they worked with more discretion.

HOW many girls are working the sex-sales route these days? Nobody really knows. One Washington investigator, formerly on the staff of Arkansas Senator John McClellan, Washington's crusty crime prober, states: "Who can really tell? I mean, no company will admit hiring girls for this purpose. But I'd guess there are at least 150,000 girls in door-to-door sales for all companies, large and small, today. Of these I'd say 55,000 to 70,000 are sent out to sell to men, and are prepared to clinch their sales in bed."

How well are they paid?

Betty Kincaid claimed she made $28,000 by sex-selling magazine subscriptions in 1963.

Mary Louise Wilson, a Chattanooga dancer who once worked as a S-Girl for a Southern $5-an-acre summer vacation land developer, admits to earning $22,300.

A Denver book sales girl says she made approximately $18,000 during 1963.

How are the girls recruited?

The sales manager of a driving school chain recruits his directly from the ranks of call girls who frequent the plushier New York City midtown bars.

The vice-president of a Midwest seed and fertilizer supplier flies weekly from Chicago to one or another branch office in corn and wheat belt cities. He now has 37 S-Girls working his farm belt routes. Each of them was once a hostess on the trunk airlines he patronizes. He "pirated" them away with far better wages.

How do the S-Girls decide which men to concentrate on?

There are as many ways as there are door-to-door sales items. The most common is Betty Kincaid's way, buying the local paper and checking the obituaries for the names of widowers, the social columns for announcements of wives visiting out of town. These men are usually vulnerable.

"Find the lonely man and you've got a sale." This is a key axiom in the Sex Sell business. Some S-Girls estimate "Lonely Man" sales account for 50 percent of their gross.

Finally, who are the S-Girls themselves? What motivates them?

Margaret S . . . Margaret is 28, one-time shill in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, gambling casinos, now employed by a company distributing encyclopedias, home hints books, almanacs, educational materials, etc. Her territory is the New York metropolitan area. She earns $22,000 a year or more. She has been a S-Girl for two years.

Margaret is what is known in the trade as a "Two-Timer," which means she has repeat customers. Repeat customers are rare. One purchase of a couple hundred dollars' worth of merchandise they don't need is enough foolishness for most men. But for some reason, Margaret has several customers she calls upon regularly. If she doesn't call them, they call her.

She first learned she was a natural for "two-timing" in March, 1964, when her boss handed her a sales lead slip. "Man called and said he wanted to buy some kids' encyclopedias," he said.

The address seemed familiar to Margaret. It was that of a 45-year-old subway attendant named Guido. She had "sold" him a set of books six months before.

Guido seemed excited to see her again.

"I want another set of books," he said.

"Fine," Margaret said, taking out her order blanks.

"Oh, no," Guido grinned, shaking his finger at her. "Not so easy. Like last time. I want you to sell me like last time."

She shrugged and made her pitch, "just like last time," and sold him $185 worth of books—just like last time.

Dressing later, she said, "You know, Guido, you could get a woman for a lot cheaper than $185."

"I like you," he said. "Besides, I get the books."

"Okay, you're the boss. I'm just telling you," she said. "Incidentally, what do you do with the books?"

"I GIVE them to my nieces and nephews. They all tell me what a swell uncle I am. That way I get love both ways. From you. From them. You come again next time I can afford the books. I have lots of nieces and nephews."

Margaret gets a call from Guido every six months now. Each time they go through the same routine. And each time Margaret earns $92.50 in commissions. Margaret has 23 more customers like Guido.

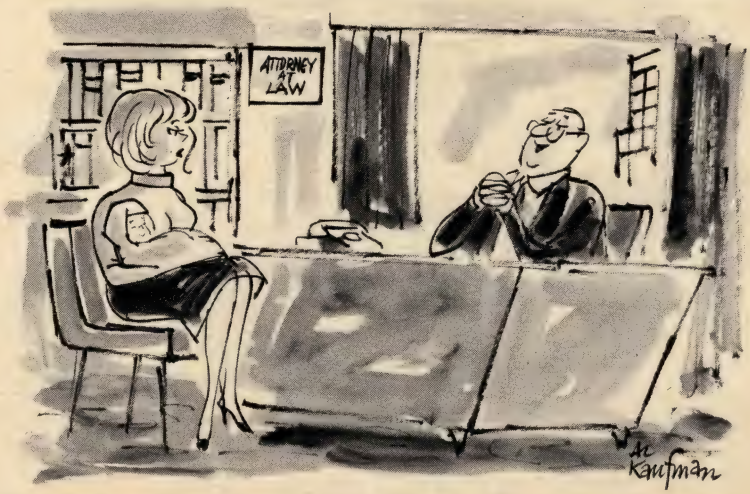
Bolivia Sue L . . . Bolivia Sue, 22, is from the Carolina backwoods. She is the only one of seven children who ever left. She went to Atlanta when she was 19. She was hired by a home improvement company selling roofing and siding installations to private homeowners. She has blond hair long enough to wrap around your hand twice, and is one of thirty girls touring the south for her company. She is the top earner at $21,000 in commissions yearly. This represents over $200,000 gross sales.

Bolivia Sue does not like her work. She does like the money.

"Show me something else that'll bring an uneducated dame like me eighteen thousand dollars a year, and I'll do it. But till them—" She shrugs.

Margaret S and Bolivia Sue are only two of S-Girls who may come knocking at the door this year. Some will be selling good products. Some will be selling shoddy. But good or shoddy is not the issue, the *way* they sell the product is.

Earlier it was stated that the Shanklin case and others may lead to sweeping reforms of door-to-door practices. Let us hope so. The public and the companies refusing to practice the Sex Sell can only benefit. ◆◆◆



"Don't worry, Miss Shapely, we can always get him for leaving the scene of an accident."

CONFIDENTIAL

continued from page 8

DESPITE THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF MAINLAND CHINA, the country is so well patrolled that it's very difficult to defect to the West. In fact, only a dozen or so have ever made it . . .

Only regular contact between U.S. and Cuba is a hurricane "hot line" the weather bureau uses to swap information on approaching storms . . .

CUBA IS SAID TO HAVE ENOUGH ARMS STOCKPILED TO EQUIP ALL THE REST OF LATIN AMERICA. But there are no long-range missiles involved . . . A new Polish law gives a wife half the husband's income, even if her contribution is zero . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

FORGED CONFEDERATE GUNS ARE SWEEPING THE COUNTRY. Most are British-made Enfields, which are worthless compared to legit Confederate guns. The British markings are removed in place of phony Confederate markings . . .

Good way to keep from being cheated on installment credit is to figure out what it's costing you for interest before you sign. A free government publication makes it easy. Write to Office of Information, Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for "Consumers Quick Credit Guide"...

Gambler's cheating gadget that is catching on now is the "ring shiner." Dealer wears a ring that has a high gloss, enabling him to see every card he deals in the reflection . . .

CHEATER WITH A RING.

THE COSA NOSTRA TOUCH.

MEN IN CRIME

Probably the most foolproof killing system ever devised, one that rarely fails, is the Cosa Nostra system of importing a man from one country to kill another, then smuggling the killer back to his home, often some 4000 miles away . . .

A strange fact is that there is an alarming suicide rate among members of the Royal Canadian Mounties. Almost all suicides are traceable to depression caused by family troubles, unhappy love affairs and heavy debts. Also, when a Mountie wants to commit suicide, there are plenty of firearms available to him --unlike the ordinary citizen . . . Incidentally, a commanding officer in the Mounties can refuse to let a Mountie marry IF HE DISAPPROVES OF THE GIRL...

Youngsters in this country under 18 account for nearly half of all our serious crimes--including forceable rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny and auto-theft . . . Some two out of three auto-thefts are the work of teen-agers . . .

A PROFITABLE NEW RACKET IS BUYING MORE THAN ONE HEALTH INSURANCE POLICY, collecting from each one in case of illness. Some patients who knew they were going to have to be hospitalized were found to have collected on as many as 30 policies for one illness, pocketed the profits . . .

FAKES AND QUACKS

MOST PEOPLE WHO ARE INVOLVED IN HEALTH SWINDLES ARE PEOPLE WITH "ACHES AND PAINS," kind of vague ill-health. They get into trouble with quacks because they somehow never get around to going to a real doctor for a legitimate diagnosis . . .

One big racket is the "negative ion generator," a so-called air purifier,

being sold in great quantity. So far, government hasn't been able to establish that negative ions are of any value for preventing or treating diseases...

If you're tired, it doesn't mean that you have tired blood necessarily, and that you need to take an iron medicine. Tiredness can be result of many ailments . . .

And the U.S. Health Department feels that it's generally not a sound idea to get false teeth by mail order. Getting them to fit properly in that manner is practically impossible--and the use of poorly fitting dentures is unsafe . . .

About the worst thing you can fool around with is the "hormone drug"; these drugs are so dangerous they can be sold only by prescription. Buying them from a door-to-door salesman is practically suicidal . . .

A MAN'S CAR

On the whole most people are so confused by the tire jungle that they are buying tires inferior to the ones they bought years ago . . . THERE MAY BE OVER 115 TIRE BRANDS ON THE MARKET NOW. One thing you can do to protect yourself is to get a definite, written statement of tire grade from the dealer in terms that mean something -- such as first grade, third line or premium. Some dealers have to be backed against a wall before they'll mention the grade--or they may use non-standard definitions such as "top flight" to confuse . . . Find out, too, if the cord is rayon, nylon or polyester. And that's not enough. If partly polyester, find out how much, whether the construction is four-ply, or 2-ply. YOU MIGHT ALSO ASK IF THE TIRE PASSED THE RUBBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION'S NEW TEST . . .

ALCOHOL NOW IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE NUMBER ONE MEDICAL FACTOR IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY DRIVERS . . . There are now more autos than families in America . . .

RYE PUTS DRIVERS ON THE ROCKS.

DANCE OF THE SALESMEN.

A MAN'S JOB

Many companies now supply their sales force with lessons in the new dances, the Frug, the Monkey, etc. Many company buyers are women who insist on being taken out to dance parlors before a sale can be consummated . . .

No matter how you slice it, the machine toolist is out of business. There'll be some 150,000 more jobs killed by automation when 1980 rolls around. But one business, brimming over with new jobs is the production and management of office equipment . . .

NEED FOR CONSTANTLY CHANGING NEW SKILLS IS GROWING SO FAST that experts figure most workers, before long, will be on the job 25 hours a week and in school the other 15 . . .

NEW FOR MEN

A TAPE-RECORDED HYPNOTIC COURSE THAT IS GUARANTEED TO HELP YOU BREAK THE SMOKING HABIT . . .

One stroke with a newly invented chemical injects a substance that kills unwanted trees within two to three weeks . . . A new cordless electric razor is great for travelers, can recharge in almost any country, no matter what type current is available . . . And the newest cold weather gadget from Japan is the electric carpet complete with thermostat . . . Great new snow buggy called the "Skeeter" is being marketed by Evinrude. Perfect for snow-cruising, ice-fishing, toboggan-towing. Seats three and skims along at 30 mph, powered by 14 hp motor driving a "cat" track...

THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE MINT

Continued from page 22

corner of the paper, exposing a brand new twenty dollar bill.

Johnson gasped. "Damn it, he's telling the truth!"

"Why did you bring it into a public place like this?" Patterson demanded "Come on, let's go to my place."

Patterson had a small apartment near-by. As soon as the door was closed behind them, Landis tossed the brick to Edith. "Open it," he told her.

Nervously, she tore off the plain brown paper. The compact bundle inside was held together by steel bands. On each end were new twenty dollar bills. "Eighty thousand dollars . . ." Edith said in awe.

Patterson grabbed the bundle out of her hands and tried to work off the bands.

"You'll need to cut those," Landis told him. "And be careful—those bills are under pressure. When you release them, they'll explode all over the place."

"We'll worry about that later," Patterson said. He found a cutting tool and broke through the steel bands.

With a whooshing sound the "bills" fanned out all over the floor and furniture.

"Paper!" Edith screamed. "Nothing but paper!"

Landis picked up two twenties from the floor. "Except for these two," he said. "These are real. I just got paid."

At first everyone roared in disgust, but then they began to laugh. It had been a good joke. The brick had really had them fooled.

"I hope you've all learned a lesson," Landis said, grinning. "Don't ask me again about bringing home samples from the U.S. Mint."

The others returned to the bar while Landis and Patterson stayed behind to pick up the paper. When it was all stacked and wrapped, Patterson stared at the bundle intently. "Jim, could you *really* get a brick out of the Mint?"

"Don't you realize that the Mint has never been robbed?" Landis said. "It's the most carefully guarded building in the world. Thirty years since it was built —without a heist."

"Has anyone ever tried?"

Landis sat down, looked at his friend squarely. "From the outside it seems impossible, but from the inside—"

"Then you've been thinking about it?"

"No law against thinking," Landis said evasively.

PATTERSON studied him shrewdly. "Just in case you do—take home samples —let me know, will you? I'd be only too happy to help you spend it. So would the others . . ."

When James Landis got home to his modest house in suburban Chapel Oaks, Maryland, that night, he didn't watch television with his wife and two small sons as he usually did. Instead, he went down to the basement. Once again he placed all the twenty-dollar-bill-sized papers into a vise and compressed them as hard as he could. Once again he encircled the compact bundle with the steel bands, the way it was done at the Mint. He wrapped the bundle in the same brown paper and then looked at it. The brick appeared genuine, except that it didn't carry the Treasury seal, a date stamp or the packaging label that all Mint money bricks had.

Landis hefted the dummy brick. It was also lighter than the genuine article. At the Mint, 4,000 twenty dollar bills were put under machine pressure and then banded. Landis knew he couldn't possibly duplicate the same pressure in his basement using a hand-operated vise, so he had to use fewer "bills" in order to make the package come out the same size.

He put his brick on a scale. It weighed one pound, five ounces less than the eight pounds of a genuine money brick. Not much of a difference, Landis thought. Maybe it *was* possible to make up a brick—hell, why not *two* bricks—slip them into the Mint in place of two genuine bricks and walk out with $160,000 in twenty dollar bills.

Landis hefted the package he had made again. Perhaps the reason why the U.S. Mint had never been robbed was that no one had ever tried . . .

At work the next day, James Landis paid more attention to his surroundings than usual. His main job was to transport the newly-made money bricks from the packaging machines to the vaults. Another of his jobs was to clean up the area and dispose of rubbish, like broken bands and wrapping paper. None of the employees liked the menial work of sweeping up the area, but today Landis volunteered. As he gathered up the wrapping paper he slipped some in his work clothes, along with some steel bands. Then he searched the rest of the wrappings for Treasury seals.

Every now and then inspectors broke open bricks as a check. These inspected bricks would then be returned to the machines to be rewrapped, then the inspectors initialed them to show that they had been checked. This gave Landis another idea. He would initial his phony bricks so they wouldn't be opened for inspection. That way he would buy time. Bricks passed by the inspectors always sat in the vaults at the Mint for two months before they were shipped out to one of the twelve Federal Reserve banks. Here they sat in storage for another month or two before being sent on to local banks, where usually another month or more passed before they were opened. At that rate the theft might not be found out for half a year.

Yes, Landis smiled to himself, it was possible to rob the Mint. He held in his hands what he had been searching for in the rubbish: two unbroken Treasury seals discarded by the inspectors. He was surprised that they could be so negligent . . .

When Landis left work that day he had the wrapping paper, the steel bands and the two Treasury seals flattened against his body under his shirt. Even so, he was nervous as he passed the guards at the gate. Every package going in and out of the building was checked by the guards or, at least, was supposed to be. It was easy enough to sneak some wrapping paper out of the place, but what about $160,000 in bills? And there was also the problem of getting the dummy bricks past the guards on the way in.

At these two times he would be most vulnerable.

That night Landis made up two dummy bricks, applying as much pressure as he could with his vise. They still were one pound, five ounces short of the necessary eight pounds. After a few more tries Landis decided he simply could not make the bricks any heavier. Despite this flaw, he decided to go through with his plan. It was too good, the $160,000 too close.

IN the next few weeks, Landis set about solving the problem of getting a package past the guards on entering and leaving the building. He showed up at work one morning carrying a shopping bag full of work clothes. The guards inspected it, passed him on. A few days later, he left the building with the same shopping bag filled with soiled work clothes and had it inspected. He did this several days running and then, as a test, walked past the guards on his way out one night without stopping.

"Hey, Landis!" one of them shouted and pointed to the shopping bag.

Landis grinned at him, pulled a trouser leg out of the bag for the guard to see and kept on walking. The guard did not call him back. Now, if only it worked that way on the big day . . .

During those weeks he was setting up the guards, Landis was also busy inside the building. He had to find a spot to stash the genuine money bricks after he made the switch. He finally located a storeroom on the fifth floor of D-wing that was rarely used. This presented another problem since Landis worked on the first floor in A-wing.

Pretending a visit to the men's room, Landis clocked how long it took to get from his section of the building to the storeroom. To reach it, he had to walk through a tunnel, ride a self-service elevator to the fifth floor, walk several yards and then return the same way. He found he could make the round trip in about fifteen minutes—not enough time to arouse any suspicion, because this was the average amount of time the men usually spent in the men's room.

Oddly enough, the easiest part of Landis' plan was substituting his dummy bricks for the genuine article. The money bricks were simply piled against the wall next to the packaging machine. Landis knew he could make the switch rapidly and with no one watching . . .

Christmas of 1953 came and went. Landis decided on December 30 as the best day to rob the Mint—the week between Christmas and New Year's was a festive one and he hoped that the guards would be somewhat lax.

The day came. James Landis waited at the gate with a large group of fellow workers. Clutching the shopping bag with the two dummy bricks on the bottom, the work clothes on top, he stared straight ahead as he walked through the gate. The guard he passed was busy examining another package; he couldn't have picked a better time.

Inside the building, Landis went to the men's room on the third floor. Here he cached the dummy bricks under a waste paper basket. He knew the basket was

(*Continued on page* 48)

$4200.00 IN CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT IN OUR SPECIAL PRIZE FUND BANK ACCOUNT)

TO BE AWARDED TO 100 WINNERS IN OUR ANNUAL PUZZLE CONTEST No. 11

PRESENTED FOR YOUR PLEASURE BY TOWN & COUNTRY ASSOCIATION

You can sit down and solve this puzzle right now. Everything you need is printed here. There is nothing to look up. No dictionary is needed. Get in this fascinating game by solving this puzzle now. It sharpens your wits and keeps your mind alert. And it costs so little (just the $2.00 entry fee). You get more than that value in fun and recreation. AND you may win a nice cash prize—up to $2,000.00.

Every contestant will be notified of his standing within 30 days after we receive his entry. You will not have to wait and wonder for a long time as to how you stand.

RULES

1. Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.

2. Fill in every empty square with a letter. When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word, both across from left to right and down. Every word used in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. A word may be used more than once (no limit).

3. Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of all letters in each line across (BOTH THE LETTERS ALREADY IN THE PUZZLE AND THOSE YOU SUPPLY) and place these LINE TOTALS at the right of the puzzle as indicated. Then add up these LINE TOTALS and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Add your score carefully as any error in computing your score will disqualify your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.

4. The object is to obtain **the highest total score,** obeying all the Rules. (See Rule 7 for ties.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "tricks" planned or allowed.

5. Anyone over 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except members and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by a $2.00 entry fee. This fee is to cover costs and administrative expenses.

6. A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the $2.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another. While various members of a family may each enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.

7. Ties are expected, in which case a tiebreaker will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 11 squares each way, but with fewer letters supplied. and more empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on. Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes.

If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant. However, in all our previous contests, 2 tiebreakers or less were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers.

8. Contestants shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their own household, all or part of any solution in this contest.

9. Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your $2.00 fee and mail to Town and Country Ass'n, P.O Box 1562, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 10, 1965, and received by April 20, 1965.

10. **Promptness Prize**—$500.00 cash. If you send your entry and $2.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the $500.00 Promptness Prize. This Promptness Prize will be added to the first prize only.

11. When we receive your entry and $2.00 entry fee we will send you:
   a. Acknowledgment of your entry (LET US KNOW IF NOT RECEIVED IN 30 DAYS.)
   b. Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
   c. Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.
   d. Prizes will be paid about July 20, 1965. At that time we will send you the list of prize winners and a copy of the highest scoring solutions.

12. By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes, extra work charts and positional word lists. We cannot be responsible for lost or delayed mail. The sponsors reserve the right to decide any and all questions that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

First Prize Winners in our latest contests are:

Contest No. 5, $1,000.00 cash was won by Mr. W. D. Johnson, 909 Elmeer Place, Metaire, La. (All prizes paid July, 1959.)

Contest No. 6, $1,000.00 cash was won by Mr. James E. Cahill, Box 63, Warminster, Pa. (All prizes paid June, 1960.)

Contest No. 7, $2,500.00 cash was won by Mrs. Betty E. Lee, 856 West Sammamish Road No., Bellevue, Wash. (All prizes paid June, 1961.)

Contest No. 8, $3,000.00 cash was won by William A. Miller, Jr., 225 So. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (All prizes paid June, 1962.)

Contest No. 9, $3,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. G. L. Girardo, 148 E. 108th Ave., Denver, Colo. (All prizes paid July and August, 1963.)

Contest No. 10, $3,000.00 cash was won by Wilbur E. Wanstrom, Almont, N. Dak. (All prizes paid July, 1964.)

In this, Contest No. 11, will YOU be the winner of the $2,000.00 cash prize?

LETTER VALUES

A-5
B-1
C-2
D-1
E-6
F-1
G-0
H-1
I-4
J-1
K-0
L-1
M-2
N-2
O-3
P-1
Q-0
R-1
S-3
T-3
U-6
V-0
W-2
X-6
Y-1
Z-0

FIRST PRIZE $2,000.00

($1,500.00 PLUS $500.00 PROMPTNESS PRIZE)

2d PRIZE	$1,000.00
3d PRIZE	400.00
4th PRIZE	200.00
5th PRIZE	80.00
6th PRIZE	30.00
7th PRIZE	20.00
8th PRIZE	10.00
92 PRIZES EACH $5.00	460.00
TOTAL	$4,200.00

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ACT	BOAT	HID	NIL	TO
AD	BOX	HIS	NIP	TON
ADD	BY	HOPE	NO	TOO
ALOOF	DO	JAM	ONE	TULIP
AND	DOLL	JOIN	OR	UP
ANY	END	MA	PA	WE
ARM	FAN	MAIL	ROD	WIN
ART	FUN	MALL	ROW	WON
ASH	HAD	MY	SAND	YON
AT	HAS	NAP	SEND	YOU

THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD-VALUE PUZZLE

											LINE TOTALS
A		T	■	A		D	■	W		N	
	■		■		■	O	N		■		
D		L		■	Y	■		■		P	
■	■		■	B	O		■		■	■	
H		P	E	■		■	J	O		N	
	■	■	N		■		A	■	■		
S		N	D	■	R	■	M	A		L	
■	■		■	T	O		■		■	■	
A		■		■		■	B	O		T	
	■	A	R		■		■		■		
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(*Continued from page 46*)

never emptied until the work day was over, so the bricks would be safe.

From the men's room, Landis went to his locker and changed into work clothes. He reported for work at 7:50 that morning. Excitement made his temples throb. He wanted to execute his plan as soon as possible, so he would be committed to it and there would be no turning back.

Casually, he picked up some paper from the floor. Carrying it with him, as if on his way to dispose of it, he paused near the stacked bricks of twenties. He glanced about him. No one was paying any attention to him. Deftly, he slipped two of the money bricks under the discarded wrapping paper he was holding and left the packaging room.

Walking quickly along the tunnel that separated the wings of the building, Landis passed several employees, but they barely glanced at him.

In the fifth-floor storeroom of D-wing, Landis tore open the bricks, removing first the ends where the important packaging labels were. He needed these labels to complete the dummy bricks. Next, he cut the steel bands on the bundles. Although he had them propped between his ankles the bills, freed of the terrific pressure, exploded all over the storeroom. Cursing himself for not being more careful, Landis searched through the dusty furniture and discarded filing cabinets until he'd retrieved all the money. He stuffed the loose bills into a shopping bag which he had hidden under his shirt.

Then Landis made an alarming discovery. All of the money would not fit into the shopping bag and still leave room for his work trousers on top. There was only one solution: leave some of the bills behind in the storeroom and pick them up at a later date.

Checking his watch, Landis saw that he was running behind time. He had walked off his station on the pretense of getting rid of the waste wrapping paper. The excuse of going to the men's room he wanted to save for the next trip to the storeroom. Stashing the shopping bag behind a file cabinet, Landis retraced his steps through the tunnel and back to his station. His supervisor eyed him dourly but didn't say anything.

Landis waited until 10:40 before he excused himself. "I've got to hit the john," he told his supervisor and started walking away.

"Hold it, Landis. I know what you're up to."

James Landis felt his face grow cold as the blood rushed out of it. The supervisor tapped him on the shoulder. "I know that you've been sneaking out for smokes for weeks now," he said. "This is the last time. We'll begin the New Year right, huh?"

Landis, shaken, managed a weak smile. "This will be the last time," he agreed flatly and left.

IN the men's room, Landis worked off the packaging labels from the torn ends of the money bricks by running hot water over them. He got the dummy bricks from their hiding place, carried them into a toilet booth. Taking a small bottle of glue out of his pocket, he fixed the packaging labels to the ends of the bricks. The other ends of the bricks already had the Treasury seals on them that he had stolen weeks before. Finally, with a rotary stamp he had lifted from the packaging room, he impressed the day's date on the bricks. Under this he scribbled the initials of one of the inspectors.

Landis left the toilet booth and removed a paper bag from the waste basket, one he had casually tossed into it that morning. He dropped the two bricks into the bag and returned to the packaging room where he swiftly placed the dummy bricks on a pile with the genuine ones and returned to his station.

So far, so good . . .

The rest of the day was agony for Landis. He still had to get out of the building with the money. He tried not to think of the overstuffed shopping bag in the fifth-floor storeroom.

At 3:10 P.M., a bell rang, announcing the end of the shift. Landis hurried to his locker and changed into street clothes. Carrying his work trousers, he walked through the tunnel to D-wing and took the elevator to the fifth floor. The shopping bag was just as he'd left it.

He experimented to see if he could somehow leave all of the money in the bag and still fit the trousers on top, but it was no use. No matter how tightly he packed the bills, some of them still poked out over the top of the bag. Reluctantly, Landis scooped out bills and hid them until there was room enough for his trousers. He strode out of the

"I've been out here so long I can't even remember a dirty story."

storeroom wondering just how much money he was leaving behind; he couldn't take the time to count it.

As he approached the gate, Landis suddenly felt sure that he was going to be caught. He walked on, his legs heavy as lead.

"Just a minute there!" a voice called behind him.

Landis turned. A guard was staring right at him. "What have you got in that bag?" With trembling fingers, Landis lifted up a trouser leg. He tried to smile but couldn't. He turned to walk on.

"Just a minute there!" the guard called again, louder this time.

Landis' heart sank. He had failed. It was all too crazy to begin with. Too—

But it was the man behind him the guard was calling over! Landis stepped quickly away. He felt like running, but forced himself to walk naturally. And then he was through the gate . . .

Landis went directly to the neighborhood bar. The gang was in a booth drinking beer, as usual. He ignored their greetings.

"Let's all go to your place," he said urgently to Roger Patterson, and indicated the shopping bag with his eyes.

The four instinctively seemed to catch on to his silent plea. They trooped out of the bar and over to Patterson's apartment. Landis made sure the door was locked, then dumped the contents of the shopping bag onto the bed.

"Jim, you did it!" his cousin Edith squealed. She grabbed a handful of bills and tossed them into the air.

"I had to leave some behind," Landis said. "Let's see just how much is here."

After counting the pile of bills twice, everyone came up with the same figure: $128,000. That meant that $32,000 was hidden in the storeroom.

"NOT a bad day's work," Landis said, grinning. "Now I want you people to start spending right away. Make small purchases and bring the change to me. You can keep the stuff you buy, but be honest about the change, okay?"

William Giles picked up some of the bills and let them slide through his fingers. "Of course we'll be honest," he said. "What do you think we are — crooks?"

Landis split the money into four piles, one for each of them excluding himself. He had a sudden sinking feeling that he was doing the wrong thing, but he knew he would be making an even bigger mistake if he kept all the money and tried to spend it himself. For one thing, it would take too long. The best thing to do was to get rid of the bills as quickly as possible, so as to leave the coldest possible trail for the Secret Service when the theft was discovered.

When Landis got home that night, he was too nervous to eat. Only when all the money was safely spent would he dare relax . . .

The four accomplices soon found it wasn't as easy as they'd thought it would be to get rid of all that money. They brought in a fifth helper, a man named Charles Nelson, with Landis' permission. Landis warned them all to be careful, to spread the money over a wide area and avoid spending too many of the new bills in any one section.

The five spendthrifts thought that Prince Georges County, Maryland, was area enough to swallow $128,000 in new twenty-dollar bills and concentrated on the stores within its borders, favoring bars and liquor stores. They were soon bringing home bottles by the car load, after breaking twenty dollar bills in all the liquor stores in one area, and then moving on to the next.

James Landis was happy to see the flow of "good" money come his way, though he felt there wasn't as much of it as there should have been. But he didn't want to accuse any of his accomplices of holding out on him until the last twenty was gone. Then, when they came for their share of the "good" money, he would make the proper adjustments.

Roger Patterson found one way to unload $6,000 quickly. He entered a crap game—and lost. Landis was so upset that he became genuinely ill and stayed home. He didn't even find it in him to go after the $32,000 still in the storeroom.

Landis would have been even sicker if he had seen how his accomplices were spending the money. The four-man, one-woman crew weren't bothering to spread out over a wide area, as Landis had told them to. They drove into a town, spent twenty dollar bills like a fleet of drunken sailors, and then left for the next town. Soon the merchants —liquor store owners largely—began to compare notes about the free-spending crew. They quickly discovered that the only denomination any of them ever had

(*Continued on page 52*)

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

HOW TO STAMP OUT A TEEN-AGE RIOT—Maybe the English have the right idea. Shocked by the recent outbreak of teen-age violence between the Mods — a group who dress in the height of fashion and ride motor scooters — and the Rockers — a rival gang who prefer black-leather jackets and souped-up motorcycles — members of Parliament have made the following

suggestions: 1. Draft the toughs into the Army; 2. Fine them; 3. Force them to work; 4. As a last resort, spank them. American JD authorities, take notice!

◆◆◆

HOW DRY I AM—At first, Newburgh, N.Y., police couldn't believe their eyes. Checking on a self-service laundromat, they discovered a 50-year-old woman napping in one of the dryers. Poking her awake with their nightsticks, the officers wanted to know what she was doing there. "Drying out," the lady replied. Ask a foolish question, you get a foolish answer.

◆◆◆

GRIDIRON HUDDLE-MUDDLE—Pro football teams please note: Strangest play of the year was pulled off last November by the boys of Rolling Prairie High School in their game against Benton Harbor St. John's. With the ball on Rolling Prairie's own 27-yard line, the team went into its huddle, then headed for the line of scrimmage. As the center snapped the ball, the entire team pivoted and returned to its huddle. While the Benton Harbor 11 gaped at the weird antics of their opponents, the Rolling Prairie halfback sneaked out of the huddle and headed for the goal line. Finally, the Benton Harbor players came to life and charged into massed huddle. But it was too late—the halfback had a 35-yard head start and easily trotted the 73 yards he needed for the touchdown. P.S. Despite the most original play ever pulled by any football team, Rolling Prairie lost, 20-13.

◆◆◆

FEMALE GI SACRIFICES BEAUTY FOR DUTY — Probably the most "chicken" officer in any military unit in the world today is the Israeli C.O. who restricted 18-year-old Margalit Ophira to camp recently. Not that he didn't have every right to, as Margalit is in the men's division of the Israeli Army. But it was hard to see what emergency could have come up to prevent her from traveling to London to represent her country in the Miss World Beauty Contest. Had she

shown up, she'd have been the only pistol-packing package of pulchritude in the glamorous gathering of the lushest girls on earth.

MAN BITES WOMEN — With dental specialists standing by, a Japanese man was told to bite the five women lined up in the Tokyo laboratory. Each woman braced herself as the man dug his teeth into her shoulder blade, fore-

arm and left deltoid muscle. Once the biter had finished his part in the experiment, the dentists took over, timing exactly how long it took for his teeth marks to fade away from the various parts of the women's bodies. By charting the elapsed time between bite and fade, the dentists hope to show just how valuable such evidence is in a criminal investigation.

◆◆◆

WHO IN THE WORLD — According to the United Nations' latest report on the population explosion, there were 3,135,000,000 people on the face of the earth. They are expanding at the rate of 2.1 percent a year — the highest population growth ever observed. Some of the other facts the report points out are these: 1. Half the world's population suffers from hunger. 2. Two-thirds of the world's population is concentrated in 10 countries —Mainland China leading, with 670,000,000; India, 449,000,000; followed by the Soviet Union, the United States and Indonesia. 3. Tokyo, topping New York, is the largest city with 8,600,000. 4. Monaco and Israel have the most foreign born. 5. Over one half the adults in Asia are illiterate. 6. Women are not as literate as men in most countries. 7. Sweden has lowest infant mortality rate — Haiti has the highest. 8. A female baby born in Sweden today can expect to live more than 75 years, while a male baby has a life expectancy of just under 72.

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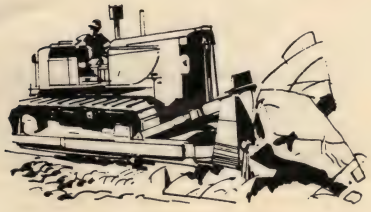

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NORTHWEST SCHOOLS

(*Continued from page 48*)

was a twenty dollar bill — and brand new ones at that. This could mean only one thing: the money was counterfeit.

The merchants brought the twenties to the local bank. The clerk examined each bill carefully. "I should have such counterfeit money," he said, finally, with a sigh.

"You mean, these bills are real?" a merchant bleated. "Then just who are those people—eccentric millionaires?"

Charles Nelson, the junior member of the gang, actually began to think of himself as a millionaire. After breaking a twenty at a local bar and leaving with only $1.50 change, he stood in the middle of main street and carefully lit a cigarette with another twenty, then dusted his hands and staggered away.

The small crowd that had gathered to watch was understandably impressed by Charles Nelson, the man with money to burn. Not so the bartender who had watched the whole thing from across the street.

"No one is *that* eccentric," he snapped.

He grabbed the phone and called the police about the obvious counterfeiter who had just stuck him with a bum twenty.

At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, meanwhile, an employee in Landis' section was loading bricks of twenties for transport to the vaults where they would spend the next couple of months in splendid isolation. The worker's hands fell on a genuine brick —and one of Landis' dummies. The difference in weight was immediately obvious. The one flaw in his plan that Landis couldn't beat had caught up with him.

The second dummy package was found. As soon as the inspectors opened them up, they knew that the thief had to be an employee in the packaging section. It was now January 4, 1954. The dummy packages had been discovered in less than a week—not the six months Landis had hoped for.

The Secret Service got the report of a possible counterfeiting ring from the irate bartender and the report of the hard-to-believe robbery of the U.S. Mint within hours of each other. Since twenty dollar bills were involved in both cases, the Service felt sure there was a connection. The five Big Spenders were rounded up and the Secret Service wasn't surprised to find that the twenty dollar bills they were cashing were genuine. When it learned that the gang's female member was the cousin of an employee at the Mint, the case was all but closed.

JAMES LANDIS was arrested and he confessed right away. He showed the Secret Service men where he had stashed the $32,000 he couldn't fit into the shopping bag. A search of the homes of the five spenders uncovered another $95,000 in unspent twenty dollar bills and $6,000 in smaller denominations, obviously "change." This left a goodly total of some $27,000 in the tills of the merchants of Prince Georges County.

In June, 1954, James Landis was sentenced to three to nine years in prison. His accomplices drew lesser sentences. The only comfort Landis could derive from the whole affair was the knowledge that he was the only man who ever robbed the U.S. Mint.

The Mint got something out of the caper too. It improved security conditions so much, it is doubtful that anyone could take it again. ◆◆◆

CORAL SEA

Continued from page 27

offensive in the Solomons. The prelude to the Navy's first carrier-air battle of WW II was over.

At 4:32, when the last *Yorktown* aircraft had returned, Admiral Fletcher gave the order which sent Task Force 17 barreling away at top speed toward the opalescent Coral Sea.

Bigger game lay ahead . . .

Two weeks before, intelligence had passed the word to Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, boss of the Pacific Fleet, that a group of Japanese transports, screened by a Striking Force including two carriers with a third carrier protecting the transport group, would enter the Coral Sea. Nimitz promptly decided that the enemy's destination was Port Moresby, southernmost Allied outpost on New Guinea.

This move had to be stopped, obviously. For Japan, hoping to sever America's lifeline with the Anzac nations, would otherwise be in a position to launch a knockout blow at Australia and New Zealand. And General Douglas MacArthur, who used Australian air bases as a staging area for his leg-up through the Pacific, clearly would be out of business. The capture of Port Moresby would give Japan virtual mastery of the Pacific. Thus, the time for decisive action was now.

"Prepare for battle!" the word went out from Pearl Harbor.

At Espiritu Santu, the big American naval base in the New Hebrides chain, Frank Jack Fletcher, one of the savviest combat officers afloat, was waiting for just such an order. It was a golden opportunity to play hit-and-run; a chance to show his daring way of fighting the war; a chance, in short, to play the odds. And Frank Fletcher really liked that.

Putting together a scratch team of cruisers, destroyers and two flattops (*Yorktown* and *Lexington*), he acted on Nimitz' operation order immediately and got under way, steaming northward. The weather was clear, the temperature in the upper 70s. His pilots were primed and ready. All they needed was a little luck.

For the next two weeks, Task Force 17 prowled along the edges of the Coral Sea, waiting. And at 8:00 A.M., May 3, with *Yorktown* and *Lexington* about a hundred miles apart, that luck suddenly developed.

It was then that Japan pulled off her successful occupation of the Solomons, a move which caught Navy brains slightly offguard. Occupation meant the establishment of seaplane tender operations, and this, to all intents and purposes, gave Japan control of the skies over the Coral and Solomon Seas. Worse yet, her Port Moresby invasion was already under way, spread out north and east of Tulagi.

Against this background, Fletcher's poker hand began to develop. The carrier's radio shack received a message from MacArthur at four that afternoon. Army fliers, it stated, had sighted enemy transports and destroyers off the Solomons. Fletcher promptly cracked the whip.

"Gentlemen, this is what I've been waiting for!" he told his staff. "Let the Japs send their bloody invasion into the Coral Sea. Fitch (Rear Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch of the *Lexington*) will hold the fort. I want a crack at those monkeys riding at anchor!"

Turning to the carrier's Officer-of-the-Deck, Commander James A. MacFarlane, Fletcher ordered up 27 knots and a new course. The word to all pilots: *Offensive action against the enemy in the morning! All pilots report to the ready room for briefing!*

TULAGI—the tuneup for Coral Sea—followed on schedule. It was somewhat more than Fletcher expected, for even he hadn't really hoped for quite the blitz enjoyed by his SBD and TBD jockeys. However, the big game—cruisers and carriers—lay ahead. And Task Force 17, enjoying first blood, headed southward on a dead run.

But the showdown with Japan's invasion fleet didn't come as fast and furiously as expected. Nor did Fletcher's luck remain constant . . .

Twenty-four hours later, the weather had socked in *Yorktown's* pilots. All air searches for the day were cancelled. The carrier, steaming within signaling distance of *Lexington,* topped off with fuel from fleet oiler *Neosho,* and continued her hunt for the Japanese fleet. Was it a myth? Scuttlebutt had it that there was *no* Japanese fleet—that it had been wiped out the previous day. The same scuttlebutt told of liberty soon to be enjoyed with Australia's kobber girls.

But these, unhappily, were only rumors and no more. For in *Yorktown's* radio shack, alert bluejackets began picking up Army intercept—messages telling of a massive enemy movement toward the south from the Solomons.

"Where the hell are they?" Fletcher exploded, when updated by his staff communicator. "Are those damned Forts mistaking us for Japs?"

Hardly. Unobserved because of a lack of proper reconnaissance, the enemy's Striking Force was moving down the spine of New Britain, thence along the coast of Bougainville and, finally, southwest along the lower Solomons. Fletcher, going on the reasonable assumption that at least a portion of the Army sightings were correct, turned Task Force 17 on an intercept course.

By midnight, May 6, *Yorktown* and her consorts were less than seventy miles from the southbound enemy! (For reasons best known to himself, Rear Admiral Tadachi Hara, commanding Cardiv 5—big carriers *Zuikaku* and *Shokaku*—had ordered no air searches that afternoon or evening. Nor, by the same ridiculous chance, had American air searches divulged the presence of IJN warships!)

But Hara — again for reasons best known to himself — turned sharply *northward* at midnight, miraculously

postponing a head-on clash. The two other enemy groups, however, continued on toward Port Moresby along the coast of New Guinea without near-calamity.

It was clear and cool the next morning. At daybreak, Task Force 17 hopefully set off air searches. But first blood was to be claimed by the enemy.

At 7:36, one of the Jap search planes sighted the oiler *Neosho* escorted by the destroyer *Sims*. The American ships were reported as "a carrier and a cruiser," and Vice Admiral Takeo Takagi promptly ordered a torpedo and bombing attack.

That attack developed ninety minutes later. *Sims,* patrolling about a mile ahead of *Neosho,* was singled out by a dive bomber which missed. (Although both ships went to General Quarters immediately, radio silence with flagship *Yorktown* remained unbroken and Fletcher had no knowledge whatever of the trouble.) Then came a high-level attack by fifteen dive bombers. Down tumbled the bombs; up went the sky-high geysers, but the enemy's aim was still off. Not a hit. And two planes scratched by the tincan's gunners.

At 10:36 luck ran out. Down tumbled 36 dive bombers in three waves. *Sims* had moved around to *Neosho's* port quarter, and she therefore absorbed the lion's share of punishment. Three bombs hit her almost simultaneously—two exploded in the boiler rooms, the third well forward. That did it.

"Abandon ship!" ordered Lieutenant Commander Willford Hyman, as the destroyer buckled amidships and began sinking stern first.

There was one last explosion — mightier than any bomb—as the *Sims* dipped under and the sea flooded into her stack and touched her boilers. After that, only smoke marked her grave.

Neosho—"Fat Lady" to her crew—became the next Japanese target. Twenty planes pounced on her, scoring seven direct hits and eight near misses, including a suicider who bounced off the No. 4 gun. Burning gasoline from the suicide plane's tanks quickly spread along *Neosho's* decks. The oiler's skipper, Captain John S. Philips, realizing the oiler's fate was probably sealed, thumbed the bridge intercom.

"Make preparations to Abandon Ship!" he ordered.

But Philips' crew either didn't hear, or didn't *want* to hear. All the men could think about was the sight of *Sims* blowing up, and that was quite enough for them. Over the side they went without waiting for the actual order to abandon.

These ships didn't die in vain. Had Hara's planes continued on their approximate course and located Task Force 17, the Battle of Coral Sea might well have ended then and there. But Fletcher's luck was holding . . .

BY 8:15, an hour and a half after *Yorktown's* air searches had flown off, contact with the enemy had been made. "Two carriers and four heavy cruisers" were reported about 175 miles to the westward. *Lexington,* a few miles closer to the bonanza, launched air strikes 45 minutes later. In all, from both U.S. carriers, 93 planes went aloft.

No sooner had *Yorktown's* attack group flown off than the pilot who had reported the original contact returned from his scouting mission. It was then that Fletcher's staff made the horrifying discovery that the eager young flyboy *should* have reported: one light

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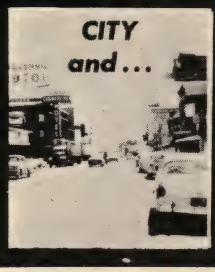

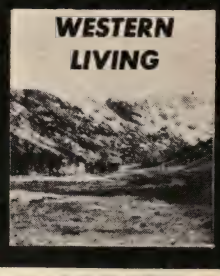

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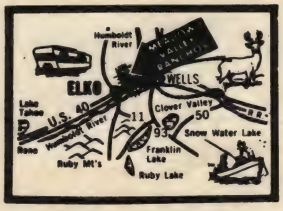

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carrier (*Shoho*), a couple of antiquated light cruisers and three converted gunboats!

Worse than sending off 93 planes to deluge such feeble adversaries was the fact that the enemy's big carrier groups now knew the approximate position of Task Force 17, and it was only a matter of time before the onslaught came...

By 8:30 Takagi alerted light carrier *Shoho* to prepare a strike, while sending up a scouting mission. Simultaneously, and taking no chances on having his invasion fleet caught in a blitz, the admiral ordered a course change. The invasion, he decided, could wait a bit.

So it was that the second phase of the Battle of Coral Sea rapidly developed.

An hour and a half later, Commander William B. Ault's *Lexington* attack group, which had been flying fruitless search patterns, passed Tagula Island, biggest of the Louisades chain. One of Ault's scouting planes, above the formation at 15,000 feet, was "just about to come down and call it quits" when something on the sea attracted Radioman 1/c Charles "Red" Doyle's attention. The bluejacket tensed, squinted hard through the layers of rolling white cumulus and then frantically tapped Lieutenant Commander William L. Hamilton's back.

"Down there, sir—at about zero three zero!"

The pilot followed the bearing and promptly hit the radio:

"Mike Tare Oboe to Squadron! Nippos under your feet—looks like two or three heavy cruisers and a couple of cans! Zero three zero—over!"

In the SBD squadron a few thousand feet below, Bill Ault's ears wiggled ecstatically. His acknowledgement boomed right back:

"Item One: How right—I see 'em! I see 'em now! We're going down to lay eggs!"

Lexington's first wave dumped ten bombs into the curtain of flak. Only three of these scored, the last two near-missing the wildly twisting *Shoho* and blowing five planes from her flight deck. *Yorktown's* squadrons piled in next, their cataclysm of explosives creating a mist screen so dense that American pilots had difficulty identifying targets. But one who had 20-20 vision that epochal morning was Lieutenant Commander R. E. Dixon, skipper of the second wave of *Lexington* SBDs. More bombs tumbled, turning the *Shoho* into a floating pyre. At 11:30, the officers in *Yorktown's* ready room heard fateful words as *Shoho,* hissing clouds of steam, slipped under:

"Scratch one flattop! Dixon to Carriers, Scratch one flattop!"

SHORTLY after 1:30 all U.S. aircraft were back aboard their respective commands, loading up and fueling for a second strike. But Fletcher, relying on his instinct for trouble, decided against one on the basis that the carriers *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku* had not yet been located.

After leaving instructions to be called if the scout planes found something, Fletcher went up to his bridge. Here, staring at a roughening sea and a rapidly deteriorating weather front, there was no real solace for him. Sooner or later, the two-star admiral realized, his hot poker run was bound to fizzle. And if his luck ran out, the lousiest weather in the Pacific wouldn't help...

Takeo Takagi was also thinking of the weather. *Shoho's* demise had taken his mind off certain details, such as flying conditions. But now he was jolted back to reality. Between his own and the American task force, there was a sky full of cold scud and thunder squalls.

At 6 A.M., May 8, Takagi promptly ordered air searches, to be followed upon sighting by a ninety plane strike. This was Fletcher's strategy, too, except that the urgency to find Takagi was a little greater, inasmuch as Task Force 17 was now in an area where the skies were beautifully clear and visibility was unlimited. American scouts roared off at first light.

At 8:15, *Shoho* killer Bob Dixon rolled another seven. Looking down through a hole in the milky scud, Dixon sighted *"two flattops screened by a couple of heavy cruisers and two or three destroyers, about ten miles apart!"*

The third phase of the Battle of Coral Sea began as Fletcher, pacing *Yorktown's* bridge, spat out his orders: Both carriers to launch strikes immediately; Admiral Fitch in *Lexington* to receive tactical command "in order to reduce signaling between carriers and allow him complete freedom of action for his carrier and air groups"; Dixon to continue shadowing the enemy forces until strikes homed in.

An hour later, after radioing the information to MacArthur in the hope that the general's air force would also pile in, Fletcher ordered off his first strike of 39 planes. At 11 o'clock, Lieutenant Commander Joe Taylor and his group arrived over the enemy fleet. The SBDs went to 17,000 feet and orbited under cloud cover; then the TBDs arrived. Meanwhile, *Shokaku* was launching her CAP and *Zuikaku* was disappearing into a rain squall.

Taylor's strategy was simple: F4F Wildcats to protect torpedo planes from Zekes (Zero fighters) during the run in; after that, every plane to gang up on the flattops.

As TBDs bored in, covered by the fighters, *Shokaku's* CAP immediately mixed it with them and her gunners slashed loose a murderous flak from her antiaircraft batteries. Black and white puffballs rocked the torpedo planes. One by one they splashed, and one by one they released their tin fish—all of them missing the wildly gyrating flattop. The same sad story applied to the dive-bomber runs: only two thousand-pounders hit their mark, and *Shokaku* was intact despite fires blazing on her flight deck forward.

In *Zuikaku,* Rear Admiral Tadachi Hara, second to Takagi, stood on his flag bridge as his carrier came out of the squall. He saw *Zuikaku's* sister ship blazing forward of the island.

"Send up every available plane!" Hara thundered. "If the Americans get *Shokaku,* they'll get us, too!"

Moments later, Hara's reserve of thirty Zekes clawed into the overcast. It was a good move; it paid off. The Zekes were there, shooting down the Taylor air groups, when *Lexington's* Lieutenant Commander James A. Brett, Jr. charged to the rescue. After restoring a semblance of order, eleven torpedo bombers, four dive bombers and their fighter escort plunged through a hole in the cloud cover at 6,000 feet.

"GO get the bastards!" Brett howled. "Good hunting!"

Bombs and torpedoes fell like rain, but *Lexington's* groups enjoyed even lousier hunting than *Yorktown's.* Only one bomb hit was noted. The result of three hits on *Shokaku* was 108 men killed and forty wounded. But the vessel was still very much intact despite her topside bonfires; below the waterline she was sound as a dollar. However, taking no chances on losing one of his first-line carriers, Takagi ordered *Shokaku* home on the double. At this point, going strictly by the number of reports streaming to *Myoko's* bridge from his own planes, the Japanese admiral firmly believed that both American carriers were resting on the bottom of Coral Sea.

By all rights, they should have been. For Japanese pilots experienced considerably less difficulty in finding their targets. The weather above the two American carriers was sunny and clear. Beyond which, the Japanese were combat veterans, hardened by experiences in China, Colombo and Pearl Harbor. When they piled in on *Yorktown* and *Lexington* (a few minutes after the second wave hit *Shokaku*), they knew exactly what to do and went to work with a vengeance. Luck, to some degree, was with them.

Only eight Wildcats were out on CAP duty at the time. The sea planes, moreover were dangerously low on fuel. At 10:55, as *Lexington's* radar picked up bogies about seventy miles to the northwest, the two carriers altered course to 125 degrees at 30 knots. Nine more Wildcats went aloft, three sticking close to the water to intercept torpedo planes and the others rapidly climbing to 10,000 feet for dogfights.

"Request permission to commence firing, sir," Captain Frederick C. "Ted" Sherman, *Lexington's* skipper, called up to the flag bridge at 11:18, as the first Japanese planes approached.

"Aye, aye!" Fitch snapped. "Let 'er rip!"

The battle busted out. Approaching from the northeast, downwind, downsun, long waves of enemy torpedo planes converged on Fitch's command. The admiral, squinting through binoculars, sucked in his breath sharply as a torrent of 1.1's and 5-inchers engulfed the attackers. The planes were stacked up at altitudes of from fifty to 200 feet, and the air to that height was literally black with flak.

"Torpedo!" sang out the masthead lookout moments later. "Torpedo to starboard!"

"Hard left rudder!" snapped Sherman.

Lexington heeled sharply to comb a tin fish wake. But there were 11 such sighting reports and it was impossible to comb them all. The first Long Lance

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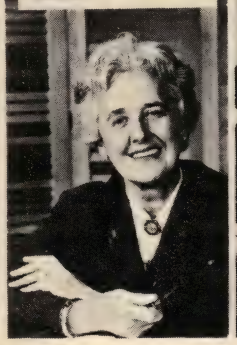

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struck forward of the bridge, port side, at 11:20. *Lexington* was in a turn she never completed. Less than a minute later, a second torpedo took her on the starboard side forward. The carrier went dead. To make matters worse, a dive-bombing attack which had been building up in the last seconds suddenly developed. Down screamed a dozen near-miss 250 kilo bombs, opening seams and sending geysers of sea over the gun decks.

Three miles to the southwest, *Yorktown* was catching hell—first torpedoes, then dive bombers. But having a smaller turning circle than *Lexington*, she combed all wakes successfully and blasted all torpedo planes from the sky. But her gunners couldn't cope with the dive bombers, and one in particular which dropped an 800-pound bomb on the flight deck near the island. Dead and injured: 65.

The cacophony of battle lasted a few minutes longer. Then, all torpedoes and bombs expended, the short, violent clash was over. Japanese loses: thirty planes in combat, another thirteen due to operational failures; American air losses: 33 from all causes. One Japanese destroyer and several mine-sweepers also were lost, in addition to *Shoho*.

Takagi wheeled around and pulled out, fully convinced that his planes had more than avenged the loss of his light carrier.

At battle's end, *Lexington* was listing seven degrees with three boiler rooms partially flooded, three severe fires burning amidships and plane elevators inoperative. Commander H. R. Healy, the damage control officer, went to work. Oil ballast was promptly shifted, bringing the ship out of her list. Next, bluejackets in asbestos cut loose torrents of water, quenching the three fires amidships. Finally, the ruptures in *Lexington's* skin from tin fish were shored up. Healy telephoned Sherman on the bridge:

"Captain, everything's getting squared away down here. But I'd suggest, sir, that if you have to take any more torpedoes, you take 'em on the starboard side."

Sherman didn't have time to grin. Suddenly, the bridge rocked as a tremendous internal explosion roared through the carrier. Before Sherman could lunge for the intercom to check the enginerooms, two more internal explosions ripped his command.

"Central station!" Sherman called. "What goes down there?"

"Someone left a motor generator running, Captain," a CPO replied. "Gasses from a torpedo hit did it."

"Where's Pop Healy?"

"Smoke poisoning, Captain. They've taken him down to sickbay."

SMOKE, as Ted Sherman could plainly see, covered his flight deck, although it didn't seriously hamper air operations. The minutes dragged. Fire-fighting parties commenced cleaning up the battle damage. But in those same minutes, the men on *Lexington's* bridge slowly realized that the carrier was doomed.

A grim Sherman, watching the fires begin to spread now, grabbed the TBS (Talk Between Ships) radio. On deck, aft, they were bringing up the casualties from below.

"This is Sherman on the Lady," Sherman called slowly. "Escorts come in. We're a little too hot to handle, I think." (In *Lexington's* hangar deck where warheads were stored the temperature now stood at 140 degrees!)

Sherman was still talking as destroyer *Morris* came alongside to pass fire hoses. But immediately thereafter, three new explosions belched up great billows of flame and black smoke, and Sherman realized that all the fire hoses in the Navy were of no use now. Reluctantly, he went up to the flag-bridge. He found Aubrey Fitch staring at the holocaust from a wingtip.

"Well, Ted," the admiral greeted him. "I know what you've come for. All right, let's get the men off quickly."

"Aye, aye."

Then Sherman went down to his bridge and gave the abandon order.

Aboard *Yorktown*, Frank Jack Fletcher heard the reports of how the Lady was blowing herself to bits but not actually sinking.

"Dispatch *Phelps*," he told Sam Jameson grimly. "Tell her to do it with torpedoes. Tell her to do it fast—"

The signal went out from the flagship, and *Phelps* did her duty. Five torpedoes. At 10 o'clock, after one more thunderous eruption, the carrier slid beneath the Coral Sea head up, into 2400 fathoms of turquoise water. The first carrier battle of WW II was over.

Both sides claimed victory, and both sides later realized their claims were not as lofty as at first believed. But Coral Sea was actually an American victory, though pyrrhic. The Port Moresby Invasion was turned back and that, after all, was the important issue.

Frank Jack Fletcher, elevated to vice admiral for his role as Commander, Task Force 17, raked in the jackpot. Luck and a brilliant fighting force turned the trick. ◆◆◆

"INSTANT DOOM" WEAPONS

Continued from page 18

second he delayed cost the U.S. dearly in retaliatory potential. But he also knew that once that signal was given, there would be no turning back.

The A. F. Colonel, a Korean War veteran named Robert E. Kirschner, demanded a further intelligence check. Could Intelligence tell him where Nikita Khrushchev was at that moment? It could and did: Khrushchev was still in New York City and was taking no special personal precautions.

On his own authority, Kirschner decided the attack was probably a false alarm; the Soviets would hardly loose a nuclear war with their own No. 1 man in New York City. He ordered a second radar reading. The flights of "missiles" disappeared, or turned out to be nothing more threatening than a flock of migratory birds.

What would have happened if that false alarm had been the real thing?

The answer to that question depends upon a set of weapons called the "doomsday weapons," called that because any one of them alone could mean the end of the world. They are the ultimate weapons as they exist today or will exist tomorrow – the suicide weapons of the Third World War.

They are also, the experts hope, the ultimate deterrent to WW III, because they are the weapons against which there is no defense. A closer look at them shows just what the experts mean:

1. *The War Gases Weapon.*

War gases have the most lethal record of any weapon now in existence. During WW I, very primitive versions of these gases caused 1,300,000 casualties. Primarily, the variety used was mustard gas, a blistering agent with a high percentage of deaths and crippling aftereffects. WW I gases had five times the casualty rate of shrapnel or high explosives.

In WW II the Nazis used gases with a hydrogen cyanide base to kill millions of concentration camp prisoners. In actual combat, the use of gas was considered several times. U.S. Army top commander General George C. Marshall wanted gas for cave-fighting against the Japanese on Okinawa and Iwo Jima. Hitler stockpiled gas for turning-point battles: Stalingrad, D day, the Ardennes and the defense of the Rhine. The Japanese, too, considered it, and actually used it against the Chinese before the U.S. got into the Pacific war. But a full-scale confrontation between great nations equally armed with war gases never took place, probably the first example of a working "mutual deterrence" in history.

AS a doomsday weapon, today's war gases have evolved from Germany's three nerve gases of WW II: Sarin (the basis of the present U.S. nerve gas), Soman and Tabun. The U.S.S.R. captured Germany's Tabun plant intact and shipped it to Russia, along with the scientists and technicians who staffed it.

Nerve gas is twenty times more toxic than hydrogen cyanide, infinitely more deadly than WW I mustard gas. The gas works against a nerve fluid which "orders" muscles to expand inside the human system. Without this fluid, the muscles contract involuntarily; they continue contracting until the victim strangles himself in his own vital organs. Odorless, tasteless, and invisible, only a few drops on the skin are enough to kill. If the victim does not get atropine injections – the only antidote–within a minute of contact, he has no chance of survival.

To qualify as a true doomsday killer, war gasses require enormous stockpiles and multiple means of delivery. But they still cost less than any other major weapon in the doomsday arsenal: hundreds of millions of dollars rather than billions. U.S. estimates of Russian capabilities in nerve gases alone assume a 50,000-ton stockpile as far back as 1962. This amount of gas (which keeps almost indefinitely in steel cannisters) could wipe out the population of New York City (over 8,000,000) some 500 times. The size of the U.S. nerve gas stockpile has been a closely guarded secret since April 22nd, 1964, when the Defense Department clamped the lid down.

According to chemical warfare experts there are gases in existence far more lethal than nerve gas, known to both the Russians and to us. The Army's present Chief of Research and Development, Lieutenant General Arthur Trudeau, has spoken enthusiastically of the "humane" gases, the "phyche" gases, which scientists have developed. These do not kill, but either rob a soldier of his coordination for a brief time, or take away his will to fight.

Whether or not such gases will reach field use stage remains for the future to show.

2. *The Bacteriological Weapon.*

During WW II, shortly after the American defeat at the Kasserine Pass, the U.S. Army authorized a plan calling for deliberate, scientifically-targeted germ warfare for the first time in modern history. This plan, according to the man who worked it out, former OSS chemical research expert Stanley Lovell, depended upon an artificial goat dung, developed by himself and two Canadian scientists at laboratories they nicknamed the "Health Farm." The dung contained every lethal bacteria the scientists could cram in; houseflies would pick them up and spread them over the target area.

As things tured out, Hitler and Rommel went on the defensive in Africa. That goat dung scheme, dangerous at best because the highly communicable diseases might have boomeranged against occupying Allied troops, never got put to the test.

Today, at Fort Wetrick, Maryland, the U.S. Army Chemical Corps maintains an extensive R&D installation that grew out of the old "Health Farm." Laboratories and programs in dozens of private institutions tackle the problem of bacteriological warfare under government grants. The research involves hundreds of America's leading biologists and has recorded tens of thousands of field trials. The extent of their success, top-secret in Defense Department classification, may mean a bigger weapons-system breakthrough than the H-bomb.

A bacteriological weapon can cause dry rot or wheat rust and simply starve an enemy into submission by destroying his crops. It can cause dysentery, headaches, mental illness, "psyche" problems, loss of muscular control or "chronic" non-killing diseases, destroying the enemy's fighting capability in a so-called humane manner. Actually, bacteriological warfare is probably the greatest potential killer of them all.

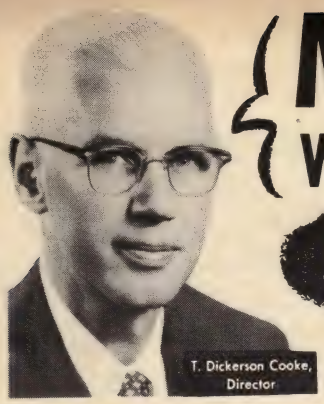
THE aerosol sprays that are the most convenient distributors of bacteria may be carried in aerial bombs, sprayed from planes' carrier nozzles, exploded by submarine mines, or arced in by ballistics missile. Each "generator" or distributor contains highly concentrated cultures of bacteria, viruses or toxins. The mist they come out in disappears rapidly as the cloud spreads downwind. As little as fifty gallons of this "slurry," released from the sea, could blanket sixty or more square miles inland with a highly lethal concentration. The Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Disarmament said, in 1960: "As few as ten planes or missiles equipped with biological agents could fly at high altitudes and disperse their contents, inflicting casualties upon at least thirty percent of the U.S. population..."

Planes and missiles or submarine carriers are not necessary, however, for these cheap, easy to conceal, flexible, silent, odorless weapons. Saboteurs posing as tourists could bring them into the country in suitcases; tens of thousands of balloons could be set free into the winds to drift over our borders; commercial aircraft or vessels could carry them in by the ton; or the simple release of contaminated fish, game, livestock, vermin and insects could turn our natural wildlife into a killing instrument.

U.S. advocates of germ warfare will not even hint at what kind of "stockpile" of bacterial cultures and delivery systems exists. But the ultimate weapon in this particular brand of warfare has been hinted at in British scientific journals: the laboratory invention of new strains of diseases which do not exist in nature and for which a target nation could have no "cure" or antitoxin.

One advantage of bacteriological warfare is that there is practically no way of proving that it is being waged. An "attack" can be so constructed that the enemy would not know if he was suffering from a deliberate attempt to decimate his population or simply an "act of God," a series of epidemics of unexplained origin. Even if an attack is suspected, there is no way of knowing which enemy is responsible.

In the event of the use of bacteria in war–and especially of the use of the man-made, super-lethal bacteriological "inventions" – the problem that worries researchers most is getting the "bug" back under control once it has done its job. Today there are killer viruses–staphylococcus, for one–which can breed themselves into new, treat-



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ment-resisting forms as fast as scientists can come up with new antibiotics to fight them. No scientist will guess at what could happen if such bacteria had not just a few thousand, but hundreds of millions of individuals to breed new varieties in. It is possible to conceive of a world in which all human life would be a breeding farm for diseases, and nothing else, until life itself ceased.

Yet U.S. scientists do not dare to stop experimenting. They know the Soviet research labs began research into bacteriological warfare five years before we did. Western scientists consider they have pulled up equal now, maybe even slightly ahead. Deterrence depends upon their never falling behind.

3. *The Overkill Weapon.*

Said President Lyndon B. Johnson, January 21, 1964, the Soviet Union and the United States "already have produced enough explosive force to equal ten tons of TNT for every man, woman and child on the face of this earth."

Since the world's 1964 population is about 3.2 billion, this means the equivalent of 32 billion tons of TNT—an estimate some authorities call "conservative." Assuming this nuclear kill- power has an efficiency equal to that at Hiroshima (approximately four deaths per ton of force), it has enough power to kill 128 billion people, or forty times the 1964 population of the world.

This is the power of over-kill, the nuclear weapon as it exists today. The U.S. holds such a lead that it assumes it can take the Reds' worst punch, and still come back with a second-strike worse than the Communists' best.

To deliver these megatons (each megaton equals one million tons of TNT in explosive force) the U.S. and its Allies have the most sophisticated combat systems in history. The main punch lies in an estimated six hundred ICBMs and fleet ballistics missiles, against one third as many for the Reds. By 1966, this punch will have increased to 1,700 ICBMs – Atlas, Titan, Minuteman and Polaris missiles. Red plans currently do not even try to match this buildup.

The rest of the match-up is as follows: 32 nuclear subs (against 23 for the Reds); six hundred long range bombers (against two hundred for the Reds), and a stand-off in medium range bombers (including carrier-based planes in the tally).

The USSR had a lead in medium range missiles (useful to them against European targets) and in conventional submarines. But the USSR has nothing that can remotely match the West's stockpile of tactical nuclear weapons for use against military targets.

THE Hiroshima bomb, which caused 80,000 deaths, had an explosive power equal to 20,000 tons of TNT. The standard U.S. nuclear missiles today—Polaris and Minuteman II—carry warheads of about one megaton rating—that is, equal to fifty times the size of the Hiroshima bomb. Each of these missiles packs more punch than all the explosives set off in WW II put together. Next up, the Atlas missile packs about a five megaton payload; the Titan missile, a 23 megaton payload. Future U.S. missiles, such as Saturn I, will carry more, if necessary.

In general, the U.S. does not believe in larger warheads. That's because the effectiveness of the charge varies only as the cube root of the yield. Put another way, if you wanted to get a blast that covered twice the radius of destruction, you'd have to multiply your megatonnage not by two but by 2^3. So you can get more effectiveness with the same amount of expense and material by making a lot of smaller warheads of the most efficient size: 1-5 megatons.

The Soviet Union makes far larger warheads than the U.S. It has exploded test bombs as big as 58 megatons, and has designed warheads up to one hundred megatons. American experts point out that the Reds have to rely on a smaller number of big bombs, because they can't afford the more "flexible" weapons system of the West. Then, too, the Reds know, paradoxically, that they have less to fear from us, than we from them—and they count on it.

4. *The Heavy-water Weapon.*

If you want to make an H-bomb, you put together a detonator (which is generally an atom bomb), a containing jacket, and a suitable amount of deuterium—the scientific name for "heavy water." To get heavy water, you don't need anything much more than the equipment any good hydroelectric plant will give you. You use this equipment to "cook" the ordinary H_2O that nature provides. For every 6700 parts of regular H_2O you cook, you get one part of deuterium.

Red China has long been estimated to have at least two heavy-water plants, one at Paotow, in Inner Mongolia, a second (and possibly a third) at their testing site at Lob Nor, in Sinkiang province, near the Soviet border. The "device" they exploded on October 22, 1964 had only about the strength of the Hiroshima bomb—1/50 of a megaton. But even so, it had more advanced design than the U.S. expected, using

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a modern triggering method (high explosive charges packed around the fissionable material) and a modern base material: (uranium, instead of the cruder plutonium the U.S., the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France used for their first bombs). It still takes quite a bit of work to go from an A-device to an H-bomb. And the Chinese have nothing like even a crude approximation of the American (or Russian) delivery systems.

But the Chinese *do* have a doomsday weapon now that they could launch against us any time they wanted to. Scientists such as physicist W. H. Clark of the Utah Research and Development Co., pointed out the possibilities of the *heavy-water weapon* as long as three or four years ago.

THE clumsy "giant grenade" kind of bomb the Chinese have would never fit into a plane or a missile. But if you put enough heavy water into your weapon, you don't need to deliver it with too much accuracy. To produce 1000 tons of heavy water, for example, only takes a little more patience than producing a single ton of it does. As described by physicist Clark (and others such as journalist Marquis Childs and author Fred J. Cook), you jam your 1000 tons of deuterium into a blanket of an element called boron and you put an atom bomb at the center (to provide the detonation at 400,000,000°C). Then you build the whole thing into anything sea-going, from a WW II-vintage Liberty ship with neutral-country flag registry, to a submersible barge towed behind an ordinary, fleet-type submarine. Once you've got the thing made, you can plant it on the floor of the ocean off the enemy's coast, slip it into his inland waterways, conceal it amid a dozen or a hundred other vessels in one of his crowded ports.

Just one of these heavy-water weapons exploded in the ocean at a depth of approximately 10,000 feet would create a tidal wave from the sea that would sweep over your enemy's coastline. Two hundred miles from the place where you triggered your bomb, the tidal wave would still stand a hundred feet tall. And the enemy wouldn't even know who had set the bomb off, which nation he should retaliate against.

Of course, you would not plant just one or two of these weapons, if you really wanted to do real damage. You would plant six or a dozen, and you would leave them hidden until you decided to use them.

The U.S. and the USSR do not need to make such clumsy weapons as the heavy-water bomb. But Red China does need to—and she will try.

5. *The Radiological Weapon.*

We have gone in a quick step from the most sophisticated weapons system—the "second strike" force the U.S. depends on—to the crudest, the "heavy water" weapon. But there is no limit to the variety of doomsday weapons an agressor can play off, once he is given the fundamental invention: the release of nuclear power.

Let's hang onto that heavy-water bomb for another variation.

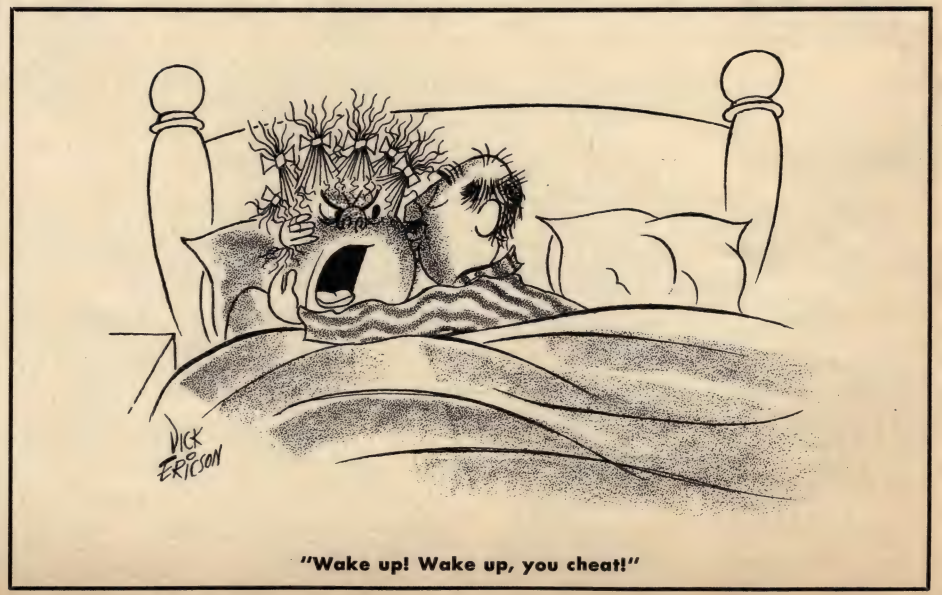
The amount of radioactive fallout depends upon the makeup of the jacket that surrounds the fissionable material and the trigger of the "heavy-water weapon." If you really wanted to cause destruction to the enemy's population, you wouldn't waste time with a relatively "clean," boron-jacketed bomb.

A heavy-water bomb jacketed with a mineral called sodium oxide would do a very different job. Sodium oxide converts in a chain reaction to a heavily radioactive element called sodium-24. The heavy blast effect remains, but a single one of these bombs produces enough sodium-24 to cover an area of 200,000 square miles with an average of 2000 times the radiation dose needed to kill.

To really do a job, if population destruction is the goal, the bomb might change its blanket again. Instead of sodium oxide, the heavy water might bed itself in pure cobalt. A C-bomb produces a long-lasting killer element called cobalt-60 that contaminates the blasted area for months or longer. Just three bombs made up this way would produce enough cobalt-60 to give twenty times the killing dose of radiation to every living thing on earth, not excepting insects and mosses. Such weapons can cover enough territory with sheer drift to turn shelter systems into underground death traps. The Russians have experimented with a pill to "harden" the human body, make it more resistant to radiation. But no amount of hardening could withstand such lethal concentration.

6. *The Firestorm Weapon.*

When Allied bombers pounded Hamburg, in 1944, so many fires started in



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the city that a kind of whirlpool of fire formed in the sky above. This so-called firestorm did more damage than the bombs themselves, ultimately killing 40,000 in the one raid.

In February, 1945, successive waves of bombers hammered at Dresden the same way, deliberately aiming at creating a firestorm this time. The whirlwind of fire raged for four days, sucking out all the air in the center of the city, drawing new air from the fringes by its own "vacuum cleaner," and whipping itself up to ever-increasing intensity. Created by ordinary firebombing techniques, this Dresden firestorm killed an estimate 150,000 – approximately twice the number of casualties the first A-bomb accounted for at Hiroshima.

If a full-scale nuclear war began tomorrow, against enemy centers of population firestorms would be the weapon of choice. Air bursts of nuclear weapons with one-megaton warheads, in "close" patterns covering hundreds of square miles, would create fire whirlwinds that would double or triple the normal effects of atomic warfare. General James M. Gavin, then U.S. Army Director of Research and Development, testified before the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee that this sort of "assault in force with nuclear weapons" would result in Russian casualties of "several hundred million deaths."

For the Russians to use this weapon rightly, they would have to build their super-bomb, the one they haven't tested yet. One of these 100-megatonners, exploded above America's Eastern seaboard, might burn out an area the size of the country of Belgium—six times the size of the New York-New Jersey Metropolitan area. Three of them might take care of all the Eastern and Central states. Even if intercepted by an anti-missile missile, these bombs would do their damage. The best anti-missile on the Air Forces' schedule, the circa-1970 *Sprint*, intercepts at 150,000 feet. At that height it is unerring—but at that height a 100-megaton bomb is exploding for the maximum firestorm effect it was designed for.

Scientists have imagined such typhoons of millions of degrees of temperature feeding each other up and down the length and breadth of nations and continents, burning out the Americas, all of Europe and most of Asia. No one really knows what a massive firestorm of such proportions would do. The earth could conceivably be gutted of oxygen, the entire envelope of atmosphere burned out, if a series of first and second strikes took places in half a dozen strategic locations on the globe.

7. *The Satellite Weapon.*

ON October 12, 1964, the U.S.S.R. triumphantly announced that it had lofted a new satellite into space, one large enough to carry three men (although the actual payload of the first stage of the rocket was kept a secret). The new rocket also had the ability to maneuver in strength, thanks to the use of an ionization engine which steered by shooting small jets of electrified gas. The military uses of this breakthrough had been hinted at nearly a month before, when Khrushchev had boasted of a new weapon "that could destroy the world." Russia's new weapon, the best American guess said, was the satellite weapon. It comes in two versions:

(1) *The space platform*: A floating fortress in space, armed with nuclear-tipped missiles and continuing in orbit with a more or less permanent crew stationed aboard, ready to fire the missiles if needed.

(2) *The orbited missile*: Just the missile itself, floating in orbit around the earth, and triggered by electronic signals from earth. It would not even have to re-enter the atmosphere to do its damage.

According to nuclear war estimators James Real and Harrison Brown, 500-megaton and 1000-megaton warheads are within the reach of Russian scientists, or will be shortly. A 1000-megaton bomb, even if exploded at an altitude of 300 miles, would blast every bit of animal, vegetable and insect life over an area the size of one-third of the U.S.

The U.S.A.F. considered the use of orbited missiles in a plan abandoned only this year, the so-called BAMBI plan. BAMBI provided for a space filled with missile-bearing satellites, anti-satellite satellites, and anti-anti-satellite satellites. The Defense Department eventually rejected the scheme as too costly, compared to the amount of security it would actually bring. The Russians, however, seem not to have made that decision. The prospect comes closer of a starry night-sky clouded by hundreds or thousands of floating bombs —just waiting for a chance to sear the earth with a special, private starlight of a nuclear explosion. As a doomsday system for the future, BAMBI or its Russian equivalent may be only a few months away—or just until the Russians put up their next rocket, and let us know after it's up there that this time they decided to load it.

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Significantly, President Johnson took the occasion of the Khrushchev boast of a new "secret" weapon, in September, 1964, to announce that the U.S. had an anti-satellite killer that worked.

8. *The Asteroid Weapon.*

The asteroid weapon may be only months away, or it may be years. An asteroid is one of the tiny natural satellites, or "chunks of moon," that orbit the earth in outer space. Many scientists, including Dandridge M. Coloe, of General Electric's Department of Missiles and Space Vehicles, have pointed out that a couple of tons of floating rock makes a natural weapon. All an aggressor has to do is explode a nuclear charge behind such an asteroid in deep space. The explosion would go almost entirely unnoticed out there, and the first the nation under attack would know of what happened would be when tons of asteroid hurtled to earth "kicked" by the nuclear blast, tearing apart half a continent.

THOUGH it would take an enormous amount of careful calculation to do the job — and even so the aggressor nation would be taking quite a chance, a miscalculation could easily boomerang — nevertheless, in a world where U-2s and radar take away all chances of a surprise attack, it would be worth the trouble to an aggressor to use the asteroid weapon, or some version of it. A country struck by such a weapon would not even know for sure that it had been attacked; geological history shows instances of asteroids falling out of the sky and gouging huge chunks out of the earth's surface.

9. *The Neutron Weapon.*

The theory of the N-bomb has been known for years, though scientists have not yet solved the secret of its manufacture. At one stage in the process of every H-bomb reaction, a vast number of particles or rays called neutrons are formed. Neutrons are so tiny that they go through matter only rearranging it very slightly, but they are radioactive and deadly enough to kill. They actually function as "death rays."

If a neutron blast were fired high over a target city, the invisible rays would penetrate concrete, steel, earth, etc., and kill every living thing. But they would destroy nothing inanimate. The entire city would still stand after the attack—power plants, automobiles, stores and office buildings—all intact, with all the inhabitants of the city dead. With a neutron bomb you could kill your enemy, without having to destroy his country to do it. Within a few hours, the short-lived radioactivity is dispelled and the occupying troops can move in.

The neutron weapon is based on a so-called pure fusion reaction, the same sort of reaction that creates the energy inside a star. If scientists learn to control this nuclear reaction on earth, they will not only have the ultimate "death ray" weapon, they will also have the cheapest, easiest to use superbomb of all, quite within the capabilities of smaller nations to build and use.

10. *The Ultimate Defense.*

The term "doomsday weapon" comes from an ultimate defense concept first put up by Dr. Hermann Kahn, a war expert of the RAND Corporation, chief private advisers to the U.S.A.F. In today's world orthodox defenses cannot keep up with the inventions of offensive war. Simple statistics show this:

In WW II, a kill rate of one out of ten was a successful defense against heavy odds. One out of ten losses were enough to force Goering to call off the Luftwaffe blitz of Britain in 1940-41, for example. But in the present state of nuclear war, not even a nine out of ten kill rate would be good enough. If even one missile got through of every ten missiles launched, it would mean hundreds of millions of casualties on both sides, possibly even the end of civilized life in the world. The best the experts who design anti-missile systems have ever hoped for is a three out of ten kill rate. Army estimates of casualties in a fairly heavy attack with good anti-missile interception start at 70% of our population and, depending on luck and the weight of the attack, go up from there.

Since defense is useless, say men like Hermann Kahn, what is needed is a doomsday weapon that works automatically, a computerized weapon nobody can stop, that will destroy the whole world if an enemy attacks. If an enemy knows you have such a weapon, Kahn reasons, he will not attack, for he will know you are not afraid to die automatically, so long as you can make sure he—and everyone else—goes with you.

Dr. Kahn first made his suggestion for a doomsday machine nearly eight years ago. Recently, a pair of top defense scientists pointed out that the present nuclear deterrent setup corresponds to the doomsday machine almost to the letter.

Drs. Jerome B. Weisner and Herbert F. York, who between them have worked as nuclear advisers for every president since WW II, have pointed out an astonishing mathematical relationship. As our military power has grown, they show, our national security against a first strike attack has actually grown less, not greater.

As they graph the situation, in the early '50s, when we were weak, if Russia had attacked with bombers and A-bombs (the best they had then), we would have lost a few million population. In the late '50s, we were much stronger; if Russia had attacked, she would have used H-bombs and bombers, and we would have lost tens of millions. Today, in the '60s, we are the strongest nation in the world. And yet if Russia attacked, now using missiles and H-bombs, we could lose a hundred million.

If the situation is bad for us, it is even worse for the Russians. They now are also stronger than they ever were—and yet could be wiped out to a man, by a U.S. first strike, or even by a retaliatory second strike.

Each nation grows stronger day by day, and yet as the days go by, each nation grows more and more vulnerable to the strength of the other.

While scientists see that weapons' superiority doesn't bring true security, they also see that for the present, such supremacy remains the best deterrent we can hope for. If the men on the BMEWS line, or anywhere else on America's defense perimeters, ever have to go through the various combinations that set these doomsday weapons into operation, they'll know that whatever comes at them, they have enough to answer it—even if they themselves won't be personally around to appreciate the answer. Maybe, because that weapons' superiority is there, the day when those weapons are used will never come.

If it works out that way, then the doomsday weapons—the weapons that can end the world—will have served the only real purpose they were designed for. ◆◆◆

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JACK SHELBY'S MORTARS

Continued from page 36

F platoon stirred, inching forward. The guns stuttered again, three of them, from different angles. Covered frontally and on both flanks, the orchard was a fragrant deathtrap; the only safe exit for the GIs was back to the sea.

"How about them Frenchies?" growled a Pfc on Shelby's right. "Didn't nobody tell them we come to liberate 'em?"

"Knock it off, Cavaliere," hissed Shelby. "Suppose you follow me," he said, "and bring that goddam stovepipe." He beckoned to the rest of the squad and belly-crawled forward.

Pete Cavaliere of Rhode Island crawled at Shelby's heels, hauling a four-foot mortar barrel. Pfc. Joe Parke from Brooklyn lugged the heavy round base-plate. Near the low orchard wall, Shelby padded around in darkness, seeking a suitable emplacement site. Finally he turned to his men, smiling widely. Half of one of Shelby's front teeth was missing, giving his grin an odd suggestion of menace.

"Okay, you guys." He rammed a base stake into soft turf. "Let's set up business right here."

They shoved the base plate into position, locked and secured the barrel on its bipod. Someone brought up cases of mortar shells. The men worked with quiet efficiency. It was Shelby's conviction that there wasn't a mortar squad in the entire 1st Division that could cut his for high-speed drill and shooting accuracy.

He wriggled to the wall, peered over it into unbroken blackness. He waited for the machine guns to fire again, exposing their position. But they didn't, and Shelby cursed, guessing why. So long as the pinned-down GIs showed no further sign of fight, those gunners could afford to hold their fire until a concentrated dawn assault—probably being mounted right now by the French garrison up the coast—crushed the invaders among the apple trees, or belted them back into the Mediterranean.

Advance or retreat, they had to get the hell out of there by daybreak.

Shelby fishtailed over to his company commander. "How can I lay some mortar on those babies," he said, "if I don't know exactly where they are?"

"Glad you asked, Sergeant," Lieutenant Ed Driscoll, commanding Company H, grinned. "I was just about to draw their fire."

Crouching over, Driscoll raced to the orchard wall, triggered an M-1 into the night. Right and left along the Yank line, other rifles cracked. The French gunners bit. Again a three-track crossfire raked the orchard.

Shelby sprinted back to his mortar squad, his gap-toothed grin splitting his lean face. He peered over the wall, bobbed low as shells spanged off brick, then peered over again to study those stabbing spurts of flame. He gauged distance and direction, mentally computed firing data, then swung on his tensed men.

"Zero base stake. Three rounds. Elevation, six-five."

Crouching just left of the mortar, Pete Cavaliere repeated Shelby's firing calls, checked and adjusted settings. On the right side of the mortar, Private Marty Rennsler sank to one knee, braced his left boot hard against the base plate and held a fat little yellow bomb fin-first above the muzzle. Behind Rennsler squatted the ammunition handler.

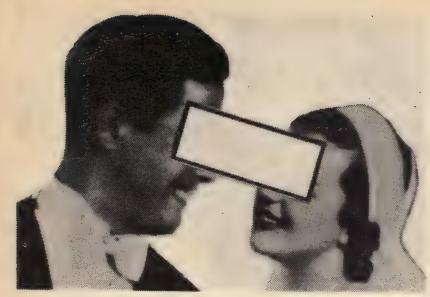
Shelby bared his teeth: "Fire."

THE bomb vanished down the barrel. Fingers stuffed in his ears, Rennsler swung aside and down. With an orange flash and deafening bang the bomb flew out. Rennsler popped a second and third down the barrel in quick succession.

Eardrums throbbing from the explosions, Shelby squinted over the wall. A trio of bomb flashes erupted to the left and rear of the target. The French gun barked back.

"Right two zero, base stake. Five rounds. Elevation, six-six-and-one-half," Shelby snapped. Cavaliere's darting fingers adjusted elevation crank and traverse knob. "Fire."

Rennsler fed the tube like a demon,



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five shells soared in a high arc against the black sky and crunched full on target. The first French gun quit. Shelby bawled fresh commands. A curving torrent of 15-pound missiles, each packing a six-pound TNT punch, belched into the night and clobbered the remaining guns in turn.

"Cease firing."

Shelby's men were dismounting their weapon and preparing to push on with the rest of the outfit when Lieutenant Driscoll walked over. "Right good shooting, sergeant," he said.

"Sure," Shelby snarled. "Too bad it was the wrong enemy . . ."

Shelby needn't have worried. In the next couple of years, the 1st Division tangled with Hitler's elite hatchet armies in some of WWII's rougest campaigns. And wherever the scrap was hottest, you found Jack Shelby and his mortar kings.

SHELBY had been a whizz with firearms ever since boyhood on the family farm near Slaton, Texas. When his father, a locomotive engineer, wasn't on duty, the pair would go off together gunning quail, duck and coyote. Then, one day, those carefree hunting trips were over forever; Jack's father had died in a Santa Fe railroad pileup.

A local ranch boss hired on the nine-year-old as a steer-brander's helper. Cowpunching followed, and before he was 21, Shelby was barnstorming all over the southwest rodeo circuit as a hot-shot broncobuster.

Saddle-sore by the late 1930's, he wandered north to Chicago. He was mixing highballs as a bartender in Barney Ross' Cocktail Lounge when the war broke out in Europe. In January, 1940, Shelby enlisted in the U.S. Army.

Pearl Harbor was still almost two years off, and Shelby didn't take easily to prolonged inactivity and military discipline. There was, in fact, a striking similarity between the Army's efforts to tame the two-fisted Texan and Shelby's own civilian-life tussles with stubborn broncs. By the time the 1st Division crossed the Atlantic to storm the Oran beaches, Jack Shelby had been promoted to sergeant—and been busted —four times.

But the prospect of combat at last began to turn him into an all-around good soldier. Most important, like some footloose Casanova who has finally found his true love, Shelby began to lavish all his attentions on a lethal beauty with a stovepipe figure and a most explosive temperament: the 81 mm, smoothbore, muzzle-loading mortar. This 107-pound gal, with a shell-spitting range of 4,200 yards, wrought a profound change on Shelby's character. He quit bucking authority; the next shot at making a sergeant out of him took.

Three months after the Oran landings, Shelby was laying mortar on the real enemy. The Americans were on a fighting-mad rebound following the mauling handed them by Erwin Rommel's panzers in the Kasserine Pass. On St. Patrick's Day, 1943, the 16th Regiment seized the oasis town of Gafsa, then marched east to El Guettar and pulverized 6,000 Italians in the wadis, olive groves and rocky djebels. Reacting to the annihilation of his Italian allies, Rommel sent the 10th Panzer Division rolling down the barren valley east of El Guettar with a curt order: "Smash the Americans."

But while German tanks, self-propelled artillery and truckloads of infantry lurched along the narrow defiles flanked by 3,500-foot bluffs, 1st Division Yanks were slogging into position on either side of the western exit of the valley. Blundering into a storm of machine gun and mortar fire, the panzer columns slowed, tried to turn back. El Guettar became a monstrous traffic jam.

Advancing or retreating, Kraut artillery pounded without letup. Perched high on a rock ledge, Sergeant Selby's mortarmen were lobbing eighteen rounds a minute on the enemy troops and armor, milling around a thousand feet below, when an 88 mm shell screamed overhead and struck the cliff crest above and behind them. Shelby's squad ducked in time. Shelby didn't, and was peppered in the neck by rock splinters and shrapnel. Not until his shoulders were stiff as boards from congealed blood and his arms went numb did he hand over the job to Pfc Parke and stagger off to an aid post.

Shelby was back with his mortar in time for the 1st Division's grueling peak-by-peak campaign to clear the Krauts off the hills shielding strategically important Mateur. On April 29, the 2nd Battalion spearheaded a midnight assault up the bare three-mile slope of Hill 523 with Company H laying on heavy mortar support.

The first wave GIs reeled back under such a torrent of fire, their officers were soon frantically complaining that Hill 523 sprouted every damn gun the Krupp clan had ever made.

At 0100 hours, Company G renewed the attack, Company H mortars in support. Soon forward platoons were zigzagging under heavy fire halfway to the summit. Shelby's mortar, emplaced on a rocky shelf, belched an endless curve of shells at the German positions.

But it wasn't enough. Enemy machine guns dropped all of G Company's officers and a third of its enlisted men, chased the dazed and blood-spattered survivors downhill. One straggling group fetched up near Shelby's mortar.

"No use," panted a corporal. "Sonofabitch Kraut guns covering every inch of—" The words choked off as blood bubbled from a three-inch gash along his jaw. Shelby caught him as he fell.

Above the stutter of the machine guns rose the cries of Yank wounded. Shelby peered around in the dark, yelled for medics. None came.

"Okay." He signaled a couple of Company G men and thrust the unconscious noncom into their arms. "Get him off this goddam hill. You guys," he indicated three men who looked less combat-dizzy than the rest, "let's bring those casualties in."

For the next hour, under covering mortar fire, Shelby led his makeshift litter squad on crisscross trips over a wide area rescuing wounded. Sometimes they crept so close to enemy advance foxholes they could hear the Krauts jawing gutturally at each other and reloading weapons. They hugged ground all they could, but when Shelby came off his fifth trip, dragging a hefty Pfc who was paralyzed by a bullet in the spine, he was hobbling painfully. A slug had chopped through his knee leaving it pounding with agony, but he'd forced himself to haul the heavy GI across the last twenty-yard stretch of ground.

Shelby was awarded a Silver Star, the first of a chestful of medals, for Hill 523. But the Texan never considered war in terms of heroes or cowards. "Heroism," he said one night to Pete Cavaliere, during a bivouac poker game,

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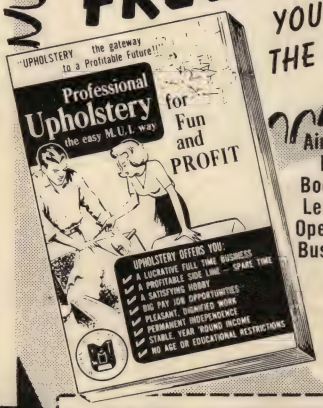
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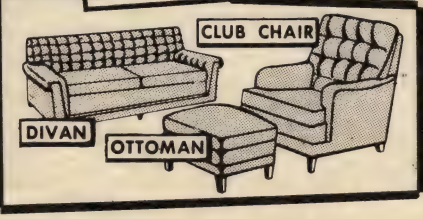

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"is something a guy does automatically to save his own skin."

Jack Shelby wasn't especially ambitious either. After five months of uninterrupted combat, the 1st Division was grabbing a rest before carrying the war to Sicily when Lieutenant Ed Driscoll called Shelby into his CP and asked him how he would like to be promoted to officer.

"Lieutenant," said Shelby, "either you've forgotten my early service record, or you're kidding."

"Wrong on both counts," grinned Driscoll. "Anyway, I'll take your answer as not to read negative."

Shelby was doing his laundry in the shade of some palms when a jeep with two stars braked nearby. Out hopped Major General Terry Allen, 1st Division C.O. Without preamble, "Terrible Terry" began firing questions at Shelby—about his length of service and what he would do with a platoon in such and such a situation. Recovering from the shock, Shelby not only answered Allen's questions, he went on to tell him what he thought was wrong with the whole damned Allied strategy, until finally the general coughed loudly, flashed him a quick grin and drove off.

On the eve of shipping out for Sicily, Driscoll summoned Shelby again. "Okay, Lieutenant," he handed him a pair of gold bars. "Get these sewn on before we hit the beach, huh?"

"And you know why I got these bars, don't you," growled Shelby to his mortar squad that night. "Because I couldn't keep my great big Texas mouth shut."

It wasn't that Shelby objected to promotion so much, but he was concerned that he might now have to leave the ace mortar team he had trained and fought with so long. To his relief, he stayed with Company H.

It was on Sicily, July 11, 1943, that Lieutenant Jack Shelby earned his first Distinguished Service Cross. The division had landed the day before, crushed feeble beachhead resistance and fanned out, the 16th Regiment seizing the coastal town of Gela and pushing inland toward vital airfields.

Unknown to the infantry, pre-invasion botchups had occurred. For one thing, the big "softening-up" bombardment by Allied naval guns hadn't been big enough. For another, an unseasonal Mediterranean gale had delayed half the invasion fleet and scattered a couple hundred glider-towing C-47s all over southeast Sicily; paratroops assigned to wreck German defense installations drifted into the sea and drowned, scores more touched down miles off target.

By late afternoon, while half the 1st Division cannon companies were still at sea, the German High Command had planned a massive counterblow aimed at the landing area. By dusk, hordes of tanks waddled into line, infantrymen formed ranks behind them, and the ace Hermann Goering Panzer Division moved out. By dawn, the 16th Regiment was fighting one of the most desperate battles of its long history.

At 0640, Colonel George Taylor radioed an urgent report to Division HQ: *"Enemy armor breaking through in strength. We haven't any artillery ashore and our tanks haven't landed either . . . Situation critical. In Colonel Crawford's area the enemy has placed ten tanks in front of him and ringed him with an additional thirty . . ."*

Joe Crawford commanded the 2nd Battalion, assigned to take Ponte Olivo airfield. On it now fell the brunt of the panzer counterattack.

Lieutenant Shelby and his mortar platoon had just moved into position near a watermelon patch. His men mounted their mortars, dug foxholes. Some had just laid in communications wire from Company H CP. Others were raiding the watermelon patch. Shelby set up a sandbagged OP on the closest thing he could find to a hill and hooked his field phone on the bough of an almond tree.

He rubbed his sweating jaw. Dawn was scarcely a glimmer but already the day felt hot. Then Shelby heard the clank and rumble of approaching armor and knew it was going to get a damned sight hotter.

While Shelby conducted a fast inspection of his four mortars, Sergeant Motley Maddox bullied the watermelon raiders to their feet. "You bastards get your tails outa here!" he yelled. "Kraut tanks coming—hundreds of 'em!"

It sure seemed like it. The northern horizon leaped into flame as tank cannon pounded the battalion's forward positions. The GIs fought back with all they had, but most of their antitank weaponry hadn't caught up with them yet, and M-1s, carbines, machine guns and pistols were little match for Mark VI Tiger tanks.

By 0800 Joe Crawford's battalion was being ripped to pieces, with Crawford himself wounded. Units lost contact with each other. Long 88s and multiple machine guns blazing, the 65-ton Mark VIs thundered over foxholes, machine gun emplacements, bivouacs and human flesh, swept on toward the 1st Division beachhead. Nothing much stood in their

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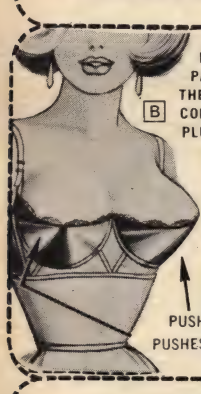

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way now except a few machine guns and Lieutenant Jack Shelby's mortars.

He had placed them just back of his OP in platoon order for distributed fire, 25 yards between each mortar. The tanks rumbled closer. Shelby started to count them, gave up at 37. He spat, called down firing commands, heard them relayed by the squad leaders.

With a deafening series of bangs, four rounds flew from each mortar, zeroed in on two lead tanks. Explosion flashes and thick gray smoke blotted them from view. When Shelby could see them again, one tank had swung full circle, torn treads hanging; the second was burning on its side.

More tanks ground forward. "All mortars. Five rounds. Traverse left two-and-one-half turns. Range, six-nine-and-one-half. Fire!"

The mortars' combined traverse fire swept the whole front line of oncoming tanks, turned three more into smoking junk piles.

THE second line of tanks broke through the dust and smoke. Shells hurtled down on Shelby's position, punching craters all over it. The ground trembled, a man-made earthquake. Shelby stalked up and down his platoon through the swirling smoke, shouting orders. With hardly a bush or boulder for cover, all four squads kept working. When one squad used up its available ammo, a couple of sweat-soaked GIs stumbled over from a mortar with shells to spare, clutching the 15-pound missiles to bare midriffs. The tanks' machine guns were stuttering now. Mortarmen died at their weapons; others sprang to take their places. The barrels kept belching.

And the tanks kept coming, the nearest now loomed 800 yards off. "The hell with them!" yelled Shelby. "Plaster those footslogging bastards back of 'em!"

They did, in spades. Shelby's mortars broke all records for speed that blazing Sicilian morning. Shells flew four at a time. A line of explosions sliced the massed German infantry columns in half. Then the heavy grinding of treads drowned all other sounds as twenty tanks rolled over Shelby's platoon.

Grabbing hand weapons, mortarmen who could still move scattered, took up fresh positions and shot at the tanks as they trundled past. The Tigers rolled over 81 mm mortar tubes, ammo boxes, dead and dying GIs. Maintaining speed and course, they lurched on toward the crowded American beachhead.

But Shelby hadn't finished with them yet.

"Bazookas!" he bellowed. "Get those sonsabitches in the tail."

Four of the 25 surviving men of Shelby's platoon shouldered bazookas. Loaders sprang into position behind them as they knelt to aim, peering through circle sights. Four armor-piercing rockets roared at the departing tanks and three struck home. One touched off a fuel supply; the tank blew apart.

The bazookas belched again. Two missiles hit targets. And then the tanks were rumbling out of range and out of sight in the writhing smoke. Shelby mopped his face, looked around him. Strewn over the Sicilian plain were the chewed-up, smoldering remains of no less than eight enemy tanks.

Those tanks which survived the mauling by Shelby's mortarmen barged smack into a blazing beach barrage from the just-landed 1st Division cannon companies. Sherman tanks rolled straight off landing ramps into action. By nightfall, the Nazi counterblow had lost its steam, and the beachhead was secured.

By the end of the 38-day battle for Sicily, Jack Shelby's mortar platoon had become a legend throughout the whole 1st Division; and as Captain Jacob Margolis, regiment S-1, put it, Shelby's men "would follow that guy through the gates of hell."

They did—a hell called Omaha Beach.

Dwight Eisenhower chose the battle-hardened veterans of Tunis and Sicily to spearhead America's part in the cross-channel invasion of Hitler's Europe. Early on D-Day, 10,000 men of the 16th Regiment began debarking with fifty tanks and a thousand vehicles from U.S. and British transports. Six-foot waves heaved, an 18-knot wind whipping spray from their crests, and disaster dogged the 16th even before the landing ramps swung down.

Of 32 DD tanks launched 6,000 yards offshore, only two swam in as scheduled and another three beached themselves from a shell-smashed LCT. The rest foundered. At 0600, the seasick GIs of companies E and F moved in toward Easy Red, their appointed beach sector, but wind and current had swept their assault craft way off course and they piled up in a dangerously congested area at its east end.

Half the German 352nd Division had just moved into the area behind Easy Red. Floundering at the water's edge, the GIs were raked by mortar bombs, machine gun and small arms fire from the bluffs and strongpoints behind the beach. Some managed to inch a few yards ahead of the tide to the shelter of beach obstacles, were pinned down as German slugs kicked up and down the wet sand. E and F GIs were still on the Easy Red shingle an hour later when companies G and H hit the beach.

Jack Shelby ploughed ashore, spewed out a pint of the English Channel and glared around at the smoky confusion. He spotted his men and hurried them along. A stick of 88 mm shellbursts marched right through Company H just then, flinging an LST upside down, hurling bazookas, ammo crates, mortar pieces and radio equipment into the water. The air buzzed with flying shrapnel. Pfc Rennsler was wading ashore with two reels of cable and several field telephones. A steel fragment sliced half his head off and he crumpled, the load he carried dragging him under water.

All Company H radios were wiped out, and Shelby lost two-thirds of his mortar equipment. But after the first terrible shock which prostrated hun-

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN

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dreds of GIs on the strip of shingle, 16th Regiment officers defied bullets and shrapnel to hammer home to their GIs that it was safer to move than hug the beach.

The 16th had a schedule to keep, a first objective to seize: Colleville, one mile inland.

Jack Shelby didn't need to kick his men off their bellies and into action. Though the survivors of his platoon hadn't the makings of three mortars between them, they salvaged what they could and followed Shelby in a single crouching column to the foot of a grassy slope. Concertine wire blocked their way and a group of demolition engineers assigned to clear it huddled some yards off, their equipment idle, two of their men wounded and three others dead.

"You guys stay there," Shelby snapped at them. "And you'll all be stiffs." He singled out a noncom. "Corporal, punch me a hole in this wire. *Now, goddamit.*"

The corporal scrambled to his feet and grabbed two Bangalore torpedoes. He rammed them under the wire, tugged the fuse lighter. A blast, a heavy shower of rock and dirt, and there was a gap in the wire you could have driven a tank through.

Shelby beckoned his men. "Let's go." Time: 0900.

Some distance to the west, Company G Yanks had also blown gaps in the wire. Treading carefully through mine fields, under constant fire from the Germans on the bluffs, scattered American columns doggedly worked their way up and inland. By noon units had infiltrated Colleville from two sides and were fighting the Germans block by block, house by house.

Flushing each shell-blackened ruin, Shelby's men killed a dozen or more enemy holdouts, but no sooner had they emplaced two 81 mm mortars and three machine guns, then shells started dropping thicker than autumn leaves. When the barrage ended, masses of fresh, gun-bristling German troops converged on the Yank-held block.

It was the closest the Germans came to a D-Day counterattack. From east and west, units had been rushed to plug the Colleville breach. Now Kraut infantry poured down the narrow streets to mop up anything left moving after their artillery barrage. Some swung round the corner past a church and were cut down at once by the diehard remnants of Shelby's platoon. Shelby himself picked off four with an M-1. From the house next door, Sergeant Maddox, manning a .20 caliber machine gun, plastered the sidewalk opposite with seven more German bodies.

SHELBY was shoving a fresh clip into his rifle when grenades brought the rear wall of the house he was in crashing down. Spitting masonry dust, Shelby groped for the two Pfcs who were with him.

"On your feet," he coughed. "Time to move next door."

In short order, the battle for Colleville developed into what military historians call "confused and uncoordinated activity." It was a series of encirclements, the Yanks clinging stubbornly to strongpoints, constantly changing position from one to another, carrying their mortars fully mounted, cradled between two men.

By now the Allied invasion command had finally been tipped off to the German counterpunch at Colleville and the rapidly worsening plight of the GIs in the town. Signal lamps flashed between ships in the Channel. At 1545 the 14-inch guns of USS *Texas* thundered. Shells screamed over the busy beachhead and crashed on Colleville.

Inevitably there were casualties among the GIs fighting in the town. But the price, though tragic, was worth it. The Germans had driven into Colleville arrogantly confident of driving the invaders out. Three hours of ferocious resistance by disorganized Yank groups had drained much of their cockiness, left them frustrated and jumpy. The naval bombardment sent them running out of Colleville like scalded cats.

After Colleville, the 1st Division's road led through Saint-Lô, the Falais Gap, Aachen and the Ruhr Pocket. Directing mortar fire on tough Kraut defenses from his combined OP and CP, footslogging in drenching sleet with his GIs, or firing an M-1 while perched on a speeding Sherman tank in pursuit of retreating Germans, Jack Shelby was up front all the way. He didn't quit fighting until the day the 16th Regiment crossed into Czechoslovakia and bagged 45,000 German POWs.

He came out of the war with two DSCs, a Silver Star and two Bronze Stars, also a poker-winnings nest egg of $5,000 with which he planned to open the best-stocked bar in Chicago.

Things didn't work out that way though. Eight years after the WW II shooting stopped, Shelby was back with his old outfit. He retired, in 1959, with the rank of major. Today he sells real estate in Albuquerque, N.M.—a considerably less hazardous career than booting mortar bombs. ◆◆◆

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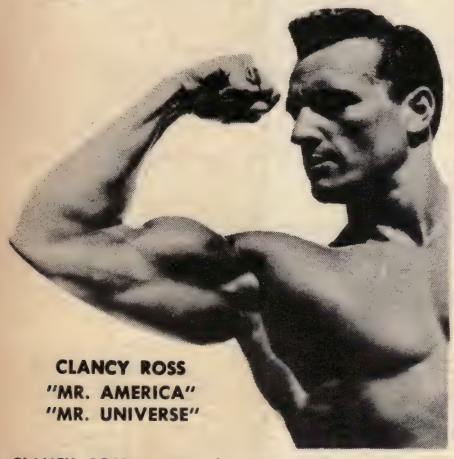

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"QUICK-KILL" RANGERS

Continued from page 33

"Don't you think the leader's being a little *too* cautious? They haven't moved yet."

The sergeant shouted "Halloo! Come in. Come in!"

No one moved.

The noncom notified the officer of the day. The OD ordered a bombard crew and a crew of musketeers to draw a bead on the immobile party and fire at any sign of treachery. The sergeant and the young private strapped metal-pronged ice creepers to their boots and walked across the ice to the waiting French soldiers and Indians in wind-flapped blankets. And there they learned why the party had not come on into the fort.

They were dead, frozen stiff, propped up on the ice on their own rifles and staves. In the back of each man's head was a hole three inches long, a half inch wide, and deep enough to hold the three middle fingers of a man's hand—the usual mark left by a steel, English-make tomahawk.

The old sergeant crossed himself. His young companion shuddered—not from cold—and said, "Whoever did this was right out there on the ice within rifle shot last night. They could have shot us by the light of our own lanterns . . ."

On December 23, 1756, near Northeast Bay on Lake Champlain, a convoy of French Army horsedrawn sleds, expected at Fort Ticonderoga three days earlier, was found by a search patrol of snowshoe infantry.

The sleds were empty hulks. Horses, drivers, supplies and cattle on the hoof were gone. Only three old dead cows remained. Blood showed on the snow and on five different getaway trails taking five different directions.

All the lieutenant in charge of the searchers could bring back to his commander at Fort Ticonderoga was a note found nailed to one of the sleds by a regulation issue French Army bayonet. It read:

To Commandant, Fort Ticonderoga. Received this date from your Grace's supply: 15 healthy beeves. Four prisoners, male, in good condition. A quantity of powder, ball, and rum, unmeasured. Come collect any time you are so disposed.

Signed, RR, Captain, His Majesty's British Colonial Forces . . .

On December 25, 1756, in another part of the forest in the Ticonderoga-Champlain area, a war party of eighteen French soldiers and 23 Iroquois sat by a fire of pine logs. They drank bad rum and watched the squaws literally skinning an English prisoner alive. Each time the prisoner screamed, the men at the fire slapped their flintlock stocks to show approval.

The prisoner broke away, hurled himself into the fire shouting, "Mercy of God, let me die."

The squaws dragged him from the fire, squatted on him to hold him down. A French sergeant stood for a better look. That was when a lead rifle ball blew off the top of his head.

A volley of shots spluttered from the woods. Some twenty men, French and Indians, went down in the lead storm. Men in buckskin leaped from pine boughs, whooping like animals not of this earth. They did the rest of their work with steel tomahawks, pistols and knives. In five minutes 28 French and Indians were dead in the firelight. Eleven others were badly wounded. Two of the Iroquois began their Death Chant.

The attackers' buck-skinned leader, a husky, dark-haired man with a large impressive face, said, "Wait till they finish what they're doing, then knock them on the head."

The Indians chanted on. The attackers hefted tomahawks, waiting. "Knock on the head," was the euphemism for splitting skulls.

The Indian squaws had not been hurt. They huddled as far as possible from their tortured, now-dead, British prisoner. An attacker clutched one woman by her long hair and swung her against a tree.

The leader blocked his arm, saying, "No. Don't kill them. Just beat them. Beat them badly. Then let them go."

FISTS and rifle butts thumped on thighs and breasts. The squaws screamed. The leader fastened a slip of paper to a squaw's leather tunic with one of her own pine slivers. It read: *To commandant of Fort Ticonderoga: The Rangers were here. It is my regret that you were not here also.*

Signed, RR, Captain, His Majesty's British Colonial Forces.

The French commandant at Ticonderoga was frightened and disturbed by these events of winter 1755-56. At a staff conference the morning of January 1st, he is said to have asked:

"What is going on out there? French patrols are cowering inside their fortifications while some mad Englishman roams our forests at will."

A colonel spoke up. "Excellency, these raiders have been merely lucky. Nobody in their right mind makes war in winter, and therefore these unorthodox acts caught our forces by surprise. Luck, sir. Luck."

"Success three times running is not luck," the general said quietly. "Does anyone have any notion who this Captain RR might be?"

A junior lieutenant, aide to one of the colonels spoke. "I saw tactics similar to these last summer, sir," he said. "They were frightening beyond belief. Only Robert Rogers and his Rangers make war like that . . ."

Robert Rogers, six feet plus, 180 pounds shaped like a pillar of oak, age 25 this year of 1756, had always fought like that. A few days after birth, the story goes, when his father bent over his pinehewn crib in the dreary family cabin in the New Hampshire outback of the Massachusett's Bay Colony, the baby Robert punched Daddy in the

(*Continued on page* 70)

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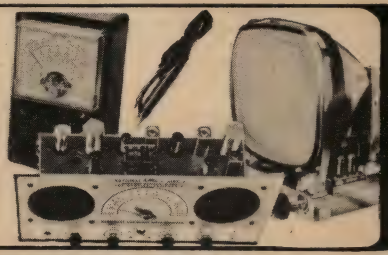

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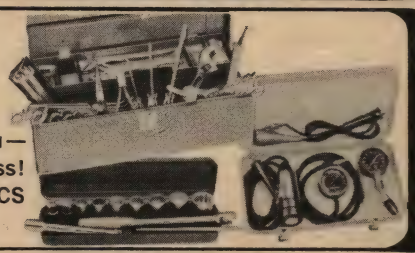

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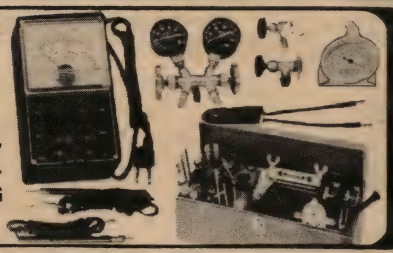

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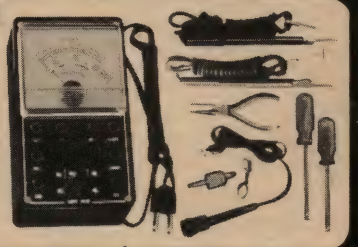

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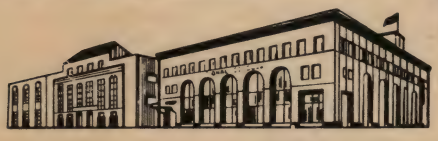

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(*Continued from page 66*)

mouth. The elder Rogers' lip ran blood; his sense of humor remained intact.

"A fighter," James Rogers grinned. "My son is a fighter. Any man who's a fighter in this country will go far."

The mother, Mary Rogers, was not so pleased. "Most likely he'll go to hell, she said. "The hot-tempered ones are always vain. They brood, they boast, and breed trouble."

One could hardly expect anything but a brooding, brawling man to grow from a boy raised in New England in the mid-1700's. Beyond Boston and Albany, N. Y., there was nothing but open land, scalp-hunting Indians and loneliness. Young Robert Rogers' New England world was a place of starvation, a place of harsh realities where a man had to kill to stay alive.

ONE reality was French-held Canada. In 1744, France had opened war against England. In 1745, attacks against the English Massachusetts Bay Colony by French-led Indians came from Montreal and St. Frederic on Lake Champlain. The Mountalona-Rumford-Methuen triangle along the Merrimack River was often the target area. Farmers were forced to gang up or perish. They worked their farms by day, some tilling while others sat guard in trees with long rifles. At night they fled to stockaded villages for mutual defense.

In April, 1748, a large French and Indian force stormed the area. The Triangle families ran in darkness to Rumford where the log walls were thickest. The next day the Rogers family returned to the farm. There was no farm, only butchered cattle, felled fruit trees, ashes that were once barns and buildings.

"Ten years' labor!" Robert's mother cried out. "Ten years. What will we do? We'll rebuild, that's what."

"No, we'll do nothing," young Robert said. "Till the war's over. What's the point? To see this happen again? No. They'd like to see us rebuild. But we won't oblige them."

The mother looked at the father. "Slap some sense into your son's head," she said. "We either rebuild or stop eating."

"Robert's wiser than I ever thought," the elder Rogers sighed. "He's right. Till the war's done, there *is* no point."

The second frontier reality was the Massachusetts Bay politician.

In October, 1748, a few months after the Indians raped the Rogers' land, it was raped by a combine of Boston land speculators. In this month the legislature redrew boundaries of old King's Grants to suit the combine. When the lawmakers were finished, 1,700 acres of the Rogers family's original 2,100 were in someone else's name.

Robert's father appealed, arguing, "You cannot take away a King's Grant." The boy was present when his father was told: "Go home. We can take away anything we want. You're fortunate someone doesn't take your last four hundred acres, too."

A third reality sprang from the first two.

In fall 1754, Robert was 23, able to throw a log farther than any man in the local contests, witty, and bored to death with farming. To get himself out of the debt incurred over a farm that was now his, he turned to the trade which attracted many young men of his time and circumstance: passing counterfeit money.

In Massachusetts Bay Colony, counterfeiting was considered by the masses "no sin, for it would make money plentier among the poor people." The rich, however, felt differently. Penalty for counterfeiting and/or passing counterfeit was severe: at the least, the pillory, the cat o' nine tails, ears cut off, and a letter "C" branded on both cheeks. After these often came the gallows.

Though a genius in wilderness arts, Robert was a clod in the alley streets and buildings of any city. He and a brother, Richard, were clumsy in their dealings and were arrested with seventeen others and held for trial in Portsmouth.

Rogers was neither whipped nor hung, however, and the crime was the last stupid act of his youth.

In February, 1755, French Canada on the map appeared as a large mouth open to devour the English colonies of the Atlantic Coast, and the French were ready to gobble. The Indian raids in the East were becoming more brutal. In the West, French and British troops were slugging toe to toe for control of

"Now before I remove my bra, Harry, let me remind you that never once have you asked me *specifically* . . ."

the Monongahela and Ohio River Valleys. In the Northeast, French troops were openly assaulting British Nova Scotia. Both were sparring for the main event. The prize was control of North America.

History has since named this spreading conflict the French and Indian War. Robert Rogers made a bargain concerning it.

"Forget and forgive the counterfeiting charges," he told the Massachusetts Bay authorities, "and I'll recruit a platoon of New Hampshire men and kill Frenchmen for you."

The local rich folk and money lenders shouted: "No! Hang him now!"

The local recruiting officer, a Major Joseph Frye, overruled them. "This man will better serve his king behind a gun than at the end of a rope," he said. "If he fails to do as he promises, we can always bring him back and hang him later."

A few days later, Robert Rogers came to Frye in Portsmouth, signed the articles that made him a soldier, and received enough money to outfit and salary twenty men.

It was the best deal the British

colonial army ever made. For Robert Rogers, it was the most important decision of his life . . .

This was the tactical situation into which Robert Rogers thrust himself that spring of 1755:

The original small Nova Scotia strike had grown into a grand three-pronged campaign on orders from England. If possible, breakthrough troops were to ram themselves down the Frenchman's throat through New England. The Nova Scotia-Crown Point arm of the offensive was commanded by one William Johnson, one of those frontiersmen who doubled in both trade with the Indians and war against them. But in addition, regular British line troops under Generals Edward Braddock and William Shirley were now to storm Fort Duquesne and Fort Niagara in an attempt to punch holes in this French line in upper New York State.

From the beginning, Rogers proved his worth by doing things in doubles plus. Instead of twenty men, he raised fifty. He was to march them to Albany in ten days and got there in five. Standard British practice range put targets at a hundred yards. Rogers and his men flabbergasted the British regulars by hitting them dead center with their long rifles from two hundred yards.

On September 27, 1755, Johnson ordered Rogers and four men to reconnoitre the Ticonderoga area. Several other parties had gone there and not returned. Johnson said: "I'm concerned for those men. But I'm more concerned about what Frenchy's doing."

Rogers said he would take an Indian birch canoe up Lake George at night, a touch of unorthodoxy which amused the regulars in the Albany garrison. "Nobody in his right mind scouts at night," snorted a British lieutenant. "You can't see anything."

"Nor can you be seen," Rogers countered.

Which was the point. Rogers and his four stroked boldly into French-Indian territory past the fires of enemy shore patrols. By dawn, they were only seven miles from the north end of Lake George. Rogers had brought them farther in one night by boat than fast scouting expeditions on foot could go in four days.

They put in to shore. Rogers left three men with the canoe and took one with him through the forest. From a mountainside they watched the French. The preparations the enemy was making on the land strip between Lake George and Lake Champlain, approaching Ticonderoga, chilled even Rogers: (1) a newly built camp of a thousand French soldiers and Indian battalions; (2) a new fort under construction by almost 4,000 French and Indians in Ticonderoga vicinity.

MEN dragged artillery from ketches and *bateaux* moored on the Champlain lakefront. Packtrains of powder, ball and flour creaked down from Montreal. Patrols crisscrossed the land so regularly that Rogers crouched within touching distance of an enemy at least once an hour. At the end of this day's scouting, Rogers and his man returned to the canoe.

The three left behind reported excitedly: "Canoe with nine Indians and a Frenchy just went by, headed south."

"It'll be back," Rogers said. "I think we should wait for it and sink it." He

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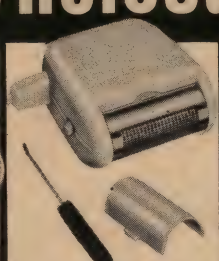

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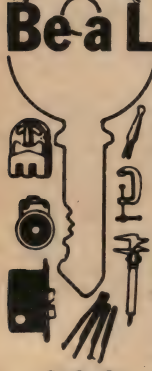

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pointed to a nose of land overhung by branches and shadowed by rocks. He said, "Move the canoe into ambush position there."

As predicted, the patrol canoe returned. The men in it expected no trouble. Their firelocks were stacked against the gunnels, muzzles pointing skyward. Rogers raised his own weapon and sighted on the lead paddler, a big Indian with several hairy scalps on his belt, and his own head shaved bald.

"Hold . . . hold . . . hold . . . Fire . . . Now!" Rogers said. Sixty-nine caliber lead balls socked the four Indians and the Frenchman from the canoe into the lake. It was fine shooting—five balls, five men down. The surviving four loosed war whoops, but paddled away from the fight.

ROGERS got off one more shot and nicked one more Indian, and that was his score for the day. Three other French patrol canoes slid from a cove, turned in echelon and bore down on Rogers' party like charging cavalry, prow musketeers firing.

Rogers' men went straight at them, two loading and firing, two paddling. Finally Rogers backed water and said, "There's no point in going scouting if you don't live to bring home the information," and ruddered them about.

Back at Johnson's camp near Albany, there were cheers and rum and one report has it that Rogers was borne around a campfire three times on the shoulders of Johnson's men. One of Johnson's junior officers, beside himself with joy, cried, "Rogers, you're the first man with guts and brains enough to carry the fight to the enemy and kill some of them. We've done nothing but hide here and wait. Now Frenchy knows there's a war on. By God, Rogers, they ought to make you a captain."

They did, the following November. They also gave him 92 men for his own company and called them "Rangers," after the unorthodox way in which they ranged the countryside, following no trails and fighting from behind trees. After the Indians from whom they'd learned such warfare, Rogers' Rangers were the first guerrilla fighters in America.

The promotion was the only good thing to come out of Rogers' first shots that summer and fall of 1755. Higher echelons downgraded Rogers' scouting report. Stuffy British line officers ridiculed it as the "exaggerations of a provincial mind prone to distortion," and insisted the French had no such strength in the Champlain-Lake George area.

Finally, the first snows and cold weather blew down from Canada. Both French and English halted campaigning until spring. British regulars were moved into winter quarters without ever being thrown against the vulnerable French redoubts lying still incomplete only a few miles away.

One group of men did not settle into winter quarters, however. They made frequent Christmastime assaults in the snow and left French and Indian dead. By New Year's, 1756, everyone inside the French fortifications had a good idea who was responsible.

As the French lieutenant reminded the Ticonderoga commandant at the staff meeting the morning of January 1, "only Robert Rogers and his Rangers killed like that . . ."

This was only the beginning of the Rogers' Rangers legend.

Much of the French and Indian War took place on ships, if lake fighting can be termed naval warfare. Robert Rogers at times was admiral as well as captain of the Rangers.

To cut French supply lines from Montreal to Crown Point, General Shirley told Rogers to scout and attack the extensive French shipping lines on Lake Champlain. Here, Rogers once again showed his genius for offbeat warfare. He ordered whaleboats, the first on Lake Champlain. Getting them across the four-mile portage from Lake George took four days. It was work of such bullying and strain that one Ranger bit through the stems of three separate moose-tooth pipes.

On the night of July 3, Rogers' whaleboat navy made its first sortie. For two days the men reconnoitred French positions and shipping, rowing by night, scouting ashore by day. Rogers noted with surprise that some hundred boats were seen, and that somehow the French had managed to get forty-ton cargo schooners, armed with bombards, onto the lake.

The third day was a day of fighting. Rogers' scouts reported: "A schooner, captain, a bleeding fat French schooner at anchor only a mile down, just waiting for someone to come take her."

Rogers nodded. His Ranger-sailors leaped to their boats (every Ranger launch had something of a street brawl about it).

The schooner crew saw them coming. Men shinnied the mast to unfurl sails, struggled to bring the cannon to bear, and in general were so surprised by the whaleboats that they ran into each other.

The rangers never got the prize, however. Two French *bateaux*, the Champlain counterpart of today's destroyers covering a convoy, bore down on them. Ranger marksmen put bullets in every head that appeared above the railings. The bateaux wallowed in the lake waves.

In bad French, Rogers shouted to survivors: "Cease resistance and pull into shore and we shall offer quarter."

Someone from the bateaux called, "*Oui*," which in this case was double talk for "*Non*." The French heeled for the open lake.

"Kill the rest of them," Rogers said wearily.

The fight was over in seconds. Only three Frenchmen survived.

These claimed to be merely the point of a much larger force of boats to come, and boatsted the Englishmen's heads would adorn the prows of them. Though no fleet was in sight, Rogers allowed, "They may just be telling the truth. Anyway," he said, pointing to the schooner fleeing north under full sail, "her crew'll bring them, if they're not under way already. No more fighting today. Let's run south again."

ROGERS hid his boats on the lake, and on July 15th led his exhausted men back into Fort Albany.

On January 17, 1757, Robert Rogers first learned how big war could be. On this day he fought his first major engagement involving hundreds of enemy and stationary positions and taking many hours' time. It was a type of warfare completely new to him.

The mission was a hundred-man reconnaissance-in-force of the French forts along the Champlain, those same forts Rogers had inspected so many times before. Rangers waded out of Albany into the snow in their usual

uniform, which consisted of anything they felt like wearing or could get their hands on. Each Ranger had two weeks' supply of food, powder, shot of two sizes, canteen filled with a rum and water mixture, blankets over their heads, mittens hung on cords around their necks. At the Lake George shore they strapped on ice skates and whooshed north in a silent single file.

A red-coated British sergeant on the lake shore shouted after them, "Luck, you raggedy-arsed cadets." He shouted it with respect.

The night of the 20th the Rangers were camped in snow only three miles from their objectives. The morning of the 21st, snow had become rain. Soggy and shivering they force-marched to the shore between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. And there Rangers and a French sleigh convoy all but collided with each other in the mists.

ROGERS himself captured one of the first sleighs. In a flopping, slithering, shouting confusion of falling bodies and feet slipping on wet ice, three French horsemen broke loose. Their horses wore special spiked shoes for ice galloping. They got away easily. Other French sled drivers simply turned their mounts and fled back to Ticonderoga.

On shore Rogers gave his troops a few minutes to light fires and dry their weapons, then ordered: "Every man up. I feel that this time our lives depend upon how quickly we can move south. We are discovered. We are one hundred men—too many to let run about loose, two few to represent a real threat to an enemy pursuing in force. They'll be after us."

Again, Rogers had figured his adversary correctly. Somehow, a French and Indian war party to the south was alerted and moved across the Rangers' path. When Rogers' point scouts skulked up a hillside, the French shot them. Rogers himself reeled under the first of several wounds he was to receive that day: a ball-graze on the side of the head.

After this things happened so swiftly it is impossible to tell which happened first. The point scout survivors fell back . . . French and Indians mounted a whooping charge . . . Rogers ordered his French sledge convoy prisoners killed, then shouted orders to retreat to a ridge held by his rear guard. These men had crouched in a thin line behind trees at first gunshots and waited to cover their comrades' retreat . . . The retreating Rangers stumbled over these rear guards, bumping and rifle-butting each other in their haste, and there they reformed to hold.

Then came the lull during which the French made traditional attempts at seducing the enemy:

"Surrender, Captain Rogers. Accept our quarter. You'll receive good treatment."

Rogers was surprised that they knew who he was, but shouted in trembling anger, "Good treatment like those of my men being scalped on the hill yonder!"

"You might as well give up. We've sent for reinforcements to take you in a final assault."

"You'd better tell them to send you a double supply!" Rogers taunted.

The firing kept up. It was easy to tell whose men were where in that wet woods. Rangers fired sparingly;

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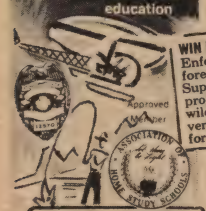

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the French worked their guns as though being paid by the shot. Rogers took a second wound, this one in the hand.

Finally, darkness came, the medium in which Rogers worked best. "I knew if we could hold till now I'd have them," he said wearily, "and now here is what each man will do . . ."

At dawn French fusiliers set down volleys that literally mowed the underbrush on the hill where Rogers was besieged. Then, leaping from tree to tree for cover, the St. Francis and Iroquois Indian allies charged. When they reached the hilltop, they beat at the bushes and hiding places, then hurled their tomahawks at the ground and punched their own skulls in frustration.

ONE by one and in small groups during the night, Rangers had slipped through the French and Indian envelopment. Only the dead were left, and for the Iroquois, scalping corpses had never been fun.

Recollecting those corpses was no fun for Rogers either. For several days, he was sunk in an unapproachable fit of gloom and guilt. Of his force, thirteen had been killed, nine wounded, seven taken prisoner. He had never suffered such losses.

To an aide named Jeremy Pyth, a man with a scarred cheek and one eye, he later confided, "I shall never be put into a state of grief by losses in large battle again. In large battle there is more exposure. Larger losses are inevitable. But even knowing this does not erase my sense of loss. I shall never approach a large battle with anything approaching the enthusiasm I feel for the small war. The small war is where my talents lie."

In late summer, 1759, Robert Rogers, now a major, showed how terrible and effective Ranger small-battle offensives could be.

On September 13, he received orders from General Jeffrey Amherst to take his force to "Missisquey Bay (Missisquoi), from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the river in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual. Remember the barbarities committed by the Indian scoundrels on every occasion where they had an opportunity of showing their infamous cruelties on the King's subjects. Take your revenge, but . . . it is my order that no women or children are killed or hurt."

In other words, Rogers was to set an example.

For his victims, he chose the St. Francis Indians, a tribe which surpassed the Iroquois in cruelty and ferocity in combat. It was said along the frontier that rather than let your woman be captured by the St. Francis, better to commit the mortal sin of murder and shoot her yourself.

Revenge was not the only motive behind the St. Francis raid. Missisquey Bay was some 150 miles north through land not well mapped and held by the enemy. Such a raid held obvious shock and terror value. For Rogers it was a chance to prove once more the indispensability of Ranger forces; it was the kind of war he was best at.

What about getting home again? Every Frenchman and Indian between Crown Point and Montreal would be hunting him. To his questioners, Rogers finally said in vexation: "Gentlemen, if God had wanted you to dig my grave for me, I believe he would have put spades in your hands."

That night of the 13th, Rogers led two hundred men in whaleboats onto Lake Champlain. They were different Rangers than they were two years ago. They were no longer buckskin-clad "raggedy-arsed" cadets. They wore new green uniforms that both made them proud and hid them in the forest. The uniforms are described as: an outer sleeveless vest, an under waistcoat with sleeves, silver buttons, a kilt-like skirt that came to the knees. Leggings. Moccasins. Scotch tams or peaked caps with feather or pine sprig in the band.

The convoy of boats moved up the lake single file. The Rangers had been told to watch for certain French ships: a brigantine and two small schooners. Now, these were little more than ordinary coastal vessels, unfit for war normally. But they were fitted with cannon and were the dreadnoughts of the Champlain naval forces.

The ships were found tacking back and forth across the lake just off the Otter River. Here the lake is narrow, an ideal blockade start. And here the Rangers lurked under cover for three days.

In a misty rain on the fourth, the Ranger whaleboats slithered silently between the French ships. Some came so close rowers shipped oars to avoid anchor chains and rudder bars. One Ranger put both his own hands between whaleboat and hull at one point to absorb the shock of contact. His hands were rubbed to bloody bone. Before he fainted he held them up and grinned, saying, "The first two medals of the campaign."

The Rangers were on their way, but from this point nothing went right.

One-fifth of Rogers' men became ill and were sent home. Rogers left all boats in cache at the northern end of Lake Champlain to march his force the rest of the way to Missisquey. The French found the boats and burned them. Land that appeared firm and solid on maps proved to be spruce bog in which the shallowest water was a foot deep. For nine days they waded through this toward the St. Francis settlement. Some men rigged beds of spruce boughs at night. Others simply flopped and slept in water.

But on October 4, 1759, just before sunset, it was all worth it. A scout trotted back from the point saying, "Major Rogers, St. Francis just a few miles ahead, and nothing but dry, solid ground between us and them."

Rogers himself scouted the Indian village. It was a place of log cabins, storehouses, and even a chapel where one suicidal French missionary dwelled while he tried to convert the St. Francis to gentler ways. And on this par-

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ticular night, the tribesmen were easy to watch. They danced, pounded drums and banged turtleshell rattles, and were very, very drunk on French rum.

By 2:00 A.M. the St. Francis braves were falling down, quarrelling among themselves; one broke a drum over another's head. They were being sick. They were stumbling to their hogans to sleep. The party was over.

At 3:00 A.M. Rogers led his main body of 150 toward the settlement. They dropped their packs. They fixed bayonets. They watched for a moment, accustoming themselves to the village layout.

Then Rogers bellowed so loud he could be heard five hundred yards away, "All right, Rangers! Let's earn our combat pay."

The Rangers split into small groups. They seized brands from the still burning fires. They smashed in doors and roofs with long rifle butts. Sick with hangover, sleepy St. Francis Indians staggered from their cabins. They were shot and bayonetted back inside.

One Ranger group leaped into a cabin and tomahawked heads before any Indian even work up. A Ranger shouted in disgust, "No more of that. Only cowards kill sleeping men." The others agreed. In the next cabin, they woke the Indians, then axed their heads.

Indians in several cabins resisted. These the Rangers fought with fire. While buddies covered them, Rangers crouched under windowsills and chucked firebrands inside. The wood burned quickly. Some Indians accepted this as the end, dropped their weapons and curled up to die. Others bolted for doorways; they had bullets in their chests the second they came through.

In one cabin, a brave stood to throw a Ranger torch back out the window. He was shot. Two more braves tried to get rid of the torch in the same fashion. Each was shot down at the window. The roof then caught fire, caved in, and incinerated both dead and living inside.

Other Rangers broke into the chapel where the Jesuit missionary, Father Pierre Roubaud, stood protecting a silver statue of the Virgin on his altar.

A group of Indians reached their canoes. Rogers pointed a finger at his head and pulled an imaginary trigger. Forty Rangers tracked the paddling Indians in their sights, then fired. Indians not shot from their canoes jumped out. Being unable to swim, most drowned in the current.

Two hours later at dawn, it was all over. Rogers was elated with the first tally of success: Three hundred St. Francis killed. Only one Ranger killed and only six wounded. Five English women captives liberated. A good store of food captured to provision the Rangers' long road back.

THERE was no mop-up, only the usual Ranger withdrawal. There was little taking of scalps. Someone did take the silver Virgin, however; no one ever learned just who.

Rogers really didn't care who stole it. They had come to kill the St. Francis. If one of the men could pick up a little wealth at the same time, it was all right with him . . .

The battle was easy. The road back was a nightmare. There were the swamps again. There were pursuing St. Francis who picked off stragglers and nailed them to trees in view of Ranger eyes, but just outside range of

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Ranger guns. There was starvation; some Rangers had ignored the orders to empty their haversacks and load up with corn from the St. Francis storehouses. There was no game; the moving body of men with Indians pursuing drove all animals away. Men boiled their moccasins and chewed them. Some even tried their own excrement mixed with mushrooms.

Finally the group split up. And when it did, one party cannibalized their wounded and dead. But of the two hundred Rangers that had set out that October, most came home. Some came in barefoot. Some came in on rafts. Some were carried in on the backs of friendly Indians.

Rogers himself came back early in November on a raft, but went back out again, and then again, to find men still lost. On November 7, in an early fall blizzard, Rogers came back in to fort number four near Albany with survivors. He said, "These are the last. Now I shall sleep for a while." He did, for three days. Aides washed him, shaved him and treated his emaciated bleeding feet while he slept.

THE St. Francis raid was over. At a final cost of only three officers and 46 enlisted men, Rogers had lanced 150 miles into enemy territory. It was the first such long-range commando raid in the history of American warfare. It proved once and for all that between the regular army way and the Ranger way of fighting a war in the rough Canadian terrain, the Ranger way was the best.

Neither St. Francis nor other Indians were ever enthusiastic about fighting the British after Rogers' raid. For that matter, neither were the French.

On August 11, 1760, Rogers led his largest company of Rangers to date, 700 men, in combination with British regulars, in the annual summer offensive into the Canadian interior. First objective was the Isle of Nois on Champlain. There was little French defense.

Rangers stormed a fort there. The French were waiting at the gate, rifle barrels turned downward in surrender, meekly welcoming the Rangers. Naked Rangers, clamping tomahawks between their jaws, swam to two French gunboats hammering British shore positions. As the Rangers boarded on one side, many of the French crew jumped off the other.

On Sept. 8th, British Grenadiers ran the Union Jack up the French flagpole in Montreal and the French and Indian war was over.

Rogers wrote of the occasion: "Thus at the end of the fifth campaign, Montreal and the whole country of Canada was given up and became subject to the King of Great Britain; a conquest perhaps of the greatest importance that is to be met with in British annals."

On Rogers' role in this conquest historians differ. Some say the war would have ended at the same time in the same way without his hit-run shock raids. Others say the war would have gone on three years more, that without the forays of Rogers' Rangers, the British line of defense might have been rolled back to Boston and Albany.

Such arguments are always academic. There is no way to determine the number of years and lives Robert Rogers spared the British war machine. The tacticians should perhaps have the last word.

They say that the British would never have won the French and Indian war without him.

And without a war, Robert Rogers, only 29 that year of 1760, was a man lost. Fighting was the only business he knew. He seemed unable to do anything else more than half way.

He went West and established a peace with French settlers in the Great Lakes region and opened a booming fur trade with the Indians led by Chief Pontiac there. But by indulging his own moods and refusing to play peacetime army politics, he came away with nothing for himself, only a court-martial charge of treason.

This was a trumped-up thing, and he beat it easily in court, but the point is, it shouldn't have happened at all. A less proud, less moody, less dogmatic man wouldn't have let it happen.

He married after the war, but spent so much time exploring and travelling with old military comrades his wife eventually left him, charging him with unspecified "indecent acts."

He was finally thrown into Fleet Prison, England, for non-payment of debts. His soldiers wanted their pay. People who'd loaned him money to pay them wanted their return.

The Fleet Prison finally ruined him. He began to drink, sleep with prostitutes allowed into the prison, and to feel sorry for himself.

Then Robert Rogers finally made the mistake no soldier can ever get away with. He played off one country against another.

Back in America, during the revolution, he offered to raise a battalion of Rangers for George Washington. Washington and his staff believed him an enemy agent, citing his previous British service as the reason. It was a peculiar excuse, for Washington eagerly embraced others from the former British service.

Again, another man might have handled the situation more diplomatically. He would have tried to persuade Washington he was not an agent, and probably would have succeeded, for Washington needed men like Rogers.

But Rogers, always impatient and full of rancor when backed to the wall, signed up with the British.

On their side he fought his last good fight in 1776, a sharp skirmish against heavy odds at a place now known as New Rochelle, during the Battle of New York. With a company of raw loyalist recruits, he turned back a charge by 750 experienced American Continental troops.

It is right that this fight was a good one. It was the last good thing that ever happened to him.

In Southwark, England, where he settled for some unknown reason, he fell in a drunken seizure, cracked open his head and lived his last days drunk, in debt, and in a state of feeble-mindedness.

He died on May 18, 1795.

They buried Robert Rogers in the rain in a pauper's grave, and only two unidentified mourners read prayers over his grave.

The sordidness of this end is not the real tragedy of Robert Rogers, however. The real tragedy is: he could win every battle in his life but the one with himself.

Had he been able to, he would not have been just a good man and a good soldier. He would have been a truly great one. ◆◆◆

POW ESCAPE COMPOUND

Continued from page 17

quietly. "We know definitely there are six British prisoners interned there."

"Six! Six!" Maelzer bellowed. "I'm talking about *six hundred! Six thousand!* The Vatican has now shut its gates to all belligerents. No more internees."

"Perhaps," an SS officer sneered. "To make sure, we should march in, haul the Englanders out, and give the place a good search while we're at it."

Maelzer threw his arms wide. "Save me from stupidity!" he howled. "Every German Catholic soldier would throw down his weapon. The Italian peasantry would turn on us like wolves. Forget the Vatican, you imbeciles. It's just an excuse for your failures. I want the man responsible for the disappearance of all these enemies of the Reich. He can be caught. He's no . . . no Scarlet Pimpernel."

"No, not a Scarlet Pimpernel," the Gestapo officer said. "It's an organization. The numbers prove it."

"An organization takes money," the general whirled on him. "Dry up the funds. Get me the head. Bring me the head and the body dies. *Do something!* Don't sit there. Get out of here and do something. Get the man responsible. He's Italian, or an Englishman masquerading as an Italian. Catch him . . . !"

The SS smashed rifle stocks against the mansion door, breaking in even as they demanded entrance.

In an inner room, Prince Filipo Doria Pamphili shoved banded stacks of large denomination *lire* notes at the huge priest standing before him. "Quick," he said, "all I could raise. Run for it. I'll delay them."

"Now, now," the priest counseled calmly from his height of six-foot-three, "don't you be worrying yourself about those scoundrels outside. If you'll just be showing me to the cellar–"

Prince Pamphili groaned. "The cellar is the first place they'll look."

"Indeed they will," blue eyes twinkled behind steel-rimmed glasses, "but I don't think they will be finding anything."

The priest lifted his cassock and bounded sprightly down the cellar stairs. His big fingers flew over buttons and the cassock was spread on the dirty concrete floor. Into the middle of it went his Roman collar and the stack of money. On top of that was piled a heap of coal. White shirt sleeves were rolled down over muscular arms. Big hands scooped up coal dust, smeared the shirt, then blackened the face and neck and hair and arms.

Fortunately, Monsignor Hugh O'Flaherty had "forgotten"–forgotten for the past ten years–to put the red piping indicative of his clerical rank around the edges of his cassock. Now he merely heaved the load lightly to his broad shoulders and didn't have to worry about the telltale color showing. His major concern was his excessive height and blue eyes, so he stooped well over as he made his way to the stairs leading outside.

The picture of a weary coal dealer, he clumped flatfooted up the wooden steps and pushed open the door to the rear courtyard. Two SS men spun, aiming Schmeissers. They watched him closely as he stumbled along bent-kneed, swinging one arm wide for balance, then grabbing clumsily at the slipping pack. If they smelled a trick, they would machine gun him where he stood. The priest knew it – and kept walking toward them.

The impersonation was perfect. The Schmeissers were lowered. "You're working late," one of the SS men remarked.

Monsignor O'Flaherty answered in patois of the Roman working man: "I wish you'd come home and tell that to my seven children. They eat like bears and always demand more from their poor old papa."

The soldiers laughed. Apparently, they saw nothing strange in the fact that coal was coming *out* of a cellar instead of going *into* it.

Once out of their sight, the Right Reverend dumped the coal in front of a tenement, shook out his cassock, pocketed the money around his person. He dipped his handkerchief into a fountain and tried to scrub himself clean as he strode briskly toward the Vatican State.

He went down the broad avenue leading to St. Peter's Square. The great gates separating Vatican City from Rome were closed at this hour, and he had to enter by one of the little ports at one side.

The Swiss Guards saluted his giant figure automatically. Inside, a plain-clothes *Fascisti* policeman stepped out of the shadows, peering closely. Off to one side a jack-booted SS officer watched, helmet shadowing his eyes, the lower half of his face and the death's heads in his lapels lit up as he puffed a cigarette.

"Why Father," the policeman exclaimed, "look at yourself. What has happened to you? Where is your collar?"

Monsignor O'Flaherty held out the crushed and dirtied collar, ruefully turning it over in his big hands. Truthfully he said, "I was delivering some coal to the poor," and strode on.

The Fascist policeman nodded after the retreating figure. "There goes a good man," he told the Nazi. "Always helping the poor."

The SS officer shrugged.

FATHER O'Flaherty swung left under the Bernini columns, threading his way through the mazes of the Vatican. Soon he reached the door to his little room, sparsely furnished with a table, a few chairs, a dresser, a bath, a simple bed. Putting the money on the table, he shook his head over it. So many people to care for. So many. Even this small fortune wouldn't stretch far. He needed help and lots of it. The Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican was not a wealthy man, like the fictional Scarlet Pimpernel. He had to beg for his financing.

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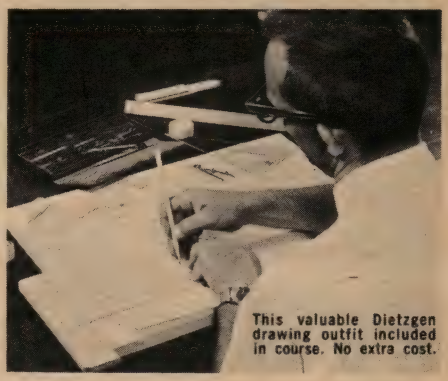

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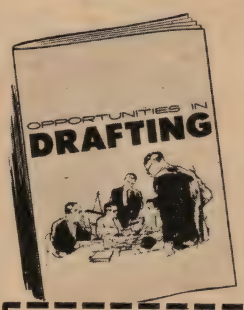

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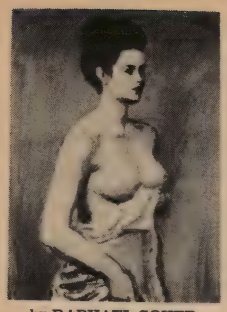

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the money into a drawer and called, "Come in."

The door opened. A hooded figure stood there, glaring at him. A thick German voice said: "Ah! Now I've caught you . . ."

Hugh Joseph O'Flaherty was born in 1898 in the Irish County of Kerry where the brogue they speak is so thick it can't be dented with a pile driver.

He never lost the brogue, although he lived most of his life outside his native land. Of strong religious inclinations, young O'Flaherty went to a seminary in Killarney, and because of his sparkling brilliance, was sent on to Rome in 1922. Three years later he was ordained and took up various duties, such as vice-regent at one of the colleges.

A GIANT with the face of a leprechaun, Father O'Flaherty was gifted with true Irish wit and had an unending fund of stories that had his audiences holding their sides and begging him to stop. A golfer of championship caliber, he was an honorary member of the Rome Golf Club and hobnobbed with princes, dukes, and counts. Invariably he "put the touch" on them for some "poor fellow" he always knew. Laughing, the aristocracy turned out their pockets for him. He himself never had the price of a cup of coffee in his capacious pockets, but for a family desperately in need, he could scrape up funds somewhere, somehow.

In 1924, O'Flaherty was made a Monsignor and entered the Vatican Diplomatic Service. After serving in Haiti and Santo Domingo, he returned to Rome and worked for the State there.

At the outbreak of WWII, he was assigned as secretary to the Papal Delegate in charge of visiting prisoner of war camps. Striding around them impatiently, his pockets stuffed with chocolate and cigarettes, O'Flaherty blew his Irish top in Czechoslovakia, Germany, North Africa, Italy. The prisoners must have more space, more recreation he thundered. Their quarters must be improved. Sanitation facilities must be expanded; at least the latrines should be filled in. And never was he satisfied with the answer of "Tomorrow. Tomorrow." He wanted it done *now!*

When tomorrow came, there was Monsignor O'Flaherty waiting to see the work done. Often it was easier to do it then to fight him, but many times the camp commandants resisted and wrote as many reports about him as he did about them. After getting rid of two particularly brutal commandants at Modena and Piacenza, he was gently instructed to return to his normal Vatican duties. He had been kicked out. The giant Irishman had stepped on too many toes.

Many of the posts surrounding the Papacy were traditionally held by noble Italian families or citizens of Rome. Some of them formed an influential and vociferous Fascist clique. It was the Catholic Church's policy to maintain strict neutrality towards all belligerents—Catholics fought on both sides. "The Vatican Fascists" made sure of that neutrality, and it was they who had forced Monsignor O'Flaherty back to his regular job. But this was actually a victory for him. He had learned what many other clergymen in Nazi-dominated Europe learned: the form of neutrality must be maintained, but the spirit could be winked at—as long as you weren't caught.

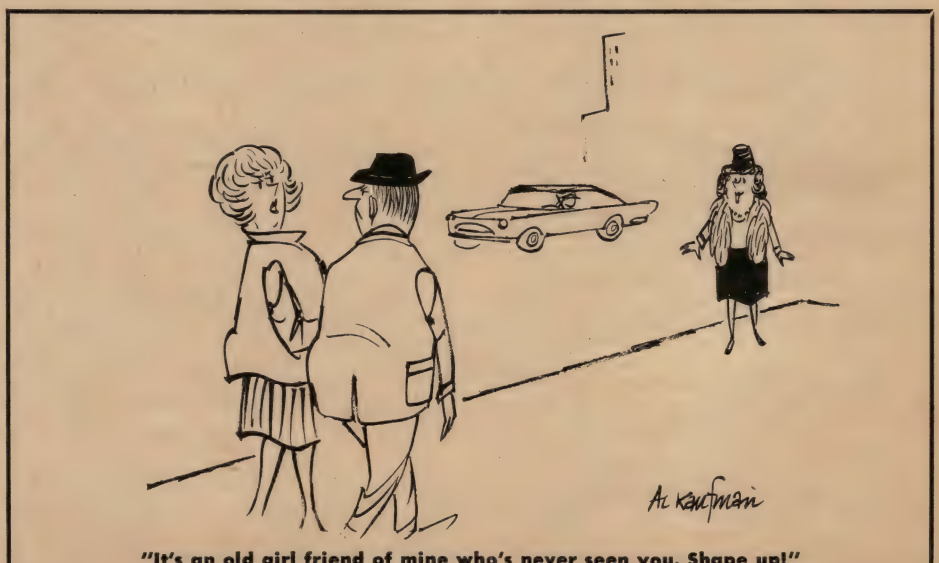
Back in Rome, the O'Flaherty temper again went past the boiling point. Ordinarily, the live-and-let-live Italians had little or no prejudice against Jews. There was a substantial Jewish population in Rome, had been for centuries. Under pressure from Hitler, to whom this situation was intolerable, Mussolini started a purge.

The Monsignor saw old men and women down on their hands and knees, scrubbing the streets, guarded by indolent young Fascist animals. His blue eyes flared behind their glasses.

The Irish priest knew almost everyone in Rome. Whispers went to rabbis and clergy. Who were the families most in danger?

For some months more "clergymen" and "tourists" entered the Vatican than left. The many-roomed palaces and colleges were jammed, and still more Jews were in danger, more room had to be found. Quietly, Vatican visas were issued to numerous Jewish families, so they could escape by boat or by air. There were always more to take their places.

After the fall of the Mussolini government in September, 1943, the Nazis grabbed Italy in their iron fist. The "Jewish question" was settled in the usual Nazi fashion. Those Jews still living in Rome outside the Vatican



"It's an old girl friend of mine who's never seen you. Shape up!"

were stuffed into cattle cars and shipped to death camps.

Monsignor O'Flaherty's struggle to save the persecuted Jews ended, and a new task began. The Italian guards of many POW camps simply walked away, and so did the prisoners. The Germans came running to lock the gates, but often it was too late. The countryside was filled with escapers, all traveling towards Rome, intent on giving themselves up at the Vatican or the Swiss Embassy. The SS spread their nets and bagged all those who walked the roads. The rest of the invaders, wiser after witnessing one roundup, scattered to the rural areas, lived in caves—existed really—dependent on the generosity of the impoverished Italian peasants.

Hot on the heels of the SS came Monsignor O'Flaherty, pockets bulging with cash that had been begged or borrowed. Soon, without any of the Allied escapers knowing it, regular "escape communities" were organized among the Italians. A great organizer was the great O'Flaherty. He could charm the clouds down out of the sky, and the basically soft-hearted Italian farmers readily agreed to all his plans. Soon innocent-looking lines of women and children started carrying supplies to the caves in the mountains. Few of the recipients knew what prompted all this tender loving care. The few who did – usually high-ranking Commonwealth officers who could speak Italian, or Italian-speaking American fliers—were brought back to the villages and given identification papers that materialized mysteriously.

These all-essential papers were the work of a brilliant woman, the Princess Nini Pallavicini, an outspoken anti-Fascist whose pilot-husband had been shot down over Sicily—another reason for her to hate Mussolini and all he stood for. But she spoke too long, too loud, and as the *Fascisti* broke in the front door of the Rospigliosi Palace, she went out the back.

The problem, now, was how to get her safely into the Vatican. The gates were closed—no more internees—and guarded by the *Fascisti* and the SS. So, how?

The Swiss guards in their Medieval uniforms could parade through those gates unquestioned. One night, at the changing of the Guard, quite a small member brought up the rear of the procession. As this tiny figure entered the Vatican State proper, a muscular arm shot out of the darkness and dragged the disguised princess to safety.

Nina Pallavicini refused to stagnate as a Vatican internee. She put her talents as an artist to work turning out false identity cards to order, in any number, complete with the signature of General Maelzer.

Monsignor O'Flaherty was now working twenty hours a day, and apparently thriving on it. He had the SS, the Gestapo, and the Fascists running in circles, which pleased him no end. Yet he felt there was too much work left undone. So many more men could be saved if only he had more help, more funds.

At just about this time, an appeal came in from Major Sam Derry of the British Army, addressed "To Whom It May Concern." It said that he was with fifty other escapers in the Tivoli area, and that he needed 3000 lire to pay the Italians who supplied them. An Italian village priest brought the note to the British Legation in the Vatican. The Papal Legate from Great Britain, Sir d'Arcy Godolphin Osborne, read it, and passed it on to his "butler," John May. John May was actually Special Agent Number One in the Legation, canny, daring, and like Monsignor O'Flaherty, he knew everyone and everything in Rome.

May brought the hastily scrawled and wrinkled note to O'Flaherty. "I'd like you to see this," he said.

The padre peered at it through his glasses, then shrugged his heavy shoulders. "So," he said, "are the rich English coming to a poor Irish priest for three-thousand lire? Do you think I carry that much in my back pocket?"

May smiled. "The money has already been sent. Believe me, Monsignor, we appreciate everything you've been doing, but you know you can't carry on alone, and the situation is going to get worse. *This* is the man you need." He pointed to the note.

"What? What? What is this you're blabbering about?

"Father, we know you've been sheltering all the escapers. We couldn't have done it, only you could have organized it. Now we'd like to offer our help. Please come to us for funds. Father, do you realize the importance of some of the men you've been hiding? They have to be gotten back to the Allies. Major Derry was Escape Officer at Chieti Prison Camp. He's a brave and clever man, would be invaluable to you."

O'Flaherty scratched his thick mop of hair. "Y'know, from the moment you set foot in this room, I haven't understood a word you've been saying."

May went on, unperturbed. "I can't handle this myself, because as a member of a Diplomatic Household, I can be declared *persona non grata* and get the boot out of Italy. Anyway, you're doing a much better job, and can do still more. You're at the center of things here in Rome. I'll pass on a bit of news I've just learned . . . because of the crowded conditions, no one can enter the city without a pass from either the Governor of Rome, or the German Governor, General Maelzer. The poor fellows who are still entering the city will be caught. Your organization isn't set up to intercept them. You see, we know all these things, because we've been watching your activities with a great deal of interest."

"Me son," O'Flaherty stood, ending the conversation, "for a young man I think you're a bit doddering in the head. Now you'll have to excuse me. There are me duties to perform."

BUT this conversation with John May started the Monsignor on an even more intensive campaign. Apartments were needed in Rome to hide really important escapers, and that would take a world of money. Lire, not pounds. A logical source to the padre was the very rich Prince Pamphili. It was when he returned from that mission, that he was caught . . .

"*Ach*" the voice said behind him, "now I've caught you."

Monsignor O'Flaherty turned. A German nun shook her finger at him. "How do you get in such filthy condition?"

"It was coal I was delivering," he answered meekly.

"Do you have to carry it yourself? Take the bath. Change so that you look respectable. Leave those rags here in the corridor and I will see if I can restore some of your dignity."

The German nun was a tyrant where O'Flaherty was concerned, making sure

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he was suitably dressed, kept his hair cut, ate his meals. Now she slammed the door and strode down the corridor in mock anger at this incorrigible Monsignor.

The Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican lived in the German College, one of the ironies of the war . . .

Monsignor O'Flaherty was on his ceaseless rounds again. First he established hidey-holes, apartments where he could conceal escapers who eluded the searchers and wandered into Rome.

Mrs. Henrietta Chevalier, a Maltese widow with seven children, agreed to share her cramped quarters at 12 Via Imperia. A Signor Nebolante, an anti-Fascist, rented an apartment on the Via Firenze. It was directly behind the hotel where the SS had established headquarters, and in Monsignor O'Flaherty's opinion, as safe a spot as there could be—nothing better than to hide under the noses of the enemy.

A LUXURY apartment on the Via Cellini was sub-let from a Dr. Ubaldo Cipolla. Nothing was known about him except that he was married to a Russian wife. Since Germany and Russia were locked in a massive struggle she, at least, would be sympathetic to the Allied cause.

Once this was accomplished, Monsignor O'Flaherty made arrangements to stop escapers from trying to get inside the Vatican. Many of them hadn't heard that the great gates were closed and were walking right into the hands of the ever watchful Gestapo and SS.

Alberto Carl had been a corporal in the Pope's personal bodyguard, but his vehement anti-Fascist statements had prompted the Fascist clique at the Vatican to get him fired. O'Flaherty sent him—after a good bawling out—to the Reverend McGeogh, rector of the American College on Giancolo Hill, where he obtained work. Carl's job was to intercept anyone asking the way to the Vatican. The only thing wrong was that all those who entered the American College on "The Hill" had to be interned for the duration. The Gestapo watched the place like a gang of vultures.

The Swiss were neutral, but friendly, and could prove valuable in guiding escapers to the right places. Father O'Flaherty visited the Swiss Legation on Via Montebello. Count Sarsfield Salazar offered all aid, and eventually, with John May, joined the ruling Council of Three. The security man was Captain Trippi of the Swiss Foreign Interests Section. A shrewd and experienced veteran of a hundred intrigues, he put every escaper who reached Rome through a stiff interrogation that invariably revealed Gestapo "plants."

Now the stage was set for the Amazing Vatican Life Line. Winter was coming. The escapers would have to move out of their mountain caves and into the villages and towns. Funds were no longer such a dire problem—Father O'Flaherty at last agreed to work with Sir d'Arcy Osborne and John May. The "touch" was also put on President Franklin D. Roosevelt's personal representative, Mr. Harold Tillman, for the care of American airmen.

Major Sam Derry arrived in Rome in a load of cabbages and, as instructed, knocked on the gate of Santa Marta. He frankly admits in his memoirs, as does John Furman, that he almost had a heart attack when he saw over the portal: *Collegio Teutonicum* (German College). But a grinning Englishman opened the door and said, "Hurry in. I'm John May. You're inside the Vatican Walls, only you're *not* inside the Vatican State, and don't have to be interned. Walk farther down the corridor and you enter the Vatican State, a foreign and neutral country. You'll take that walk some day, Sam, but not now. Here's Monsignor O'Flaherty's room. You'll like him. Everyone does."

The Monsignor and the major stared at each other. Both were huge men and could have changed clothes; the differences were that the priest was 45, stooped from much studying, had the little stubby nose of the leprechaun, was nearsighted, and trusted everyone. The Englishman was ramrod straight, sleek and handsome, in the prime of youth, was still a great Rugby player (indeed, he had used a Rugby "dodge" to get around a German paratrooper and dive head-first off a train going thirty miles an hour toward Germany).

He wasn't suspicious by nature, but his position as Escape Officer at Chieti POW camp had taught him to question the motives of everyone. Yet he melted before the magnanimity of the Irishman. All men who met O'Flaherty did. Sam Derry, as brave a soldier as ever strode throughout the long history of the British Army, ended up hero-worshiping the Monsignor.

Major Sam Derry put ginger into The Organization, now renamed the British Organization in Rome for Assisting Allied Prisoners of War. The strangest conglomeration of escaped prisoners were in the various apartments: Englishmen, Welshmen, Scots, Irish, Canadian, American, South Africans, Australians, New Zealanders, Poles, Greeks who ran their own "Liberty or Death" organization; French, Arabs, even Yugoslav partisans sent in by Capuchin Monks who ran their "refugee" organization from the Via Sicilia. Numerous Russians were taken care of by a Russian priest the Monsignor had dug up.

Not even Sam knew all the hidey-holes, and he didn't want to. He literally stood out among the smaller Italians, and it was his and O'Flaherty's constant worry that he'd be captured as he strode around the streets of Rome. Then came three gifts from Heaven: Joe Pollok, John Furman, and Bill Simpson, all ex-officer escapers from Chieti. These three had made their own way to Rome, and were hiding out as best they could, when Pollok, a Cypriot of Czechoslovak extraction, accidentally bumped into Sam Derry.

Sam didn't trust Pollok for the correct time of day. In the hospital at Chieti, there was a traitor, and Derry's suspicions had rested on Joe Pollok. He was too fluent in Italian—and a number of other languages—spoke too often to the guards, and somehow could lay his hands on anything.

BUT John Furman, whom Derry trusted implicitly, went to bat for Pollok. He said simply, "He's the most amazing man I've ever met."

These three took over all the food delivery duties, and still, under O'Flaherty's guidance, not one knew where all the hidey-holes were. That knowledge was restricted to the Council of Three. Derry's new job was security, and he gave code names to everyone in the Organization. One Irish priest was known as "Father Fanny" for obvious reasons. Brother Robert Pace was called "Whitebows" because of the decorations on his habit, and so on.

The extent of the Organization's activities was now so wide that Sam Derry believes its black market operations alone destroyed the shaky rationing system in Rome. General Maelzer, the German Governor, was at last convinced the Scarlet Pimpernel was in the Vatican. After so many raids and searches, that was the only possible hiding place. A ring of steel was thrown around it.

Monsignor O'Flaherty blithely walked through. He was known to be high on the list of Gestapo suspects, and the Organization pleaded with him to stay in safety, but things never seemed to be accomplished quickly enough unless he got behind them and pushed. For one thing, the non-belligerent Italians trusted only him.

A perfect example is when the Organization encountered monetary difficulties—not the amount this time, but what they had was in pounds and dollars and they needed Italian lire. Monsignor O'Flaherty simply contacted Signor Antonio Nenni of the Socialist Party, which had plenty of lire in its treasury and was looking to the future. The Monsignor was followed by a crowd of Gestapo, SS, Fascisti, Republica Guardia, Carabinieri, a regular parade of the enemy, and naturally couldn't meet Nenni personally, so used Bill Simpson as an intermediary. Nenni, later President of Italy, exchanged the money at a very reasonable rate.

That winter of '43 Sam Derry met Major Umberto Losena, an ex-Italian officer now working for British Intelligence. His job, primarily was to observe troop movements, and secondarily to get important escapers back to Allied lines. Thanks to his radio, three times planes landed on Adriatic beaches where mass evacuations were made.

But Losena's radio betrayed him. He made the mistake of always transmitting from the same apartment. He was captured and hauled away to the notorious Regina Coeli prison, similar to Joliet in structure. The third and seventh tiers there were under the direct control of the Fascists and Nazis. Here occured horrors that had the rest of the prisoners trembling in terror.

To counteract the loss of Losena, a great coup was pulled off by John May. The Princess Pallavicini's I.D. cards were excellent work, but curfew passes were rare and very complicated affairs. By slipping money into the outstretched palms of certain clerks, May inserted three passes among those that went to the German Ministry every day. They were stamped and signed automatically, and permitted the bearer to travel on official business after curfew. This relieved the load John Furman, Joe Pollok, and Bill Simpson had been carrying. Now they didn't have to hurry back before curfew and could complete their daily missions.

Late in January of 1944, the Allies smashed at Anzio and ran into a stone wall. In Rome, the Nazis struck with an iron fist at the Vatican—and this time they had a good excuse.

At Anzio, Lieutenant Paul Freyberg, son of the Commanding-General (later Field Marshal) of the New Zealand Corps, was cut off from his unit while on patrol. He was near Castel Gondolfo, summer residence of Pope Pius XII, and gave himself up there, asking sanctuary.

Here was a ticklish problem. Neither the servants nor the clergymen on duty there wanted to turn Freyberg over to the Nazis — he would be much too valuable a hostage—yet he was *not* entitled to sanctuary, because of his combatant status. Furthermore, they were surrounded by the German Army and the guns pounding Anzio beach lit the nights. They didn't know what to do, so dumped the problem in the lap of Monsignor O'Flaherty.

The Irishman hopped into the official Vatican car, roared along roads torn up by the Allied Air Forces, whirled into Castel Gondolfo, yanked open the trunk of the car, told Freyberg "Get in!" and floored the gas pedal. He didn't hit the brakes on the overheated car until he screamed into the Vatican.

A very official German inquiry was set in motion. Why had the Vatican broken its promise? As a combatant—not an escaper—Freyberg was not entitled to immunity.

A LEGAL banana peel was used to slip out of this one. Lieutenant Freyberg had given himself up at Castel Gondolfo, Vatican territory, but not actually the Vatican itself. You couldn't expect priests to tell combatants from escapers. Since the lieutenant was already an internee before he reached the Vatican, the place of internment didn't matter, and we're sorry if it's caused you any inconvenience. Our promise still stands.

The whole Vatican sweated and wondered if the German Embassy would swallow the legalistic doubletalk. Meanwhile, Monsignor O'Flaherty was asked to please keep his nose inside the Vatican walls.

The German reply snapped back like a rubber band. The Englishman in the Monsignor's quarters would get out of there *now* (the Vatican Fascist clique had spilled the beans on Derry) and the Monsignor was cordially invited to a dinner at the German Embassy. This was a command performance.

So Major Sam Derry had to take the walk down the corridor to the English Legation, where he was interned. Monsignor O'Flaherty, knowing he was being "deactivated," planned one last grand gesture of defiance.

Perhaps the most important escaper in Rome was General Gambier-Parry, so valuable he couldn't be risked in one of the dangerous Adriatic beach evacuations. A special hidey-hole had been prepared for him. One room of an apartment had been bricked off, covered with plaster, and he was sealed in. The only entrance or exit was a plank that went out the window, over the alley to the roof opposite. General Gambier-Parry was chaffing to get out of confinement, see some new faces, and have a breath of fresh air. The Monsignor gave him more than he bargained for.

At the official German dinner, the Monsignor brought a guest. Around the large room went O'Flaherty, introducing his "friend" to all the Germans as an Irish doctor. The Germans, always impressed by the words "Herr Doktor," clicked their heels and bowed from the waist. O'Flaherty, as usual, kept one story going on top of another; never was he in better form.

In a lull, the German Ambassador took the Monsignor into a corner and warned the giant Irishman that he would have to stay in the Vatican or he, the Ambassador, could no longer guarantee the Vatican would remain inviolate. O'Flaherty nodded, decided the party was over for him, and left with his friend. A rolling wave of laughter followed this ignominious

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retreat. All there knew it was the Monsignor's last performance.

But the streets of Rome rocked with laughter the next day when it was learned Monsignor's "friend" at the party had been General Gambier-Parry. The SS and Gestapo screamed with frustration and vowed revenge. General Maelzer hit the ceiling. O'Flaherty had paraded before them the most important escaper in Rome and they had let him walk away.

This was the last of the great successes. The irrepressible Joe Pollok was betrayed by a woman from Sulmona, one of the big "hiding" areas, eighty miles east of Rome. Everyone smelt a trap, but Joe Pollok felt he had to go, trap or no. He walked right into a German net, was hauled back to Sulmona. Joe, after a ferocious beating, was thrown naked into a stone cell—this in the middle of an Italian mountain winter.

AGAIN disaster struck. Signor Nebolante, a known anti-Fascist, had his flat raided on the Via Firenze by the SS. Fortunately, Signor Nebolante wasn't home, but his cook was, and that frightened man knew about the hidey-hole apartment on the Via Cellini.

Another raid, and two important men were captured: John Furman, now active civilian head of the Organization, and Bruno Buchner, a Yugoslavian Communist partisan leader. They were taken to the Regini Coeli and thrown into the third tier, the hall of horrors. Furman took a stiff interrogation, but stuck to his rights as an escaped English officer. Bruno Buchner, as a Communist and a partisan, had no rights. They beat him till his head was swollen to twice its normal size, and he spit in their faces.

Finally, a bullet was put through Buchner's battered head; he died without talking, a tough, brave man. John Furman was put on a train headed for a POW camp in Germany. While Furman was not the athlete Sam Derry was, he figured he had a slight chance, and dived off the train head first. He got away with it, too, and through the "chain." started back to Rome.

Raid after raid, loss after loss suffered, but the Organization survived. Thanks to Father O'Flaherty's foresight, it couldn't be blown, because no one man on the outside knew all the hidey-holes.

As the year wore on and grew colder, there were tiny victories to offset the defeats. On Feb. 14, John Furman walked home and was wrapped in the Monsignor's big arms. Joe Pollok's odyssey was even stranger. Sick with pneumonia, he was hauled to L'Aguila station to be shipped to Germany. At that precise moment, Allied bombers unloaded and smeared the building. Joe Pollok walked out of the debris and, with another British officer, hitched a truck ride to Rome. Coming to a roadblock, the driver warned them to duck for it. Pollok's advice was to clear out entirely, but the Britisher thought it best to hide under the truck's load of sacks.

The Germans gave the truck a thorough going over. The Britisher was quickly found. The driver loudly protested his innocence and was finally allowed to proceed. Some minutes later he heard shouting and stopped. Joe Pollok dropped from under the frame of the truck.

On reaching Rome, Joe went to the Via Cellini address. Escapers weren't there, but Signore and Signora Dottore Cipolla were. Joe, a very astute boy, could smell a rat when he saw one, and didn't bother to hide his feelings. He hinted that people with big mouths often got bigger smiles under their chins. In Rome, at the present time, were some very angry Yugoslavs, Poles, Russians, Arabs—

Cipolla protested his innocence and did everything but wave the British and American flags. Joe marked him down as a dirty little opportunist, who someday might prove useful.

Gradually the rents in the Organization were repaired. All this time the Communist escapers were pressing for action. They didn't care that the whole purpose of the Organization was to save lives, not take them. They received orders from Moscow to hit the Germans. And so the way was paved for the worst disaster Rome suffered during the war.

The Germans, in their methodical way, marched down the same street at the exact same time every day of the week. On March 22, the Communists loaded a street-cleaning barrel with gelignite, placed on the Via Raella, and set the timer. A column of SS troops swung by at the precise moment it went off. Their bodies were torn apart, blasted to the roof tops. Windows were broken and buildings splattered with blood. Thirty-two of the SS died instantly; farther from the blast, several were severely wounded.

The O'Flaherty temper blazed the Roman streets. He was dedicated to saving lives, and this, he declared, was outright murder which would have dreadful effects. The effects came sooner and were more dreadful than he could ever have imagined. Hitler's "10 to 1" order was utilized. Thirty-two dead Germans, so on March 24, 320 prisoners were taken from the Regina Coeli and Via Tasso, driven in trucks four miles outside of Rome to the Ardeatine Caves. They were separated into groups, and the first group pushed into a cave while the rest watched. The first group was mowed down by machine gun fire and the cave mouth blown shut. Then it was the turn of the next group. And the next. And the next. Methodical slaughter. Post mortems showed dust in the lungs of many of the victims, which proved they had been buried alive.

The death of 32 SS troopers didn't change the course of the war one bit. The slaughter of the hostages brought sorrow to all Rome; Communist imprudence destroyed many a family. The Organization lost five men, one of them was Umberto Losena, the British Intelligence agent.

Even the Italian police couldn't stomach this latest Nazi atrocity. Every day they turned over a list of planned raids to Father O'Flaherty, so he could shift his escapers around beforehand. That was the only good thing that came of the Ardeatine massacre. But not even the police knew where or when Gestapo snap searches would take place. Bill Simpson was caught in one of these, and despite every effort, his whereabouts in Regina Coeli couldn't be discovered. "Whitebows," Brother Robert Pace, was dragged into Gestapo headquarters on Via Tasso.

All through April the raids went on. The Italians who housed the escapers were reaching the ends of their ropes. Fear crept over Rome like a fog. The Organization was bending. To bolster

it, Monsignor O'Flaherty dispatched only priests to deliver food, all of them having to cover eight to ten miles per day on foot.

In May, Father Anselmo Musters—code name, "Dutchpa," which shows his nationality—was followed from a hide-out of South Africans. In front of St. Mary's Major, one of the four great basilicas of Rome and Vatican territory, SS moved in on him. Father Musters ran for it, and was struck on the head by a gun butt. Streaming blood, he managed to stagger through the church doors.

A brave Palatine guard stepped forward and declared the church Vatican property. This halted the SS momentarily. But a thousand years before, Teutonic barbarians had invaded this very basilica, murdered a priest there, and their descendents hadn't changed a bit. A half hour later, a full company of SS returned, led by a captain.

He strode into the church, took a Schmeisser from a soldier, swung a terrific blow at Father Muster's already damaged head. Seizing the unconscious priest by the feet, he dragged him down the stone steps so his bleeding skull

"Why do I have to keep running into these crackpots?"

bounced off every one. The priest was shoved into a car, rushed to the Via Tasso.

The Vatican protested and was ignored. The Gestapo thought they had an English colonel and weren't letting go. For three weeks they interrogated the priest, with their usual methods. But Father Musters was made of stern stuff and refused to say anything except that he was a "priest of God."

Frustrated, the Gestapo pitched him into a dark hole for two weeks where he partially recovered, then he was tossed onto a train destined for a German death camp. At Florence, this brave, resilient man slipped his guards, made a clean getaway, and started back for Rome.

During this time, Princess Nina Pallavincini's brother approached Monsignor O'Flaherty as an emissary from Pietro Koch, the hated Commandant of the Fascist Police. Koch saw the end coming and wanted to save his wife and children. In exchange, Monsignor O'Flaherty could have any man imprisoned in Regini Coeli he wanted. So as not to appear too eager, the Monsignor asked for two men: Simpson, and as a blind, a Captain John Armstrong who had wandered into Rome and asked directions to the Vatican of a Gestapo agent disguised as a priest.

Koch searched the prison but couldn't find any Simpson. He turned the roster over to Sam Derry who chose two names at random, one of them Smith, hoping that was Simpson's pseudonym. Two very surprised British prisoners were released from Regina Coeli, but Private Smith wasn't Bill Simpson.

At last a letter was smuggled out of the prison on a piece of cloth. Simpson was masquerading under the name of William O'Flynn, an Irish librarian at the Vatican. Now it appeared that Monsignor O'Flaherty was stymied. Koch had kept his part of the bargain. More inquiries about Simpson would give Koch a hold on the Organization.

But O'Flaherty had one more trick in his well-filled bag: Dr. Ubaldo Cipolla, the double spy who was anxious to get back in the good graces of the winning side. O'Flaherty gave him a beautiful story.

Dr. Cipolla went to Koch with a confession. He had worked for the Germans and now was anxious to work for the British. At the same time, Koch could cover his bets with the Scarlet Pimpernel. Why not let Cipolla take out a prisoner—with the knowledge of Koch—and deliver him to this troublesome Monsignor? Both of them would get credit and might escape the rope as traitors.

Fine, but what prisoner?

Oh, how about this O'Flynn character? He's unimportant, he worked in the Vatican, he's the Monsignor's countryman, and the Irish Ambassador is sick and tired of the Gestapo asking questions about this O'Flynn.

William O'Flynn walked out with Dr. Cipolla. Bill Simpson was a free man. All the main civilian leaders of the Organization were once more on the loose. And then the clergymen started turning up. From out of the Gestapo cellars on the Via Tasso came Whitebows, Brother Robert Pace. Into Rome—a free Rome occupied by the Allies—strode Father Anselmo Musters. What a reunion that was.

But as the Nazis retreated they took fourteen prisoners with them, and on the road just north of Rome, machine-gunned them down in a final act of defiance. The innocent Captain John Armstrong was one of them. The Holy City hadn't changed the Nazis the least bit. They were swine to the end.

Monsignor O'Flaherty had saved 3,925 escapers, among them 185 Americans. The English, in gratitude, awarded him the Commander of the British Empire, which he tossed in a drawer and promptly forgot.

SAM Derry, however, never forgot his private audience with Pope Pius XII. The Pope approached him, and with an amused twinkle of knowledge in his eyes, asked, "And how long have you been in Rome?" Sam kind of gulped on that one.

Monsignor Hugh O'Flaherty continued to work at the Vatican, but the long years of incessant work, ceaseless worry, lack of sleep, broke down even his giant frame. He was sent to California to recover his health, but all his strength had been shared among the thousands of men he had saved. He was happy he was able to do it. In 1963, he died quietly.

Never will the Monsignor be forgotten as long as one of the evaders of Italy lives. ◆◆◆

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SAVAGE WORLD

Continued from page 40

of the tunnel two black-jacketed toughs leaned against the wall waiting patiently. Eileen was abruptly aware of the two suddenly moving away from the wall and blocking off the tunnel mouth. She caught at her fiancé's arm. "Mel, look."

He slowed down to a walk. Even at this distance it was obvious from the slow, menacing walk of the approaching toughs that their intent was evil. Terror and fear began seeping through the tunnel like a poison gas.

Mel and Eileen turned to run back the way they had come, but from the other end, sealing off their retreat, came three more figures. Two boys, perhaps 16 or 17 years old, in black-leather jackets, and a girl about 15 in black sweater and black toreador pants.

The five threatening, macabre figures, closed in silently like jungle animals on their two trapped victims. Mel, swiftly taking in the situation, moved quickly toward the two toughs at the Seventh Avenue end and whispered to Eileen: "I'll charge them. You run past and try to get help. Don't be afraid!"

The girl began to pray softly as the gang converged. But the instant Mel tensed for his charge, one of the boys pulled out a switchblade knife and clicked it open. Eileen screamed.

"Shut your lip, broad, or you'll really get it."

"Please don't hurt us," Eileen begged. "We'll give you anything you want."

"I'll bet you will, broad." He grinned nastily, then flicked the knife at her fiancé. "Up against the wall, Mickey Mouse, and get your hands up."

Mel obeyed and the knife-wielder's companion started going through his pockets. The other three came up and the girl snatched Eileen's pocketbook and searched it thoroughly. She gave the money to a short, fat accomplice and kept the cosmetics for herself.

"You got no butts, sister?"

Eileen said she didn't smoke. That amused the girl and she laughed. "Get this, Freddie, she don't smoke. I'll bet you're a virgin, too."

Eileen did not reply.

The hood with the knife, who seemed to be the leader, growled, "Knock it off, chick. Hurry it up, Matty."

THE young girl persisted. "You really a virgin, sister? Hey, Freddie," she poked the short, fat boy, "I'll bet you can't jump her. I'll bet you're chicken."

Freddie grabbed Eileen and knocked her to the ground. She screamed and tried to fight him off. He slugged her.

As Melvin W. later told the police, he went berserk and jumped on Freddie. He remembers something hitting him on the head and then a sharp burning pain in his side and something warm and wet running down his leg, and then another smash on his head and he blacked out.

About a half hour later, Eileen, her clothes torn from her and her face beaten, managed to stagger out of the tunnel and get help. Her fiancé was rushed to a hospital and fortunately survived the two severe stab wounds he'd suffered. There was little the police could do about tracking the attackers. The gang had disappeared somewhere in the vast catacombs that make up the New York Subway system.

Incidents of this type are not new to the police. They happen with terrifying frequency. Most of the time it is a purse snatching, a quick stick-up. Occasionally, as this time, something sensational that makes the headlines. What troubles the police is that these gangs actually live in the underground subway systems: they have literally become "underworld" gangs. They eat, sleep and play beneath the city streets, coming up only rarely to see the world above them.

Scattered throughout the several hundred miles of New York's subway system are countless arcades or tunnels to hide in or attack from. There are dozens of shopping areas lined with stores that can supply a person's every need, from books to clothes to food to drugs to haircuts. These gangs usually run in packs of ten or more and are made up mostly of teen-age boys between the ages of 14 and 18 with two or three girl companions rarely older than 16. During the day, they spread out through the system mingling with the throbbing rush-hour crowds. They busy themselves with petty filching, purse snatching, or simply window-shopping a store front—actually, casing a night-time job.

As night comes on and the crowds thin out these gangs congregate in their chosen hideout, or "clubhouse" as they call it. Usually it is a dark, off-the-path area that is normally not used by the public, but is intended as a storage place by the transit authority for certain equipment. Here the gang members feel at home and act as though they are at home. Dividing up the loot, having their meals, living it up with wild parties that often end in frantic orgies.

This phenomenon is not confined to New York City alone. Throughout the country in every metropolis that has a subway system, teen-age gangs have "gone underground."

On May 12, 1963, at 3:00 A.M., Boston police found the battered body of a young woman on the platform of the Tremont Street station. Her purse gone, clothes disheveled, she had been sexually molested.

On August 4, 1963, an elderly man on the Broad Street station of the Philadelphia subway was severely beaten by a gang of hoods, robbed of $2.47, and lay there bleeding for two hours. He died four days later at the Mount Carmel Hospital. His assailants were never caught.

Like the constant clanging of a firebell, these reports clatter across the teletype machines of the nation's police headquarters. During last year's Fourth of July weekend, in Chicago, three incidents took place on the Chelsea Street platform. Two men were robbed of their money and jewelry, viciously slashed with razors, and thrown down on the

tracks. Only the quick-trigger reaction of the motorman, braking the train to a halt saved their lives.

That same weekend a young girl waiting for a train was dragged into the men's room and, while one of the gang stood guard at the door, was subjected to a mass rape by seven hoodlums. The girl is now in a mental hospital and the doctors there have little hope that she will ever be the same again.

The final incident of that weekend of horror took place when a middle-aged man was jumped by the same gang that attacked the girl. He was robbed, then sexually mutilated. Rushed to the hospital he was in the operating room two hours, required four transfusions and was on the critical list for three days.

INCIDENT after incident, all across the nation—and all over the world. In that most bizarre of cities, Berlin, cut in half like a loaf of bread, police on both sides of the Wall are faced with the same situation.

Last winter, shortly before Christmas, a soaring number of beatings and robbings of Christmas shoppers had enraged East Berliners. Sergeant Heinmeyer, chief of the U Bahn Volkspolizei, was ordered to see that the situation was immediately cleared up. He organized a squad of Vopos who were given special training and dressed in civilian clothes.

Most of the incidents had taken place in the area neighboring Washauer Brücke station, the final stop before the West. Day after day the Vopos moved through the crowds, following any youth who looked suspicious. Two arrests were made, but the gangs were still running loose and operating with increasing frequency. Many of the Vopos reported that the youths they followed were most often trailed to, and lost, somewhere in the Washauer Brücke station.

At last a break came. One of Heinmeyer's men followed a youth to the last stop, saw him peer nervously around and disappear off the platform, fading into the long tunnel that had led to the West before the wall went up. Heinmeyer knew that the tunnel had been bricked up and was constantly guarded. He checked with the military and U Bahn authorities.

A glance at a subway map showed that halfway down the tunnel was a cutoff tunnel which was no longer used. Heinmeyer, going over his reports, noticed that between 4:00 A.M. and 9:00 A.M., the gangs never operated. He made plans to move in at 5:00 A.M. on the 23rd of December.

That morning, the Vopos, carrying weapons and magnesium lamps, moved quietly down the tunnel to the cutoff. They slid in, regrouped, and turned on the lamps. The darkness became bright daylight. More than twenty youths between the ages of 13 and 17 lay sprawled in deep slumber on cots, bedpacks and air mattresses. Their loot lay scattered about in heaps. The gang was roused from sleep and marched out half dazed and frightened.

In West Berlin, early this year, authorities were plagued by a similar run of petty crimes and purse snatching. Here the gangs operated primarily around Gleisdreieck station, a three-level station in many ways similar to the 34th Street complex in New York. The police, by swamping the area with operatives, nabbed most of the gang and have temporarily broken up the operation. Unfortunately, the gang's "clubhouse" was never located; police suspect it is located in another area and that the gang only "worked" the Gleisdreieck. Once it recruits new members, the gang will be right back in business again.

Howard H. Madden, one of the most respected authorities on crime in the streets, said at a recent gathering of U.S. police chiefs:

"This is no new thing—it is the same old story of the hoodlum in the streets. The only thing new about it is that they found a shelter, a setup of their own, a neighborhood for them to operate in with victims always on hand. A place where customarily the police are not on regular patrol. They must be flushed out into the streets and that can only be done with hard work and extra manpower."

Last spring and summer in New York, gangs of hoods began to roam the subways—not the underground gangs but Johnny-come-latelies encouraged by the word that you could get away with things on the trains. In several incidents they terrorized cars full of people, beat and stabbed chosen victims. In a sudden burst of energy the transit police flooded the areas where such incidents occurred most frequently with extra men and quickly put a stop to them.

An ironic point in connection with this sudden outburst of subway terror was that shortly before the outbreak, one of the TV networks had run a dramatic program—supposedly fiction—portraying an incident of this type. An outcry from the transit authority and city officials denounced the piece as unbelievable. Not too long afterward these same officials, faced with the reality of these terror rides, got on the ball and did something about it.

For a while the Russians played around with these news items pointing them out as examples of the evils of capitalism and laughing at the West with its gangsters. Then, in February of last year, the plush Moscow subway was hit by a plague of crimes that had the stamp of the West's underground gangs. The Soviet government-controlled press ignored the incidents and word was kept out of the papers, but Western correspondents and consular officials, picking up local rumors, leaked the news to the West. Soviet police officials denounced the reports as nothing but a mass of Western lies and propaganda. Then, on the night of March 11th, the mistress of one of the officials of the Ministry of Rail Transport was raped and murdered as she waited for a subway train.

In a wild flurry of action, two subway officials were demoted and a third was shipped off to administer a small railway station on the outskirts of Siberia. Two days later, between the hours of midnight and four in the morning when the subway trains do not run, an entire company of Red Army troops armed with bayoneted rifles swept through the entire Moscow subway system (a total of 11.2 miles) and flushed out almost a hundred teen-aged boys and girls.

THE following week a small item appeared in the Moscow press: "The heroic people's militia, heeding the request of several worker groups that had voiced complaints at occasional annoying incidents which had occurred in the underground transportation system, took positive action. A small group of noisy hooligans were apprehended and carted away to prison where they will be dealt with speedily in the people's court. Here is another example of the evils of Western influence on our youth with its corrupting poisons. An American magazine

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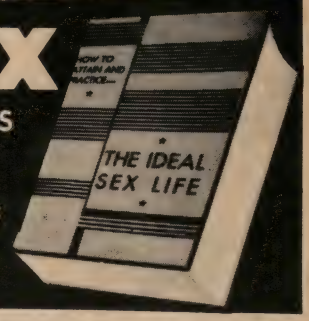

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- Strengthening man's sex virility and sex control towards ideal mutual climax.
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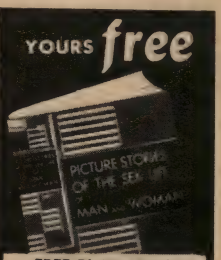

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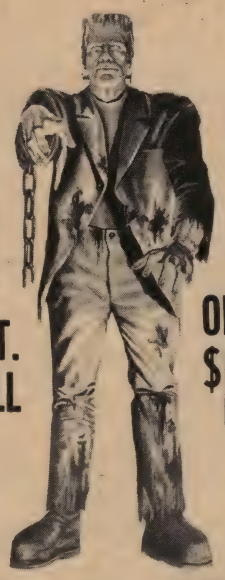

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This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

was found in the possession of one of the group."

As one Western observer in Moscow remarked acidly on reading the item: "That's the way to clear up annoying situations that don't exist."

On the night of August 14, 1964, this reporter sat in the teletype room of police headquarters in New York watching the items come across the wire:

"Seattle, August 14—Police report two young girls dragged into underground subway arcade, disrobed, raped, and driven out into the street."

"Detroit, August 14—Girl gang at Woodward Ave. station kidnaped young man, beat him, sexually mutilated him. Entire gang apprehended by police."

"Chicago, August 14—Priest caught by gang, beaten, forced to engage in sexual intercourse with female member of gang and then left in badly beaten condition on subway platform."

The final item came in from Brooklyn. *"Brooklyn, N.Y., August 14—Ten-year-old Puerto Rican girl lured into subway tunnel at Borough Hall station of IRT, raped by gang of ten, or possibly twelve. Three members apprehended, others still at large. Be on lookout."*

This summer the Paris Metro and the London underground ran into similar epidemics. The London police, working quietly and efficiently, cleaned it up in several days. In Paris the situation was more complicated. Three rival gangs had set themselves up in different stations. The infected locations were Stations de Metro Odeon, L'Etoile and Autueil. After several weeks the police had cleared up the last two stations, but Odeon frustrated them. Raid after raid and search after search failed to reveal the location of the gang's clubhouse. One night a pretty young girl, Janine Piekot, was kidnaped and her boy friend beaten up. In desperation the local police called in the Sureté.

Using electronic instruments and special military listening devices the world famous crime-fighting organization located the clubhouse. The gang had burrowed out a large cave-like room underneath the station waiting platform. It must have taken weeks and weeks of hard, backbreaking labor, but they had chopped it out and then camouflaged the entrance with amazing skill. In the clubhouse the Sureté found the missing Janine and another young girl who had been kidnaped and held by the gang for several weeks. Both girls had been used sexually by the youths.

The law courts consider a female who claims she has been raped and could, but did not, offer resistance as acting as a willing partner to the act. By the same token, someone who is being beaten by an assailant and does not offer any resistance is actually encouraging his assailant to commit further offenses.

Police officials argue that unless we show these gangs that we are not going to sit by and take what they dish out, we will actually be encouraging them to commit more crimes.

During a recent press conference, after police had arrested a gang of hoodlums in Chicago after a subway terror incident the police officer guarding the gang leader was mocked by his prisoner.

THE officer ignored him. The punk laughed and said, "You see how I got these fuzz locked up, cats? I tell them—they don't tell me."

It was obvious the officer was fighting to control himself. A police spokesman made the point:

"They accuse us of police brutality if we just look at these punks. And they're wise and use that angle. They know they're going to be pampered all the way from the moment of arrest to the day the court lets them out with a scolding and a warning. Everyone worries about justice for the criminal, but no one worries about justice for the victim." ◆◆◆

KILLER SPIES, ORIENTAL BEAUTIES!

NIGHT TRAIN TO PARIS — A tiny silver vial, it held the secret of a deadly, "cloud missile" system. To keep it in Western hands, Agent Duncan Reece had to match an army of Soviet agents corpse for corpse on a blood littered 500-mile chase from the French Riviera to the Spanish Alps—MALE'S COMPLETE BOOK BONUS—BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING "THE CINCINNATI KID"

OUR LONELY G.I.'S AND KOREA'S 800,000 "GIVE GIVE GIRLS" — Korean vets are surprised to hear that Old Honey Bucket's changed and U.S. army men no longer consider it Siberia. The reason: Girls. Nearly a million of them who earn their living from American servicemen, and although top American brass frown on the goings on, there's not much they can do to stop these love-and-money hungry girls from cashing in on 100,000 lonely G.I.'s—EXCLUSIVE ACCOUNT

HOW A YANK AGENT STOLE RED CHINA'S H-BOMB TIMETABLE — A mallet-fisted American roustabout, he had seized the payload packet of atomic data that could put the Reds 20 years behind in the hell-bomb sweepstakes. Now, trapped inside the Iron Curtain with three reckless chorus girls as his only allies, he had to hurl himself and his vital burden through the deadliest net of murder specialists the Secret Police had ever set up—BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN ADVENTURE

TRAGEDY OF THE SEX-ADDICT — Like animals driven by fire, these men and women race from mate to mate, using physical passion the way a junkie uses his needle, to find release from nerve-rattling inner torment. Now, a top medical expert tells what pushes insatiable "love chasers" into round-robins of wild desire — and explains the one cure that can send them back to normal sex—SENSATIONAL EXPOSE

Read these and More Great Adventures in March MALE On Sale February 2

STARTING TO GET BALD?

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Like you...and you...and you, these men were losing their hair, or were actually bald. Look at them now! They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart-warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then *"rests"* before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.

MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebacious gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME...1 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have **(1)** excessively falling hair, **(2)** ugly dandruff, **(3)** a rapidly receding hair line, or **(4)** any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

YOU OWE THIS TO YOURSELF

You owe it also to your family and to your business acquaintances to give the Brandenfels HOME PLAN a thorough trial. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

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Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!

1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

2 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

3 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System —as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

Letters, testimonials and scalp pictures (unretouched) are bonafide. All are reproduced by permission.

Competent doctors and clinicians conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth with the Brandenfels HOME PLAN in varying degrees in a reasonable proportion of cases.

In addition, licensed CPA's have certified over 23,000 letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, less excessive hair fall, relief from dandruff scale, other improved scalp conditions.

Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission given.

References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon

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IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

☐ Excessively Falling Hair
☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
☐ Alopecia

AMAZING BOOK BONUS

Until There Are None

continued from page 28

and a pull provided a hole that let him turn the lock and push up the frame. Lifting the dangling wire, he stood aside while the other four entered. Now he was lookout.

The four walked single file through the dark interior, not blindly but rather counting steps on a mental map, taking sudden turns that prevented them from crashing into furniture. They reached the main stairs and mounted them, removing ordinary hatchets from their belts. At the second-floor landing, two of them eased towards the servants quarters to listen for any disturbance and prevent any interruption. The remaining two gently opened the master bedroom door and entered.

Harvey Hewitt, burly and bald, was snoring loud enough to drown out the hum of the air-conditioner. He was flat on his back, arms and legs stretched out. Mrs. Hewitt was curled kittenishly at his side, her heavy breathing counterpointing his snores.

THE two masked men moved to opposite sides of the bed. Waving their gleaming hatchets like orchestra batons, they counted one, two, three! And brought them down with terrific force, rising on their toes, bending from the waist to get optimum leverage. Harvey Hewitt quivered, but it was the normal reaction of a living body suddenly going dead. Mrs. Hewitt jerked straight, then was still.

The two men pried their weapons loose. Their arms rose and fell in unison many times more, battering the heads in a deliberate act of terrorism, breathing heavily from their exertions, turning the neat room into an abattoir.

The action ended as abruptly as it had begun. The two blood-spattered killers turned, marched through the open doors, stood waiting outside. A snap of the leader's fingers and the four collected at the head of the stairs, threaded their way noiselessly through the house, and left as they had entered.

At the homes of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Irving Jacobi and Commerce Secretary Albert Morrow, similar scenes had been enacted with slight variations . . .

In a restricted area of Fort Bragg, Major Bernard Kogan sat stiffly behind his desk, hands spread flat, grey eyes icy with rage, voice low, restrained, harsh. Before him a Special Forces sergeant was at ramrod attention, sweat beading his forehead and lips.

"A man who goes AWOL," Kogan said barely above a whisper, "is a defective. Defectives don't belong in a volunteer outfit."

"Sir," the sergeant protested, "I wasn't AWOL. I was just three hours late getting back."

"You missed roll call. You're carried AWOL on the morning report. You *were* AWOL."

"Sir, I had a little too much to drink last night. I admit that. As soon as I woke and saw what time it was—"

"A man who can't control his habits lacks the necessary fortitude. How you got through training I don't know, but at least you were discovered before any lives were lost. You're of negative value. We'll overhaul our screening procedures to weed out weaklings like you."

"I'm no weakling!" The sergeant broke the brace he was in. "I've a damned good record. Read it. I worked my way up. I passed all my tests with satisfactory pluses. I can hold my own against any man in the outfit. I'm valuable, damn it, sir, trained and fit."

Kogan hadn't made any perceptible movement since the interview started. Now he pushed back his chair a fraction of an inch. His voice had the flat quality of a toneless steel bell.

"You're begging. You're a moral coward. The Viet Reds or the Chicoms would break you in no time. Your tour of duty with the Special Forces is ended. Maybe the Infantry will take you as a cook or a secretary or something. Get out!"

"Hold on, Major! I've earned better treatment than that. I'm a career man, a fighting man, a damned good soldier—"

Kogan stared at him. "That 'get out' was a direct order—Private. Are you going to disobey it?"

The newly made private went white; his mouth goldfished as if he was still determined to argue. Then he thought better of it, saluted, did an about face, and stomped out. The door slammed behind him.

Barney Kogan whirled in his chair and stared out the window, not really seeing anything. Damn it all to hell, where were the men he needed? The physically tough ones like the sergeant who had just left he could get by the freight car load, but where were the *mentally* tough ones? It had taken only ten minutes—ten stinking minutes—to find the sergeant's weak point, pride, and break him. He'd have been mud in the hands of expert brainwashers. Sure, a soldier had to have pride in himself, but he also had to have a hard core of inner resistance that couldn't be touched, or be mentally agile enough to ride with the psychical punches.

In the next room the teletype began clacking. A moment later, his orderly, Sergeant McCutcheon, came in with a long ribbon of paper. "Sorry, Major," he strung it across the desk. "Priority rating."

Kogan read it with frozen expression. Three members of the Cabinet murdered. Counter Intelligence Corps assumed the possibility of a plot to overthrow the government. All combat ready military forces alerted. All leaves cancelled. Further orders follow.

Major Kogan stood up and swung out of the office, saying, "I'll be at 'Everything' Combat."

The "Everything" meant exactly what it said—everything went. There were no rules, no laws, no holds barred. It was the last phase of training and a man was expected to take care of himself. If he wound up in the hospital, it was a good object lesson for the next time he entered the area. Trainees stepping on that flat grassy turf surrounded by canvas walls threw pepper smuggled from the mess hall into their opponent's eyes, carried knives up their sleeves or in a sheath between their shoulder blades, hid blackjacks or sandbags in the smalls of their backs, entwined piano wire in their belts for garroting strings. A thousand and one devices, and the more ingenious and deadly, the higher the marking grade. Only live ammunition was outlawed and knife points slightly blunted, although the blades were left sharp.

Kogan stormed by the two guards at the canvas fly, and ran lightly to the instructor's "safety zone." Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed two men in the fighting circle. One was in the bent-kneed *Kokutsu-dachi* — the "ready" position of the karate expert; the smiling man facing him palmed a throwing knife in one hand and held a trench knife in the other. It would have been interesting to watch the outcome, but Kogan didn't have the time.

"Hold!" he shouted. Lieutenant Sims instantly blew his whistle. All the spectators exhaled in a sigh as audible as a March wind, and looked at the major in disappointment. In the fighting circle, the smiling man threw down his knives in sheer exasperation; the karate player was dazed, blinking, trying to break the intense concentration that had stimulated every muscle for the kill.

"Sims!" The instructor lieutenant trotted over. Kogan showed him the printed tape, whispering, "Guess who?"

"General Cho!" Sims looked up, wide-eyed.

KOGAN nodded. "I wonder if anyone in the Pentagon ever read my report? Probably ended up in the circular file of the wastebasket. I'll send 'em a message that will burn their tails, and demand a reply in writing—not that I'll get it. I sometimes wonder why the hell I stay in the army?"

"Because you'd be in jail or the nuthouse if you didn't, Major. Ask anybody around here and they'll say you ain't quite human."

"All right," Kogan said icily. "I'll ask you."

"Come on, Major," Sims said evenly. "I was up there on the Laotian border when we grabbed the Cho Plan. I'd still be there if you hadn't bailed me out. I'll add my name to your message."

Kogan stared blankly at the canvas. "Why stick your neck out? They won't read this one either . . ."

The Cabinet meeting had a spasmodic quality to it, alternating between periods of nervous silence and quick outbursts of rage and fear.

Michael McKee, the Postmaster General, stubbed out a cigarette in the almost full ashtray before him. He looked up the length of the polished table to President Edward Root.

"The public," McKee's pudgy little hands fluttered over a cigarette pack. "Our policy should be dictated by public reaction."

A snort came from Robert Ludding, the white-maned Secretary of State. "Public reaction," he spoke around his pipe bit, "is what we make it. We plant whispers and rumors with influential newspaper columnists and TV reporters. The question is—what attitude do we take? I have my own ideas, of course, but I'm willing to listen to anybody else."

"Now let's all hold on to our seats," the tiny, driving, Secretary of Defense Carl Reddinger said. "We're suffering from a serious lack of information and are liable to go off half cocked. All we know is that three of our members were murdered. Just the bare fact — no details."

Attorney General Damian Walton picked up the ball. "The servants in each household were the first ones to discover the murders and notified the Metropolitan Police. I heard about it at 6:00 A.M. this morning and put the FBI on it. Pat Joyce is gathering everything he can now and should be here soon."

Stanislas Zabok, Secretary of the Treasury, big, blond, flat-faced, rumbled deep in his chest, "Notice the progression, the lower three ranking members of the Cabinet are killed. I admit I don't know what's behind these murders, but I'm ordering Remo Canna of Secret Service to guard all of you and your families, and to double the guard around the President."

Mathias Balsam, who still looked like a raw boned farmer—which was suitable for the Secretary of Agriculture—shook his head. "I'm going on a tour of the corn belt and don't want a crowd of Secret Service men following me."

"You're crazy!" McKee shouted. "You're asking for trouble."

"Maybe!" Balsam snapped. "I'm doing it though. A display of confidence is what we should show the public now."

"That's a wise move," President Root nodded his hairless round skull. He eyed all those at the table. Could he trust these men whom he had picked himself, some for political reasons, some for ability? Were these murders the work of a maniac, the machinations of an enemy government, or, what was unthinkable but still possible, a plot originated right here at this table to unseat him and take power?

Patrick Joyce, the slender and immaculately groomed head of the FBI entered the room, took a seat off to one side, settling a bulky briefcase at his feet. The President nodded to him. "All right, Joyce, let's have it. Condense it. We can go through the pile of data later."

Joyce stood. "This is a preliminary report, you understand, but a pattern is emerging. All three murders were committed at approximately 2:00 A.M. This alone eliminates the one man, maniac theory but there are other reasons. In each home two people were murdered, husband and wife. The distances between homes is relatively great. Different sized footprints were discovered under the window points of entry. A minimum of three men were engaged in each murder and possibly as many as five. So much for the lone man theory," he waved it aside. "THIS positively was not the work of maniacs or fanatics. Such psychopathic personalities kill in a fury, hacking indiscriminately. Each hatchet blow here was made in a perfectly straight line, showing deliberation."

"This is a coordinated plot of some sort?" President Root asked.

"Definitely," Joyce nodded. "In each home, not a stick of furniture was moved out of place, showing prior knowledge of the interiors. And let's not forget that the murders took place at about the same time, indicating teamwork. Teamwork, I should say, which we were *supposed* to discover. So far, we know that the killers wore the same type of clothes: ski pants, light woolen sweaters — we found threads adhering to the window sills. All wore crepe-soled tennis shoes. The entries into the burglar proofed windows were identical, proving training and extensive planning."

"If you've found out so much in such a short time," the gold bespectacled John Allitti, Secretary of Interior, asked, "perhaps you can tell us who the murderers are?"

"Yes I can," Joyce dug into his briefcase, listening to the buzz of amazement around the table and enjoying his moment. "As you probably know, we keep intermittent watch on most hard core Communists, and constant watch on a few of the more dangerous ones. Last February, fifty hard core Reds dropped out of sight. A few have turned up since then, each with a bullet in the base of the brain. The rest have gone underground."

He threw a pile of photographs on the table. "Here they are. The murderers. I have their dossiers here when you want to read them."

"Since you know who they are," Attorney General Walton snapped, "arrest them."

"How?" Joyce countered. "I can't find them. They're underground."

President Root shifted his broad shoulders. It was a gesture the Cabinet recognized as a prelude to a decision.

"I'm sure," Root said, "you're doing everything possible, Mr. Joyce. One question: you're positive the murders were instigated by the Chinese?"

Joyce nodded. "I have confirmation of that. At least, confirmation of sort. G-2 and CIC sent me a signal they received from a Major Bernard Kogan, warning of something he calls 'The Cho Plan.' This major learned of it while on active duty in South Vietnam. The first report is dated January 6, and foretells last night's events. On the strength of that, I requested he be released from his duties at Fort Bragg and sent here to assist us..."

Barney Kogan sat in the communication officer's seat in the fast jet bomber. He was getting the VIP treatment. That last message he sent to the Pentagon must have blasted somebody's rump loose from behind a desk. They were either going to hang him or kiss him, and he didn't give a damn which. Of course, if he could have a choice, he hoped they'd send him back into combat as a punishment.

He remembered South Vietnam, the oven heat of the jungles mostly, and the goddamn bugs always nibbling where it hurt most. The silent hunts through the twilight under the big leaves, the noiseless moving into position, the sharp clash of ambush and counterambush.

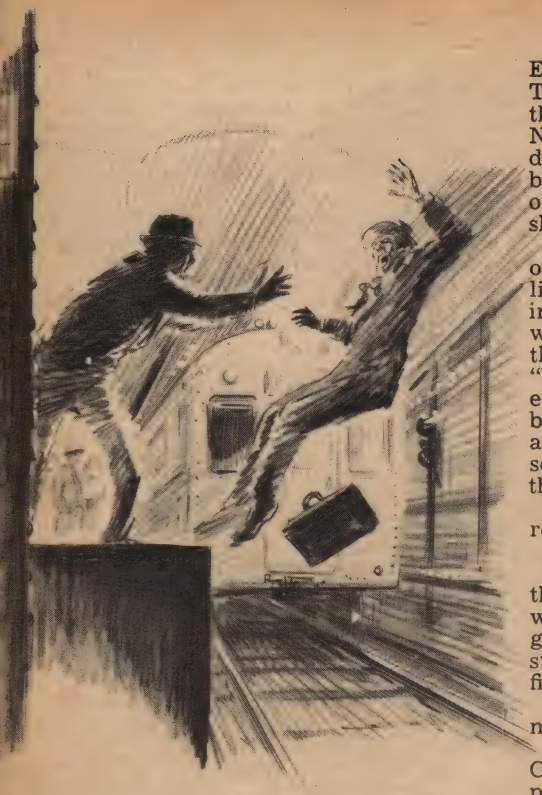
And the Nungs, the Nungs from the mountains near Laos, tough little bastards who didn't even come up to his shoulder and so independent the central government had given up trying to "civilize" them. Maybe it was just as well. They remained jungle warriors and followed the Special Forces "advisers" without question, taking to modern weapons with an aptitude that was pure pleasure to watch. It was a privilege to fight with them.

Barney recalled the twenty-day patrol along the border of Laos that was designed to sever supply lines. Mostly it was all up and down mountains and forward progress was slow, but that's why they were equipped for twenty days. It was a big patrol, two full companies, and he had led it himself to break in a few Special Forces' sergeants and a company of Nungs.

It was on the 13th day that he got that edgy feeling, not because of the number 13, but because he had a way of sensing when the enemy was around. And that morning he knew he was the eight ball in the corner pocket.

A steep cliff, unclimbable except by ropes, fell off to the left. Ahead was a gentle fall into the next valley. On their right was a respectable slope

Balsam started the tractor—and was knocked back in the seat by a stream of bullets.



Someone shoved the waiter onto the subway tracks just as a train was coming in.

leading to a mountain crest some thousands of feet higher. And there, Kogan was damn well sure, was a load of Vietcong guerrillas ready to fall all over him.

The Nungs were sprawled flat on their packs, eating cold rations, waiting for the word to move out. The Special Force boys were squatting, weapons close to hand as they had been taught. Not many men could be seen, but all of them were there, including the double guards.

"First Sergeant Sims," Barney whispered to the Nung nearest him. The little guy nodded and passed the word. Sims came snaking back.

Kogan touched a finger to his lips. "We're in a bag," he breathed gently. He rolled his grey eyes upward. "The woods are full of the lousy bastards. I can feel them setting up right now. As soon as we start to move out, they're going to chop us, and if we don't move soon, they'll smell a rat and slam into us. Since the cliff is our only exit, we'd better hit first."

Sims nodded, waiting for orders.

"We're having a leisurely morning," Barney informed him. "Start cooking-fires. Boil rice. Pass the word to dig rifle pits in a diagonal line with your left flank refused. Experienced boys go on the right flank—hold no matter what. You get all the machine guns and half the men. I'm taking the other half and pulling out to the rear. When they hit you, they'll start sliding along your line. I'm going to be right behind them pushing, and I hope we pin them against the cliff edge. Take all the prisoners you can get. We can always dump them later."

By ten in the morning, the Vietcong's suspicions were aroused. With a blare of bugles they rose out of the underbrush, shouting and firing. The first of them slammed into massed machine gun fire and went down. The rest followed the path of least resistance, gradually moving forward but unconsciously edging towards their right. Everywhere they went were bullets. Try as they might to punch a hole in the line they couldn't because the Nungs were dug in. Gradually it dawned on them that the enemy had been prepared, but the Cong fought on anyway, collecting shoulder to shoulder.

As Kogan pushed the Cong ahead of him, he picked up the end of Sims' line and connected it to his own. Shooting, shouting, gesturing, moving forward, he gradually got a headlock on the Congs, put them in the middle of a "U," pushed them right to the cliff edge. There they stopped and turned at bay. Kogan had machine guns placed around the perimeter and poured in a solid crossfire that cut down trees. The three 81 mm mortars were set up.

Kogan shouted out in Chinese: "Surrender or you die."

"We die!" came the reply.

"It is your choice," Barney yelled, then signalled the mortars. Nine shells went off in as many seconds. Machine guns poured in long bursts. A rag on a stick waved from the underbrush. The firing stopped.

"Stand up!" Kogan ordered in Chinese. "Hands in the air. Come forward."

A North Vietnamese spoke in bad Chinese. "We have made our officer prisoner."

"Bring him forward," Barney directed.

The Congs were in dun-colored pajamas, wore sandals made from rubber tires. Two of them held on to a uniformed officer, pushing him forward. Sims stood up to meet them, his eyes scanning the brush to see if any Vietcong lingered there.

Barney was just about to shout a warning when the uniformed officer moved. With a fast heave he got his arms free, grabbed a pistol from one of the men holding him, fired once and got Sims in the stomach. The sergeant staggered under the impact and sat down. A Cong slammed his submachine gun barrel against the officer's skull.

"Hold your fire!" Kogan roared at his men. "Medic," he pointed to where Sims was lying holding his stomach.

The Congs held their officer on his feet again, twisted his arms behind his back, rushed him forward. Kogan stared at him, studying the face and the uniform. The man was Chinese.

"YOU killed one of my men after surrendering," Barney said in an accusing whisper. "That's murder."

"I didn't surrender," the officer hissed back.

Barney shrugged his disdain and went to question the Congs. Kogan went from man to man, looking at their hands. Finally he found a man with the heavy calluses of a farmer. A South Viet regular army sergeant did the interpreting.

"Why did you leave your farm?" Kogan asked.

"They told me to. My children, my father, my wife are in my village."

"As hostages?"

"Yes."

"The rest here are not farmers."

"No, I was their guide. I was bringing the Chinese officer back from the Central Highlands. He is a man of great honor and importance."

"What did he do in the Highlands?"

"There was much conversation between him and a great general."

"Did you hear this general's name?"

"They called him Cho."

Barney's hand darted to his automatic. With a visible effort he regained control of himself. "I see. What do you think we are going to do with you?"

"Kill me," the farmer said simply.

"Release him," Kogan ordered. "Go to your village, collect your family, find safety with the people of the black robed holy man. Tell him I sent you. He will believe you, give you food and land and work."

"This is true?" the farmer looked up in amazement.

Kogan nodded.

The farmer knocked his head three times on the ground, backed away in a stooped position, and disappeared in the undergrowth.

Barney bent over Sims. The sergeant was in shock; the medic had plasma dripping into him.

"Will he make it?" Barney asked.

"It's a clean hole," the medic said. "With decent hospital care, he'd come around. Out here with the bugs and infection, I don't know."

"Okay," Barney turned and went back to the Chinese officer. He was lashed to a tree. They stared at each other for a long moment. Slowly Barney took out his combat knife, tested the point on his thumb. "You had a conversation with an old friend of mine, General Cho. What did you talk about?"

The Chinese spit on the ground. "My name is Colonel Wang Hong. That is all I will ever tell you."

" 'Ever' is a long time," Barney informed him. He turned and gave orders to the Special Forces men to take small details and patrol a perimeter about a half mile away. A few of the Nungs he told to start fires. . . .

By midafternoon, Kogan had the essentials of "The Cho Plan." The Chinese colonel could still talk and muttered that he was in disgrace.

"That's all right," Barney assured him. "I'll fix it so you won't have to explain. You committed a crime against humanity by shooting one of my men after your command had formally surrendered. The penalty is death. You have fifteen minutes before a firing squad executes you—"

Sixteen minutes later, the body was tossed off the cliff. In the interval, Major Kogan had radioed in an HU-26.

It was almost twilight when the big helicopter descended. The pilot climbed down, stretching his legs, and jerked his thumb back at the still revolving blades. "I brought all the ammo you requested. From the looks of things you sure need it."

"I have a badly wounded man to take back," Kogan said. "I'm returning with you and will sign your log as a top priority passenger. This is important, you understand? Get as high as you can and out of the way of small arms fire."

The pilot looked around. "Hurry up the unloading. I have to take off before dark."

Command went to Sergeant Malverne. "Carry out your mission," Kogan ordered him. "Cut all the roads to pick up point."

"Yes sir," Malverne saluted. "What do I do about the prisoners?"

"You have food enough only for yourself and your men for the next six days," Kogan said. "Tell it to the Nungs. They'll find a solution."

He turned to the pilot. "Okay, let's get out of here . . ."

The jet bomber pilot lowered flaps over Chesapeake Bay so the sonic boom wouldn't shatter windows in

Washington. Landing was a breakneck affair with jets blasting in reverse, a drogue chute trailing in the rear, brakes screaming and smoking. Twenty minutes later the black Cadillac was storming up Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House.

A Secret Service agent stopped Kogan and his escort Captain Caulker, and aide to the President's Military aide, General Fletcher, at the door to the Cabinet Meeting Room. "Do you have any weapons?" he asked.

"Yes," Kogan said.

"Will you deposit them on that table over there?"

"No," Kogan said.

"For Chrissake," Caulker broke in hurriedly, "don't start a ruckus here!"

The agent shifted uneasily. He compromised by going to the secretary's desk, pressing the intercom button. "Mr. President, this is Adams. A Major Kogan is here. He's armed."

"He's in the army, isn't he?" Root asked rhetorically. "Send him in."

THE Cabinet members eyed the door. Major Kogan prowled in and saluted with a sinuous motion. He moved so smoothly he didn't make a sound—not when he saluted, not even when President Root gave him "rest." The strongest impression everyone at the table received was of colorlessness. Kogan had washed out blond hair, grey eyes, a complexion that appeared bloodless. He wore tailored summer tans and the only color on them—and him—was the ribbons above his breast pocket.

Defense Secretary Reddinger broke the silence. "I fancy myself as something of an amateur expert on weapons. Your clothes are tailored to your exact measurements, yet I can't see any weapons."

Kogan held out his hands. "These."

"Oh. I took it to mean—"

Barney decided to give them a show. It might impress them enough to get him what he wanted. His shoulder rotated, his elbow flared momentarily as his hand dipped behind his back. There was a "click" and a snap-blade knife gleamed in his palm. As they stared at it, momentarily stunned, he flipped it into the air, squatted, bounced upright, and caught it. In his left hand, now, was a .25 automatic.

Reddinger snapped his fingers in appreciation. "Very neat trick. How was it done?"

"My bloused pants cover a holster inside my paraboots."

Root nodded and pointed to the end of the table. "Take a seat. You'll notice we have plenty of room," he added dryly. "I understand you discovered the plan responsible for those vacant chairs."

"The Cho Plan," Kogan nodded. "Power through terror. Aimed at morale. Typical of General Cho."

"You know him?" Root frowned.

"Very well," Barney grunted. "From Korea. He was a colonel then, in Chinese Intelligence. We had a nine-month-long sparing match. He was the most dangerous bastard of an interrogator they had. He worked in phases: double talk, pressure, more double talk, more pressure. If you didn't crack after the third session of double talk—which might take weeks—he really went to work. You know, the light on in the cell 24 hours. If you went to sleep he'd wake you up by having a bugle blown in your ear.

"Anyway, when you were really tired and your eyes felt like they were burning through to the back of your skull, Cho had you stand a while. You stood for maybe five, six, seven days. Nothing unusual. When you fell, they hauled you to your feet. By this time Cho had a pretty good understanding of your fears and desires. Say you had a fear of spiders or snakes. Cho had you stand on a stool in a roomful of them. A big iron flange around the stool kept them off, but if you fell, you were in the middle of them."

"What was your phobia?" Root demanded.

"Rats. I was born near the Chicago stockyards."

"Did you fall?"

Kogan slowly rolled up his right sleeve; a row of tiny parallel scars lined the arm. There were gasps from the men around the table. Kogan rolled the sleeve down again.

"That's exactly what Cho is doing now," he said quietly.

"What is?" Allitti blinked through his gold-framed glasses.

"Preying on the fears of every man in this room and the fears of the American people. The government is here. The people don't want to be without a government. It panics them, gets them scary. Just the thought of it breaks down resistance."

"Resistance to what?" Reddinger squealed.

"Resistance to a complete Communist takeover—Chinese style. You and your wives and your families will be killed off one by one until Red China gets what she wants."

"They won't get past my Secret Service men," Remo Canna said definitely.

"As they come out into the open," Patrick Joyce promised grimly, "we'll pick them up."

"You'll get beans," Kogan told them bluntly. "I just finished explaining Cho is a smart Chinese cookie. Don't you think he knows what you're planning? Passive, defensive measures. Resistance. You're one hundred percent wrong."

"What's right?" Reddinger snapped.

"Attack! Hit him first. He's here in the U.S. directing the operation. There are clues to his hideout. Find them, track them, get him."

"You know the way he thinks, right?" Root shot the question.

"Like a brother," Kogan confirmed.

"Can you find him?"

"I'm aching to. For years he's been eating at my insides. But this is a gloves off brawl. Let me pick my own men. Give me emergency police powers, temporary rank over generals, access to FBI files—"

"You've got it," Root promised grimly. "Requisition anything you need. I'll back you . . ."

The call for volunteers went out all over the world. Lieutenant Sims was Kogan's chief aide. "Start collecting"; Barney told him. "You know the kind of men I want. Rough and tough—"

In Kokodan Hall, the Madison Square Garden of judo situated at the University of Tokyo, Sergeant James Holmes, a final phase instructor, was tapped. Wasp-waisted, crane-legged, Holmes was a Negro whose shoulders were so massive they made him appear pinheaded. Kogan approved this choice. Holmes was the only Army man who had ever put him on his back. Even better, Holmes had refused to train for the higher black belt degrees where philosophical indoctrination bars killing.

A number of men came from the Special Forces in South Vietnam, proven in jungle guerrilla warfare. Two Rangers, a Paratrooper, and two Marines were added to the list. A very rugged Navy Frogman rounded out the group to an even dozen. "Kogan's Kids" were ready . . .

Secretary of Agriculture Mathias Balsam was taking his political swing through the Corn Belt. In Iowa, he visited an Experimental Seed Farm where faster growing hybrid corn and drought-resistent wheat strains were being developed. The regular crowd of sightseers, reporters, TV men, photographers followed him and the project manager from location to location. Sprinkled liberally throughout the crowd were Secret Service men and State Police.

"Still know how to run a tractor?" a voice asked from the crowd.

"Sure do," Balsam spoke around a wheat straw and smiled at the cameras.

"Get up there, Mr. Secretary. Would make some good pictures. Run it up and down."

Balsam pushed back his wide-brimmed straw hat, swung with practiced ease into the tractor seat. His smile was real enjoyment, not the fixed grin usual with those in public life. He stepped on the clutch, threw the gears into neutral, hit the gas, the starter—

The engine chattered, flared, smoked. Balsam was rammed back into the seat by the impact of a stream of bullets, doubled over by an almost solid spear of lead from a machine gun firing through the dashboard. As he fell over to one side, his paralyzed finger left the starter, and the machine gun stopped chattering.

The stunned crowd let out a roar and moved in, the Secret Service and the State Police in front. Television and movie cameras recorded the entire scene. Still cameras were held high overhead and triggered, in the hope a great picture might be taken.

A photographer backed out of the crowd working his Graflex. He changed plates, shuffled farther away for a wide-angle shot. Putting the exposed negative in the big leather shoulder case he walked quickly toward the parking area—a man with a deadline to meet.

A HUGE Negro dressed in overalls rose from behind a fence. The .44 Special looked tiny in his massive hand. "Don't take another step," Sergeant Holmes warned. "Stay right there."

The photographer leaped and a heavy slug tore into the ground where his feet had been. In midair, the man pulled a snub-nosed revolver from his case and fired. The bullet chipped wood out of the fence alongside Holmes. The sergeant aimed calmly, squeezed off after the running photographer who swerved to take cover behind a barn.

From the shadowed side of the barn a colorless man in washed out denims stepped forward, aiming a .357 Magnum. He fired once. The high velocity slug hit the running man in the right shoulder, spun him completely around, the little gun still in his hand. The .357 and the .44 both went off at once; the snub-nosed gun flew through the air and fell feet away. The man lay still.

Kogan and Holmes ran to him. Holmes toed him over. He lay grinning up at them, dead eyes staring.

"Cyanosis," Kogan said and stooped to sniff the unmistakable odor of bitter almonds. He bounced up, waved wildly at the parking lot.

"The getaway car. He had to have—"

Holmes whirled. A green Buick roared out backwards, braked, switched gears. Holmes and Kogan emptied their heavy revolvers into the engine. A tortured scream rose as gears shed teeth and twisted into metal scrap. Gasoline fumes and a sparking battery started the fire that whooshed and swallowed the front half of the new car.

Kogan ran but Holmes got there first. He pulled open the door, yanked out the driver, hit him with his .44 and threw him to the ground.

The driver smiled a cyanotic grin at Kogan. The major reloaded his Magnum. "Not our fault, Jimmy. They both had cyanide tablets in their cheeks and bit into them when they saw we had them trapped."

Holmes stared down at the grinning dead man. "Would have been nice to have caught one of these characters alive."

"We will," Kogan promised. "We will..."

THE cellar of a restaurant in New York's Chinatown was the meeting place and the headquarters of the Cho Plan instigators. Five men were present this day, four Chinese and one Caucasian.

Vincent Carling stood behind the motion picture projector giving the commentary. "Here is the actual liquidation. Not the best shots, but the only one of our cameras that caught what happened afterwards.

"The Negro dressed in farm clothes is a Sergeant James Holmes, a judo instructor from Kokodan Hall. Actually an instructor's instructor, teaching only the best the U.S. Armed Forces produce. This is the only photo I have of him right now. But I'll probably be able to get a better one later."

The pudgy, bland-faced Chinese sitting front center nodded. General Cho was dressed in an open-necked white shirt and black trousers. He flicked ashes from a long cigarette. "Good enough," he said in unaccented English. "Proceed."

"Holmes has already fired one shot. Here is his second. It deliberately herds our man toward the barn. Now watch what happens on screen left. Here he comes. Kogan! This is the best close-up I could get of him at this moment..."

Carling finished the reel. He turned on the lights and faced General Cho, opening a large leather envelope.

"Bernard Kogan is our major opponent. Here is a photostat of his original warning letter dated January 6th. That early he had all the essentials of the Plan, and with amazing accuracy."

"Colonel Wang must have died hard," Cho murmured.

"What?"

"Nothing. Go on."

Carling dug out more papers. "This Kogan holds a semi-official position, reporting only to the Secretary of Defense and the President. He's gathered a band of dangerous killers around him. Their headquarters is on the third floor of the old War Building. Very hush-hush. Top security—the elevator doesn't even stop there. It will be difficult penetrating an organization like that."

"There is no cage strong enough that a man can't escape," Cho commented. "Go on."

"I don't understand."

"You don't have to. Go on."

Carling was irritated by such condescension. Cho had been treating him as an inferior ever since they first met. It was unfair. Without him, Vincent Carling, the Cho Plan would never have been activated. He had supplied the contacts, the manpower, the money, the opportunity — everything. Well, he'd saved the prize package for last; this would shatter Cho's calm exterior.

Carling pulled a folder from his envelope. "I obtained this from my contact—the complete military record of Major Kogan."

Cho waved it away. "I know it. Barney Kogan and I are old friends."

Carling zippered the envelope closed with a vicious snap. "If you're so well acquainted, what do you wish done with him?"

Cho looked up slowly, blinking, "Kill him, of course..."

Kogan peered through the curtain behind Secretary of Interior Allitti's chair. The Waldorf Astoria waiters were nervously setting the tables for the luncheon at which the Secretary would speak. They were used to being watched as they worked, but they had never encountered security precautions like this before—not even during Presidential banquets. A cold-eyed serviceman or a hard-nosed cop or a suspicious civilian always staring at them.

The waiters finished setting up and withdrew from the high-ceilinged room. Barney stared at the shining whiteness of the tablecloth before him. It reminded him of many years ago when they had bandaged his eyes...

It was at the interrogation camp in North Korea. Just before the final session with Cho. He was gaunt from maltreatment, jumpy as a cat. Maybe a thousand times he had told Colonel Cho his name, rank, and serial number.

This time Colonel Cho wanted to talk not about things military, but politics, philosophy, ideology, things which were "harmless" and "which could do you a lot of good," he told Barney. Conversation in other words.

Barney conversed. He defended the American system against the Communist. Sure, it wasn't perfect—no government in all history ever had been—but it was the nearest thing to perfection. Communism had attained its material successes through the murder of millions of people.

Cho shrugged that off. "The death of a few for the good of the whole is justifiable."

"That was one of the arguments presented by the defendants at Nuremburg," Barney countered. "Even the Communist judges didn't agree. The prisoners were hanged. How does your neck feel, Colonel?"

Cho smiled. "Secure, Captain. Very secure. We are the wave of the future."

He tamped out his cigarette. "But I fear you are hopeless, Captain. Too bad. You would have been very valuable to us. Well, there is still one more method of convincing you which our scientists have been experimenting with. Perhaps you will change your mind. Then again, perhaps you will lose it. I don't know."

They packed Barney in cotton, putting it between his legs, under his arms, around his hands so that flesh could not touch flesh. His ears were stopped. Then they bandaged him like a mummy. The last thing he saw was the white bandage coming down over his eyes. Only his nose and mouth were left uncovered.

He was entombed in a large rubber bag that covered his head. A rubber air mask was attached to his face and the seams closed. Next he was hoisted high and then lowered into a twenty-foot-deep tank of blood-warm water. There he floated, attached to the outside world only by the umbilical cord of the air hose.

Sense deprivation! He couldn't hear, he couldn't see, he couldn't feel, he couldn't taste, he couldn't smell. The pull of gravity, always present, didn't exert any force on him, because he was weightless in the water. The delicate balancing mechanism in his ear was upset. He was a brain completely disassociated from his body and the familiar world. It was the extreme of aloneness. It was an artificial womb containing nothing but an adult brain.

Some men can take sense deprivation for only a half hour. Some can last as long as five. None are ever taken out of the tank normal.

In that total emptiness, Barney was thrown onto the only resource left him: his mind. He went over the details of every military campaign he remembered, picking out the flaws, putting himself in the place of the generals on each side. He designed the perfect tank. He designed the ideal piece of ordnance. With four imaginary companions, he tried to play poker. The bastard across the table always cheated. He cried. He gibbered. He vomited. He defacated. He became unconscious. He came conscious screaming.

After twelve hours, they pulled him out. The light almost blinded him. When they opened the rubber bag, the smell that exuded from him was appalling. After cutting his bandages off, they stood him in a corner and hosed him down. He kept trying to catch the water in his mouth to surfeit his dehydrated body until they brought him a pitcher of fruit juice. Finally they dressed him in clean clothes and returned him to Cho.

Kogan glared at the Chinese. Cho stared back calmly. "You're a tough minded bastard," he told Barney. "I thought you'd break, but you didn't. I know how much you hate me. You can go now, Captain. We'll see each other again."

THE Korean armistice came before that. Captain Kogan appeared normal during the prisoner exchange, but he didn't talk voluntarily, frequently stared at nothing, and there was a definite time lapse before he answered questions. These behavior peculiarities were noted, and he was sent for psychiatric interrogation. Fortunately, the psychiatrist had read something of sense deprivation. When he dug out what had been done to Barney, he knew he had a time bomb on his hands. Strong sedatives delayed the fuse while Kogan was flown to one of the few United States universities experimenting with the subject. At the university hospital, Barney exploded into a raging, tearing maniac.

Gradually the doctors put the pieces back together again. Cho had made a mistake. He had deprived Barney of his senses too long—until he had passed the point of "normal" insanity. It was conjectured that his mind had shielded itself with a rather rare form of mental catatonia. In other words, it had turned itself off.

The university psychiatrist carefully questioned Barney as to what Colonel Cho had said to him immediately after he was pulled from the tank. Barney

remembered Cho's every word, every gesture, every intonation.

The doctor explained to him that he had been in a highly impressionable state at that moment, wide open for any suggestion.

"I'm afraid," he said, "you'll always be 'tough minded.' Your mind will never bend. It will be impossible for you to deviate from a decided course. Your hatred for Cho will last as long as Cho lives, because he told you so. And you'll spend the rest of your life wanting to see him again, probably to kill him."

"Am I sane?" Barney asked.

"Oh, yes," the confirmation came promptly. "Saner than most people. All of us have aberrations of one sort or another. Yours, you know. That gives you an edge on the rest of the world."

"Can I return to the army?"

"Definitely. With my heartiest recommendation. Being a tough minded bastard is an asset there. The army will also provide an outlet for your repressed hatred. As long as you're in the armed forces, there's a chance you'll see Cho some day. Man lives in hope, you know . . ."

Standing behind the curtain at the Waldorf, Barney blinked. Something had crossed his field of vision. It was the chairman of the luncheon checking on arrangements with the *maître d.* Barney became alert again, grasping his weapon. It was a 9mm long-barreled Mauser pistol developed by the foresters and game wardens of Germany. It was the nearest hand weapon to a rifle and could be used as a machine pistol with the addition of a 30-round magazine. Barney cradled it in his elbow; he could hit a man in the head that way at a hundred yards.

The hall filled, buzzed with noise. Everyone rose and applauded as Allitti entered. The introduction was given by the chairman, then Allitti stood for his speech.

Barney saw the vacuum bottle and glass within easy reach of the Secretary's hand. With a snap of his fingers and a jerk of his thumb, he summoned a Secret Service man.

"Was the drinking water on the speaker's rostrum checked?" he growled.

The agent went white. "Good God, I don't know. I'll find out right away!" He left running.

Kogan parted the curtains with the Mauser's muzzle, drew a bead on the water bottle. If Allitti reached for it, he'd shatter it with a copper-jacketed bullet. The slug would go through the thin wood of the rostrum on a downward course and bury itself in the floor between a railroad man and a trucking executive — providing they didn't move their feet.

Allitti scored a verbal point and paused. Applause greeted his last statement. While it grew, the Secretary reached for the vacuum bottle and glass. Kogan's hand closed around the thin butt of the Mauser, finger squeezing the trigger.

"Hold it!" a voice hissed in his ear. "Bottle flushed and filled by one of our own men."

Barney's finger came off the trigger. He nodded.

The Secret Service man mopped his face. "Cripes! You were gonna shoot! You might have hit the Secretary. You're off your rocker."

Kogan stared at him. "Get back to your post."

The agent retreated quickly, looking over his shoulder, shaking his head . . .

The plane grounded at Washington. Kogan's Kids were first inside the terminal, keeping every square inch of it under surveillance. The Secret Service surrounded Allitti and hustled him into a waiting car. Seconds after Allitti went through the terminal, Kogan called Sims over. "Take the boys back to quarters. I'm going to stick around and see who gets off the plane."

"You checked everybody on it."

"Call it a hunch. Get going."

Barney took a seat and placed the overnight bag containing his Mauser on the chair next to him. The passengers who had been detained on the plane until Allitti's party cleared now started trickling in. Some were obviously businessmen. A number were tourists. There was a scattering of job-hunting girls.

ONE of the girls off the plane was a knockout, a fair-skinned redhead, tall and voluptuous. You couldn't miss her, not the way she filled out that linen suit. Everyone stared, but she seemed oblivious to them as she looked around uncertainly. Evidentally she saw a helpful sign, because she started walking on a path that would bring her past Barney. She had a high-stepping gait that clanked the heavy bracelet on her wrist and kept time with her rolling hips.

As she neared Barney, her suitcase fell open and her clothing spilled at his feet.

"Damn!" she exclaimed, going to her knees. "All my unmentionables." Her eyes flashed up at him, taking him in like a high-speed camera. "Well, don't just sit there, Major. You can help. A guy who's been in the army as long as you have has seen them before."

Kogan knelt, rolling brassieres, slips, panties, stowing them in the corners of the suitcase.

"You don't roll," she said. "You fold."

Barney folded. "Here, how's that?"

"Not bad. Know a hotel where a prospective working girl can stay?"

"No reservation?"

"No," she clicked the bag shut.

Barney rubbed his jaw. "I've got a little pull at the Hotel Annapolis. Good spot and the price is right."

"Thanks, Major. Do I mention your name or —"

"I'm going that way," he picked up her bag.

At the hotel, Barney got her a room on the seventh floor and opened the door for her.

"Thanks," she said. "Come on in. I owe you a drink."

"I'll buy you one at the bar," he offered.

"Let me clean up first," she pleaded. "I must be a sight after that trip. Ten minutes wont' compromise you. There's a bottle of Scotch at the bottom of the bag. Open it, will you? You've seen everything I own. Well, almost anyway," she finished with a mischievous smile.

Barney found the bottle, broke the seal with his thumbnail. He shook it, held it against the light, and watched the bead rise to the top. Next he smelled it carefully, then tilted some of the whisky on his finger and touched a drop to his tongue.

Her purse was on the table. He looked through it, found a wallet with the name she'd given him, Tina Archer; a compact, a bulky fountain pen, a lipstick, a lot of woman's junk. The fountain pen he slipped into his pocket.

Tina came out of the bathroom, fresh and luscious looking, her lips glowing and moist, a mass of waved hair framing her face. Pouring Scotch into two glasses, she flashed him a sparkling smile. "I'll just put some cold water on top of these."

She was back in a moment, handed Barney his glass. "Here's to luck," she toasted him. "My luck in meeting you. Bottoms up."

He grabbed the bottle and took a healthy swig.

"Hey!" she protested. "That's no way. Use the glass."

"I like it out of the jug."

She shrugged, flopped into a low easy chair. "Want to wash up . . . first?"

"I'd better," Barney put the bottle by her purse and went to the washroom. He

At the first shot, Kogan's man, Svenson, tipped the canoe, took cover with McKee.

ran water heavily in the basin until it filled to the overflow outlet, tied a handkerchief across his nose. Submerging the fountain pen from Tina's purse, he gently pried up the lever. Bubbles came out, not ink. A few broke at the top as wisps of smoke, but most were flushed away with a violent flow of water. Still, Barney had a momentary feeling of dizziness and worked the lever carefully. Quickly he finished the job. A fast swab at his face, a rub with the towel, and he was done.

"There," he said to Tina as he walked back into the room. "I feel better."

"Have another drink," she indicated the bottle. "You'll feel better still."

Barney blocked her view with his body, dropped the pen in her purse, placed his thumb over the top of the bottle and made swallowing motions.

"Whew," he wiped his mouth, "that slips down easy. Come on, let's get going. We'll have a few at the bar and maybe you can seduce me into buying you dinner."

"What's the rush?" she laughed. "Have another drink. Maybe I can just plain seduce you."

"Okay," he pulled down his tie and unknotted it. "Get 'em off."

Her eyes went wide. "Hey, wait a minute!"

Barney's fingers paused on his shirt buttons. "Well, are you or aren't you?"

"I said, maybe."

He stooped and picked up his bag. "You're wasting my time. There's a lot of willing gals in Washington. Too bad. I think we would have made it big."

"I think so too, Major, but I don't go in for one night stands. I like a steady guy, and I like you. If I say yes, do you disappear afterwards?"

"I stick."

She glanced at her wrist watch. "I don't have much time. I have an appointment for an interview. Give me a number where I can reach you." She went to her purse, got out the big fountain pen, grabbed some hotel stationery.

"Sit down." She playfully pushed Barney into the low easy chair, and sat on his lap.

"Now." She smiled at him, and pulled up the lever on the pen. A drop of water foamed around the nib. Her jaw went slack.

"Sorry, baby, I emptied it." His right hand went smoothly to the back of her neck, with his left he forced her mouth open, fingered out the cyanide pill. "Now don't move or you'll get a displaced vertebra. Let's have the bracelet."

His eyes never left her face while his fingers searched for the spring or recess in the heavy piece of costume jewelry that had to hide whatever she had put in his glass and later in the bottle.

"You can dye your hair, baby, but that complexion goes with a brunette. You can change your hair style, but it takes surgery to change the bone structure. I've been staring at your photograph for over a week. Did you think you could fool me?"

Suddenly Tina elbowed him in the pit of the stomach. But he was ready for something like that, tensed, his stomach muscles hard as a sack of concrete. He threw her away, grabbed her thumb, twisted it until she was kneeling, arm up and behind her.

"Don't struggle," he warned. "You'll dislocate your shoulder."

She glared at him, but she stopped fighting.

The sweating assassin glanced from Sims and the torch to Holmes sharpening the razor.

"Good. Now, you weren't going to do your own killing, just knock me out—one way or the other. How do you summon the murder team?"

"They're on their way now."

"I doubt that. They wouldn't take chances. They wouldn't try for Major Barney Kogan until he was sleeping peacefully. No, we have time yet. Are they waiting in a car nearby? They had to follow us from the airport."

She didn't answer. Kogan sighed. "Well, it doesn't matter." He raised his hand, brought the side of it down behind her ear, hard enough to stun but not kill. He dumped her, unconscious, on the bed.

Barney moved fast now. He stripped Tina to bra and panties. Maybe she was expected to take him to bed, maybe not, but it wouldn't be surprising. Fixing the stock to his Mauser, he unlocked the door, then stood in the dark bathroom.

Minutes later he grinned as he heard the faintest sound at the fire escape window. Quietly, it was eased up and two men with black hoods climbed in. Each had a hatchet in his belt, a silenced Luger in hand.

"Hey, Tina—?"

KOGAN triggered the Mauser on semi-automatic, putting each slug exactly where he wanted it. The first bullet hit the man facing him in the left shoulder. He half turned with the impact. The second man was turning with the shot. The Mauser slug took him high on the outer edge of the left shoulder, smashing the joint and breaking the collar bone. The Luger dropped from his numbed fingers. As he fell across the bed he threw the hatchet.

Barney ducked, firing twice, disabling the right arm and fragmenting the right knee cap. He bounced high to get a clear shot at the first man again. That murderer was on his knees, holding the Luger in both hands, pointing it at the bed where the girl was beginning to come to, raising her head groggily.

The Mauser's "sprang" and the Luger's "pop" sounded simultaneously. Tina's head jerked and dropped. Her killer died at the same time.

Barney dove for the surviving man, caught the whiff of almonds. His fingers dug into the nerves at the corners of the jaw, relaxing the muscles. The mouth opened, a crushed rubber tablet fell out of the open mouth. But it was too late. Some of the cyanide had gotten down. Enough. Now there were three dead in the room. Fanatical determination had beat him again . . .

Sims burst into Kogan's room the next morning. "Just got the word. Allitti took sick during the night. They want us out there right away."

Barney broke all speed records to Alexandria, and the brakes were smoking by the time the Chrysler came to a full stop. He, Sims and Holmes raced for the front door, waved on by Pat Joyce. Inside, they charged up the stairs and came to an embarrassed halt as they heard Secretary Allitti's voice and then his wife answering him.

Retreating quietly down the stairs, Barney mumbled, "Nerves, I guess."

A man opened the drawing room door off the circular foyer, saw them and beckoned.

"Come in here, will you. I'm Dr. Xavier. I treated Secretary Allitti last night. Mr. Joyce told me the extreme precautions you took. I'm sorry, I did everything I could, but," his shoulders came up in resignation, "Allitti has been murdered."

"Cut it, doc," Kogan said. "I just heard him talking to Mrs. Allitti."

Xavier held up a test tube. "Partial contents of what I pumped out of his stomach last night." He walked over to a scintillometer. "Mr. Joyce provided this." As he brought the test tube closer, the normal click of background radiation turned to a chatter and then to a roar. "Radioactive poison," the doctor said. "He has a week, ten days."

"No one's fault." Joyce stood in the doorway. "Allitti was on a salt-free diet. We found the shaker he used. The salt substitute was saturated with radioactive stuff. It's a trick that's been pulled before. We caught it the last time."

Kogan spoke low and distinctly, "If you suspected this kind of stunt, why didn't you have a scintillometer at the luncheon?"

"We did," Joyce said. "The shaker—we've found it—was lead. Shielded the emanations."

"I'm going to New York," Barney

turned to Sims. "Get clearance for me."

"The New York office has done the job," Joyce stopped him. "Last night one of the waiters was pushed onto the subway tracks just before the train came in. Four cars passed over him. Killed instantly. Ten thousand dollars was deposited in his savings account yesterday."

Barney stared at Joyce. You meticulous bastard, he thought, you know everything. Pretty late to find out about that ten grand. A final security check would have uncovered it and alerted everybody. He said, "The waiter might have been a dupe. There may be a sleeper spy in the hotel still."

"WE'RE checking it," Joyce said casually. He was thinking: Damned amateur! Doesn't know how to investigate. He'll stick his big foot right into the middle of everything.

Kogan glared at him. "I got three more for you last night. You might check on them. The Metropolitan Police have the bodies!"

He walked out angrily. Let Joyce swallow that one. The only things being accomplished were done by himself and his boys . . .

Barney sat in a hollow behind a bush where he could stare down on the small Minnesota Lake and the two men in the canoe. Postmaster General McKee was cracking under the strain. You couldn't blame him; he knew he was next on the assassination list and had fled here to his private retreat.

There had been quite a tussle between Kogan, Joyce and Canna to see who'd protect McKee. Barney had won. Now his boys surrounded the lake, armed with Ruger .44 automatic carbines mounting telescopic sights. In the canoe with McKee was the frogman, Svenson.

Kogan triggered the switch on the phone of his command set. "Come on, come on, let's have it. Tell me what you see."

Ranger Orland's voice came in. "I've got Boseman who leased the Swartz farm two months ago. Holding two dogs, carrying a shotgun."

"Check the shotgun. It could be a doubled-barreled express."

"Marine Vigo here. I got my glasses on a couple frolicking on the beach. First time I ever saw them with fins and air mattresses."

"Figure on weapons in the mattresses. If they move more than a hundred yards from the beach, plug the mattresses. If they insist on swimming toward the canoe, hit 'em. What else?"

"Sergeant McCutcheon here, Major. I've got that itinerate farmhand who lives in the shack in the back of the woods. He's up here, sunning himself as usual."

"On back or belly?"

"Belly."

"He's watching. And he damn well knows he's trespassing on McKee's land. Can you take him alive?"

"Try—"

"Major!" Vigo's voice broke in. "The two on the air mattresses are getting pretty far from the beach—"

Ranger Orland cut in. "Boseman is dropping behind a log. He's—"

"Hit 'em!" Barney snapped.

Rugers went off all around the lake. At the first shot, Svenson overturned the canoe. Underwater he grabbed McKee, pulled him to the air space trapped by the canoe. McKee was hidden, but hysterical. He started screaming. Svenson slapped him twice, then pulled a knife and slipped on a snorkel mask and kept guard, cruising around like a patrolling shark.

Vito plugged the air mattresses. With his last shot he got one of the killers in the head. The other flipped underwater while the Marine reloaded . . .

McCutcheon charged from the bushes like a cougar, fast and quiet. The sunbathing "farmhand" rose, whirled, holding a knife. McCutcheon acted instinctively. With his left hand sweeping across his body he chopped the right wrist, stepped in to catch the outstretched arm, twisted, and threw the man on his back. Suddenly, he remembered about the cyanide tablets, and with the outer edge of his foot, kicked the assassin in the throat, fell on him, dug out the rubber pill.

Svenson found his man approaching McKee underwater. The frogman came up from the depths, his powerful legs propelling him like a torpedo. The would-be assassin thought he could outrace Svenson on the surface and get McKee, but the frogman rolled over, reached up, and opened his enemy from throat to crotch.

Ranger Orland couldn't take chances with Boseman. That double-barreled Express was too big a piece of ordnance. Orland was shooting down hill where the tendency is to go over your target. He held low, hit Boseman just above the eyes, and took out the back of his head.

The whole affair was over in seconds. One by one the reports came in. McCutcheon was absolutely despondent.

"I had him on his back, Major. Used a judo kick to his larynx. Crushed it. He must have had a tender throat. I swear I didn't kick that hard."

Barney didn't answer. He was too disappointed. Cho's assassins had cheated him again . . .

When McKee was safe in his fishing lodge, Kogan held a scrambled telephone conversation with President Root. They decided to force the Chinese Communists into a premature act. At a hastily called press conference, the President sadly declared, "It has just been reported to me that my good friend and associate, the Postmaster General, Michael McKee, tragically drowned in a boating accident. He was on his favorite lake in Minnesota, fishing. That is all the facts I have now. As I get more details I will report them to you . . ."

Peking took the occasion to trumpet all over the world that the "People's Revolution of The United States" was now in its final phase. Citizens of the United States, under the benevolent direction of the People's Democracy of China, were assassinating their leaders to show their displeasure with their government. The peace-loving people of Democratic China did not want to see any more needless bloodshed. The unpopular U.S. government should resign to preserve world solidarity. Those people in the United States who looked to Democratic China for leadership, who were actively fighting for peace, demanded that the following conditions be met, etc.

The peace-loving people of the United States were outraged. Congressmen demanded a retaliatory war. Newspaper editorials seconded the motion. The next morning, the United Nations General Assembly condemned Red China as an aggressor and for interfering in the internal affairs of another nation . . .

General Cho's rage was terrible because it was so restrained. Vincent Carling had to bear the brunt of it. Cho hissed: "McKee is NOT dead. My whole plan is endangered. The morale of the other Units is being undermined. The reaction of the United States is more powerful than had been anticipated. Peking should not have released their demands until I notified them. I hold you responsible, Vincent. You did not check the report. You did not get to your news sources to restrain the strong reaction. You will be officially reprimanded."

Carling smiled inwardly. He held the upper hand this time, knew it, and intended to keep it. Straight-faced, he buckled his briefcase and got to his feet. "I dare say you no longer have use for me. Of course I'll accept the reprimand and extend a confession of my inadequacy — explaining that you trained the Liquidation Units, took them from my control, refused my advice, and by constantly calling me to New York to tell me your petty grievances, took me away from my contacts—"

"Comrade," Cho smiled. "Sit down. We have always been equals. I cannot imagine where you got the idea that I considered you an underling. Such nonsense. You are to be the leader of the People's Democratic Republic of the United States. How could I give you orders? I depend on you."

"That's nice," Carling said dryly and glanced at his watch. "I have to get back to Washington and pick up some of the pieces. Call the emergency numbers on the list I gave you, Cho. It's time to activate the sleepers."

"Of course, Vincent," Cho smiled with his mouth, not with his eyes, thinking: let the fool play leader now while he is still needed . . .

When the initial furor died down, Michael McKee was brought back to Washington and produced publicly. His press conference was seen all over the world via communication satellite.

"As Mark Twain once said," McKee's jowels bounced with laughter, "the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated. I was out of contact up there at my little lake, and am still reading my obituaries. I fervently hope the newspapers will continue to be as nice to me alive as they were when they believed I was dead."

The whole world laughed with him. Except Red China. Throughout the East, she had lost face . . .

KOGAN sat in Joyce's office and explained it to him. "The Chicoms will have to pull a really big caper to regain face. It won't be a military movement, for lots of reasons, so it has to be another assassination. Now let's stop kidding around with each other, and kidding around with other people's lives. Cards on the table. Only the President, the Cabinet, you, me, and Canna knew McKee was heading for his fishing lodge. A murder squad was planted there two months ago, but were readied just *before* we arrived. That means there's a leak in the Cabinet. I think you know who it is."

Joyce smiled slightly. "You came up with that answer pretty fast for an amateur. His name's Vincent Carling."

"Carling? Who the hell is he?"

"An old school chum of Carl Reddinger's, our impetuous Secretary of Defense. They have dinner twice a week and play chess. Funny, Carling is American 'First Family'. Ancestors in

every war since the French-Indian. Belongs to all the right clubs and patriotic organizations, knows all the right people, is seen in the right places. Money. He's a lobbyist for a lot of big companies. Pulls a lot of weight."

"How the hell can a guy with all that go so wrong?"

Joyce shrugged. "Nothing unusual when you're sitting on this side of the desk. Maybe it's because they've always had everything. A hunger for power is all that's left. I've been keeping Carling on a loose rope."

Kogan snorted. "I'll tighten the rope around his neck."

"You won't do a damn thing!" Joyce snapped.

"NOT yet," Kogan said. "He's the contact between the Liquidation Units and General Cho. He'll make a mistake. Then I get Cho and you get what you want. I suppose you're keeping close watch on your boss?"

"Not particularly."

"They won't back track for McKee. That would be admitting to a mistake. The Attorney General has to be next."

"Wrong. You are. I've got that from the inside and its reliable. Cho has just activated a lot of new help. The idea is to get you out of the way."

Barney's face twisted in a smile.

Joyce frowned. "What are you so happy about?"

"My old pal has made a mistake. He's coming out after me. There'll be too many mouths around to keep them all shut. One will talk."

"If they don't all swallow cyanide first." Joyce dug into a desk drawer and came up with a massive stack of folders. "Here's all the information I've got on Cho's new recruits. My secretary will give you an office down the hall."

Kogan grabbed the folders. "Sergeant Holmes and Lt. Sims are waiting downstairs. Send them up to me."

"Certainly," Joyce waved. He smiled inwardly. That stack of information should keep the soldier boy busy for hours and out of the way. Maybe President Root, Vice President Frank Dennis, and McKee had confidence in him, but none of the others did. The rest of the Cabinet was holding a meeting at Treasury Secretary Zabok's house to discuss the situation with Joyce and Remo Canna. Trained minds were needed in this situation, Joyce told himself, not violent jungle fighters like Barney Kogan . . .

Major Kogan arrived with the ambulances. The house was still smoking and the entire front had collapsed in on itself. The explosive violence had shattered windows in neighboring houses. Police had cordoned off the area with road blocks.

Treasury Secretary Zabok had died in his own home. Also dead were Carl Reddinger, Secretary of State, Robert Ludding, and Remo Canna of Secret Service. Attorney General Walton was still alive — they identified him from his wallet and class ring. The doctor thought he might live to reach the hospital, but surely no longer than that. Pat Joyce was swathed in sterile towels to stem the blood flowing from glass and splinter cuts. None of his vitals had been pierced, but one eye was gone. The prognosis on him was "fair," and thanks to his strong constitution, there was every likelihood of his making it.

Seated on lawn chairs, wrapped in blankets despite the warm evening, were the stunned Mrs. Zabok and the trembling Claudius Wilkins, man of all work. FBI and Secret Service agents surrounded them and another doctor was about to administer sedation.

"Hold it!" Kogan ordered. "I want to talk to them."

"Absolutely not!" the doctor shook his head. "Mrs. Zabok is in deep shock. I won't be responsible—"

Barney motioned with his head. Jimmy Holmes squatted in front of Claudius Wilkins, stilled the man's shaking hands between his massive palms. Holmes crooned a soothing lullaby of words; soon answers came in the lilting accent of the Bahamas.

Barney chatted with the Federal investigators. All they had gathered so far was that the center of the explosion was in the circular foyer. As soon as emergency floodlamps and a generator arrived, they were going to pick through the wreckage piece by piece.

Sergeant Holmes stood up, walked to the jeep, lit a cigarette. Barney followed him. "Get it, Jimmy?"

"Yeah. The meeting was set up two days ago. We were left out deliberately. Reddinger was the last to agree to come, so it looks like he tipped the meeting to Vincent Carling. Anyway, a telephone repairman came this morning and fooled around the telephone table in the center of the foyer. Funny thing—that telephone was ringing all day long and nothing happened. Then all the brass shows. Mrs. Zabok greeted them and went to the back of the house. Claudius Wilkins took their hats and went to put them on a rack in the back of a deep closet. He heard the telephone ring and Zabok answer it. Bingo! The roof fell in. Wilkins thought he had been buried alive."

"The phone kept ringing *after* the repairman left?"

"That's what he says."

Barney thought a moment.

"Come on, let's trace the line."

At the junction box on the corner pole, they found a wire going into a nest of bushes. Inside, carefully hidden, was a set of binoculars and a signal generator. A sympathetic vibrator on the Zabok telephone had set off the explosion. Barney whistled for the FBI and climbed into the jeep.

"We're going back for the rest of the boys. Then we pick up Carling. When he killed his best friend, he lost his best protection. He'll talk. If it takes a week, he'll talk . . ."

The three of them marched along the third floor corridor of the old War Building in silent determination. Ahead, a porter backed out of a supply room, guiding a wheeled bucket with a mop. Nothing wrong with that, except that Kogan's Kids did their own housekeeping. As they passed him, Kogan slammed his right fist into the porter's stomach, doubling him over so that his mouth opened in a breathless gasp. Sims kicked the legs out from under him. Holmes lifted him high, dangled him head down and shook him. Barney dug into his mouth with his fist, found the cyanide pellet.

"Hold him, Jimmy," Kogan ordered and sprinted into the supply closet. An odor like fresh cut hay filled the little room. High up on a grating a gas grenade was taped, the trigger pulled, the cannister empty.

Kogan walked back slowly. Holmes gripped the "porter" in a painful judo lock. Barney stared at the wiry little man for a long silent minute. When he spoke, he spaced his words deliberately.

"He put a container of Lewisite into the ventilating duct of the sleeping quarters. All the boys are dead. He's going to tell us everything he knows. Take him into the latrine over there."

They hoisted him onto a locked latrine door and tied him there so he was suspended by his armpits. Barney cut away his clothes. The assassin started sweating. The sweat flowed as Holmes removed his shirt, rippled his muscles, pulled a stropping leather fastened to the wall taut and began to sharpen a straight razor. *Slip . . . slap . . . slip . . . slap . . .*

Sims took a blow torch, let some fluid drip into the container under the flume, and lit it so pressure would build up in the cannister.

Kogan stared and stared with his permanently frozen grey eyes. He talked to himself. "You know what he's going to say—he doesn't know anything."

Zzzz went the blowtorch. *Slip . . . slap . . . slip . . . slap.*

"Then we'll go to work on him. A skinny punk like this I give, maybe, a half hour at the most. Fifteen minutes probably."

"You can't do this," the man whispered.

"Why not?" Barney asked. "No one can hear us . . .

Slip . . . slap . . . slip . . . Zzzz . . .

"You know something, murder boy, when I look at things like you, I don't see anything human."

"I don't know anything!" Murder Boy suddenly screamed.

"I told you he'd say that," Kogan sighed. "But I bet he knows the names of the other scum in his cell. You ready yet, Jimmy?"

Slip . . . slap . . . slip . . . slap.

"Sims? You want to try?"

Zzzz . . .

"Four names he's gonna give us. Four names. Shouldn't take more than eight minutes. Let's get at it."

Sims adjusted the valve on the blow torch. The flames gushed out blue and hot, making the heat waves dance. "Ready," he said.

Holmes straightened up. "Ready."

Kogan stood, a knife suddenly materializing in his hand.

"Stop, stop, stop!" Murder Boy screamed. "I'll tell you. The names of the men in my unit . . ."

MAJOR Kogan was at the White House, reporting to a bathrobed President Root.

The drawn curtains were just brightening with the dawning sun. "He talked all right. So did the others when we rounded them up," Barney said stiffly. "All four of them. I found the liaison man and who his contact is. Carling, you may already know, has disappeared."

The President nodded and played with a paper opener. "You, ah, didn't use, torture?"

"Not physical. Mental. The psychology of fear. I had a good instructor, remember, in Cho. They've confessed to murder. I suggest an early trial."

"They'll get it. The political situation is bad," Root shook his head. "Very bad. I'm trying to stop a war and still keep up public morale."

"Throw these characters to the wolves. They're made to order. Big headlines. I'll bring back Cho and Carling. The Chicoms will disavow Cho, but it won't mean a damn thing. That should lower the boiling temperature of the people."

"Maybe. How do you know you can take them alive?"

"Carling I'm sure of. He's a behind the scenes operator because he hasn't the spine to get out front. Cho isn't the suicidal type."

"All right," Root threw down the letter opener. "But right now we have to show the Chicoms we're not afraid of them. Vice President Dennis is making a speech this afternoon in New York. I'm making a public appearance before the NMA this evening."

"Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?" Barney suggested.

"No! There'll be too many tomorrows, if we don't take affirmative steps now. By the way, I heard about what happened to your men. Do you need any more?"

"No sir. I'll assign Sims and Holmes to Vice President Dennis. The rest I'll handle alone . . ."

Vincent Carling hung up the phone and turned to Cho. Worry wrinkles lined his face. "I can't raise one of Unit Five. We don't know if Kogan is still alive or not."

Cho shrugged. "It's too late to concern ourselves. Everything is in motion. Kogan could be an inconvenience, but not an actual danger. Come, it's time to leave . . ."

Kogan, in civilian clothes, stood in front of New York's Governor Clinton Hotel. He asked a taxi driver stationed there, "Do you know Al Baker?"

"What do you want with him?" the hackie was cautious.

"Friend of mine told me to look him up."

"What's your friend's name?"

"Joe Florida. We belong to the same club. He's in Lodge Five."

"Get in."

"You Baker? You know the Rose Petal Restaurant?"

"I'm Baker. You'll be there in twenty minutes."

In narrow Elizabeth Street, just off the Bowery, Baker swung the taxi into an alley.

"We use the rear entrance," he said as he braked. He got out and came around to open the door for Barney.

Kogan came out stooping. Baker swung a blackjack, grunting, "All contacts were severed this morning . . ."

Liquidation Units Six, Seven, and Eight moved across town by separate routes with the Hotel Carlyle as their objective. As hotel "guests" they moved up to the roof and others down to the lobby. Silenced Lugers took out the Secret Service men on the roof, and those guarding the rear entrance. A florist truck halted at the service entrance. Eight men got out to join the seven waiting. Leader One asked, "What floor is Dennis on?"

"Ninth.

"Okay. Let's move . . ."

Sergeant Holmes held his tiny walkie-talkie. He switched channels and kept calling, "Hello, Hello. Able here."

Finally an answer came. "George at main entrance. What is it Able?"

"Can't raise Baker on the roof or Charlie at the rear. Check it out fast."

Sims threw down the magazine he'd been reading and hefted a Thompson. "Seems like they're coming in."

Holmes picked up a light M-16 rifle, "Seems like it. I say fight 'em in the hall."

"Why not? Set up a barricade. I'll rouse the rest. We'll protect the rear. That's where they'll hit hardest," Sims ran lightly down the hall, rapping on doors. The Secret Service came out and took positions.

HOLMES hauled couches and chairs out of the rooms, built two barricades, one to cover each end of the L-shaped corridor, front and rear. Slipping two bandoliers around his wide shoulders, he posted himself in the corridor leading to the bank of front elevators. His light plastic Armalite rifle was a deadly little spitting weapon, just under seven pounds. Instead of bullets, it fired plastic-coated *fleches*. As they emerged at high velocity from the muzzle, the plastic coating crumbled off and the fleches flew like the darts they were named for. When they hit something solid, like wood or even concrete, they had amazing penetrating power and would drive straight in. When they hit softer material like flesh, they ripped ragged, gaping wounds.

The Liquidation Unit tumbled off the freight elevator, throwing themselves to the floor on each side. Bullets smashed over their heads. Prone on the rug, the assassins rolled round grenades down the corridor. Some exploded with enough fury to knock Secret Service agents out of their hiding places or leave them staggering around dazed until quick bursts of automatic fire put them down. Other grenades popped and released heavy clouds.

"Jimmy!" Sims yelled. "Grenades. Smoke and gas."

Holmes picked up a chair, hurled it through a window. A vase knocked out another window. A burst from the M-16 opened another. The draught forced the cloud of gas and smoke back toward the freight elevator.

Gas-masked men ran through it. Sims chopped them with controlled bursts, swept the corridor with bullets to keep it clear. A fragmentation grenade lobbed through the air exploded in front and above him. Shrapnel tore into his neck. He felt a chisel go up his nose and then a hammer fragment the bone.

"Lieutenant?" Jimmy Holmes yelled. "Sims! You all right?"

No answer.

Holmes bellied around the corner. The lower side of Sims' face and his left side were covered with blood. He heard Holmes but didn't answer, merely waved him away. Sims was laying his own little trap. Jimmy got back to his position.

Sims heard the assassins coming but stayed off the trigger. Let them get in close. He flopped across the barricade, letting the blood drip down and stain the already ruined furniture. The gas masks cautiously poked out of the fog. The first glance gave them more confidence. A line of them formed, walking toward Sims' dangling body. One of the men raised a BAR to make sure.

Sims jerked and flopped behind the barricade, locking the Tommy with his palm on the angle of the couch and swiveling it. A spew of slugs knocked the murder squad over like pickets in a hurricane. As one of the dying men fell, he straight-armed a fragmentation grenade away from him. The string tied to his lapel button hole pulled the pin. The grenade landed in the middle of the barricade. Sims dived for it but his wounds prevented fast, accurate movement. The grenade went off and shrapnel penetrated Sims from head to foot.

Jimmy Holmes snaked around the turn in the corridor again, saw what had happened, back tracked and slid over his own barricade. He crawled through the thinning smoke by the front elevators, turned to his right and saw a knot of men in a huddle. Holmes held the trigger of the M-16 down until the magazine was empty. The bodies piled on each other. Jimmy reloaded and patrolled the corridor. He passed dead Secret Service men, then the Chicom terrorists Sims had killed. Coming full circle, he knelt by Sims' body, feeling for a pulse. There was none.

Three fast shots slammed him into the couch of the barricade. The assassin with the BAR wasn't quite dead and Holmes' back was a large target. Jimmy pivoted painfully, aiming the M-16 with one hand, and pulped the head of the man who had shot him. Then he slid down to the floor alongside Sims. Vaguely, Holmes heard a door squeak open, and footsteps coming off iron treads onto carpet. Struggling to peer through the haze, he balanced his deadly little weapon over his arm, ready to sweep the corridor.

A Secret Service man came out of

Holmes kept firing as the "Liquidation Unit" advanced on the makeshift barricade.

the dark. He bent over Jimmy. "Are you all right, sergeant?" he asked.

"No," Jimmy said, and some blood slid out of his mouth. "How many did we get?"

"Fifteen. That's what we counted."

"That's all there was," he closed his eyes.

"Sergeant? Sergeant? Where's the Vice President?"

Jimmy coughed. Red froth foamed on his lips. "At the Waldorf . . . We figured they'd follow us . . . Tell Major Kogan I'm sorry . . ."

"Sorry? For what?"

"He got me in the back. I should have known better . . ."

Kogan dropped to his knees and the blackjack whistled by. He grabbed the hackie above the ankles, stood and snapped the body down so the head slammed on the ground. At the same time he kicked him in the kidney. There was one contact man who wouldn't be getting around for awhile.

He tried the handle of the delivery entrance of the Rose Petal Restaurant. The door was open. Walking in casually, Barney looked over the two cooks, the apprentice, and then the fat manager in black bow tie.

Barney's grin twisted his face. He could scent the nearness of Cho. Beckoning to Fat Boy, he turned up the flame under the simmering chicken stock, and called the manager by the worst name that can be called a Chinese: "Dog's head!" He grabbed him in a judo twist and held his head over the hot film of bubbling chicken fat. "Tell me where Cho is or there will be a well boiled dog."

The manager screamed as his face neared the soup. Barney looked around quickly. The two cooks and the apprentice were staring, taking a neutral position. Barney bore down on the manager's neck.

"The general has gone," Fat Boy howled as steam heated his face. "He left with the rich white dog."

"Where, dog's head?" Barney pressed down.

"I overheard for the capitol – for Washington."

Kogan threw him at the cooks and strode out.

Barney made two phone calls: one to the police and one to Floyd Bennet Field, requesting a plane or helicopter. The Navy told him a helicopter would be fastest, to take a cab to the Wall Street 'copter port and wait for the Navy chopper . . .

Carling used his car phone as his chauffeur pushed onto the Philadelphia bypass of the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Each one of his calls elicited the same answer: . Pressident Root was in the Dupont-Hilton Hotel to address the National Association of Manufacturers' meeting. The entire 12th floor was sealed off and loaded with Secret Service and FBI. There was no possibility of Carling's gaining entrance. Vince Carling smiled at that. Another phone call, using code words, alerted all the Liquidation Units in Washington. The last phone call was to the Dupont-Hilton, requesting a connection with the Presidential party. He went through a number of people, insisting he had to speak to the Chief of Security. Finally Lavron answered.

"Hello, Lavron?" Carling said, disguising his voice. "This is Wallach, Vice President Dennis' secretary. I'm calling from a car moving towards you. I have a message for High Tower One from Base Plate Two. Do you understand? A personal message from Base Plate Two to High Tower One. Arrange it. Urgent priority. I have to see High Tower One personally. Got it?"

Kogan leaped from the 'copter, ran for the garage where Marines were mopping up.

"Got it!" Lavron confirmed. "I'll issue the orders. We'll pass you right through."

Carling hung up the phone and looked at Cho triumphantly. Cho nodded approval. "Well done. We should be there just in time to direct the Liquidation Units in their final effort . . ."

As soon as the Navy 'copter cleared the constant static above New York harbor, Major Kogan got on the radio and started calling Washington. The Pentagon was almost empty except for a few clerical personnel. One radio operator even asked, "Major, what do you expect on a Saturday night?"

Barney cursed silently. "Are there any armed forces in Washington at all?"

"Well, try Fort McKinley. Maybe the Honor Guard at Arlington."

KOGAN called Fort McKinley. General Barrows was cooperative, but it was Saturday night and besides, he didn't have many combat veterans on station.

"The Honor Guard then," Kogan growled. "They're trained and fit. Order four to take duty all night long, if necessary, and put the rest in the Dupont-Hilton garage with full combat equipment."

He switched off and contacted Quantico. Marine General Connors simply asked, "How many and how fast?"

"A fully equipped combat company and as fast as 'copters will get them to Dupont Circle. Land them with a minimum of fuss and have them move to the Hilton garage as quietly as possible . . ."

The first Liquidation car to roll into the hotel garage contained five men in tuxedos. They got out, chattering jovially, and because of their distinguished appearance, the Honor Guard held fire. An attendant took the car away, and the five men parted, laughing, shaking keys, scattering as if they had different destinations at the moment but would meet later.

Quite suddenly all the garage attendants were dead. The Guard knew nothing about it until the lights went out. One of them yelled—and fell off his perch as slugs bored through him, sent by silenced Lugers. The noise of M-14 rifles shattered the stillness.

While the Honor Guard was preoccupied with the five men, five more cars rolled in, blocking entrance. Immediately the big steel overhead door was pulled down, shutting off the outside world. The Guard was outnumbered, and they had never worked as a combat team before. Soon only a few were left.

Laughter went up from the Liquidation Units. This was very easy. True the resistance had been unexpected, but—they supposed—it was natural the President would be nervous under the circumstances and station men in the basement.

The noise of the firing and the closed doors prevented any other sounds from penetrating. But now the firing had stopped and the assassins heard the grating noise of the sliding steel door rattling back in its frame. Some light poured in, but nothing was seen.

"What is it?" came the whisper.

A thud was heard. "What was that?"

"Number Three, Unit Two, close the doors. This is Leader One."

Silence. Another thud. And the doors remained open.

Outside, Captain Yerba looked over his two dead captives. They wore ski pants, black sweaters, black hoods, had silenced Lugers and hatchets. The Marine C.O. marched down the line of his men. Silently they rubbed dirt on their faces, dumped their packs, eased their weapons to full cock.

"You won't see them," Yerba whispered just loud enough for the end man to hear, "but you can identify them by touch — wool. They'll start pulling back before you. When you need light, I'll give it to you. Start moving out."

The Marines bellied in along the shadows, snaking under the cars, down the long lanes of parked vehicles. Some preferred knives, others revolvers, still others liked the old reliable Thompson.

When a Marine touched wool, he killed instantly, thoroughly . . .

The Navy helicopter dropped Major Kogan in Dupont Circle. He ran for the Hilton garage where Captain Yerba and his Marines were still cleaning up.

"Is this all the garbage?" Kogan asked.

"Yes sir," Captain Yerba saluted. "No trouble. Hope you didn't want any of them alive."

"NO, I already got a canary. Move the rest of that dirt out of here. Hold your men in the Circle—don't let them be seen. If you hear shooting, come arunning. You did a nice job."

"I've heard about you," Yerba grinned. "I take that as a compliment."

Kogan went to the house phone and bulled through to Lavron. The Security Chief was stubborn—for awhile. Kogan snarled into the phone, "You take orders from me and you take orders from the President, that's all. I'm telling you that nobody—nobody—enters or leaves the twelfth floor until I give the word. Understood?"

"Yes," Lavron said. But he had every intention of admitting Base Plate Two. After all, that was a Secret Service code phrase used only by Cabinet members for emergency purposes, and what would a military man know about such things . . .?

Kogan didn't have to wait long. Carling's big car rolled into the garage and down the center aisle some fifteen minutes later. Cho's eyes took in the bullet scarred walls with a single glance.

"Careful," he whispered, taking a small, silenced .25 from the seat cushion. "There has been fighting here. And none of the Liquidation Units are in sight."

"They shouldn't be," Carling said, unperturbed. "Secret Service men must have been on duty. That would account for the condition of the place."

The car parked. Kogan came in low and fast, staying in the blind spot. When he got to the car, he rose suddenly, reaching in the front window, grabbing the keys from the ignition, holding his .357 Magnum at the ready.

"Hands in the air," he snapped. "Everybody out. Careful."

Cho shrugged, opened the door slowly a few inches. Carling started getting out on the other side.

"Hold it, Carling!" Barney yelled. "This way."

In the fractional instant that Barney's eyes were on Carling, Cho put his shoulder to the door and rammed. Barney leaped backward but the swinging door caught the barrel of the Mauser, tipped it, knocked it off aim for a second. Cho came spilling out of the car, going to his knees, firing low as he landed. One of the bullets hit Barney below the navel, doubling him over. The second bullet ripped through the big muscle of his right thigh. He was falling, couldn't get the Magnum lined up on Cho.

The chauffeur came piling out of the car all over Kogan, driving in shoulder first, knocking the wind out of him, grabbing his gun wrist. The chauffeur, an ugly ex-pug, pinned the wrist to the concrete with both hands.

"Quick," Cho looked away from the two of them struggling on the concrete. "The elevators." He hustled Carling to the rear.

Carling protested. "What was Kogan doing here? This is all wrong. I'm not going up there alone."

"Get me past Lavron," Cho shoved him. "That's all you have to do. I'll handle the rest . . ."

Barney Kogan was busting himself in half. He couldn't force the weight of the chauffeur back, and the guy knew how to protect his eyes. Barney rolled up on to his shoulders even though the pain almost made him pass out. He curled his left leg between himself and chauffeur, used powerful thigh muscles as a pry bar, rolled to a sitting position with the pug's neck locked under his knee. The same motion aided the swing of his free left hand. It came down like an ax, crushing the pug's already battered nose. The pug went limp. His nasal bone was splintered; a fragment had driven into his brain, either blinding him or killing him. It didn't matter.

Barney slid out from under him, flopping onto his belly, he crawled painfully for the elevators, shoving his Magnum ahead of him. Blood leaked out of him. He didn't care. He was going to get Cho if he had to crawl all the way to the 12th floor.

The light over the elevator—a million miles up—flashed from six to seven. Garney fired once at the door. The metal strip forming the recess for the door edge flew off. Barney snapped open his knife, stuck the blade in the gap left by the passage of the slug, put his head against the handle and shoved. The door moved a fraction of an inch. With a grunt of pain, Barney shoved in the Magnum barrel. The light went from eight to nine.

Switch of position. Turning, with the burning deep inside of him, Barney locked his chin over the revolving chamber, and put his right hand against the butt. A heave that threatened to force his guts out. The door opened further. He slipped his shoulder into the gap and kept pushing. Sweating, gasping, he looked up. The indicator light flicked from nine to ten.

Another push. Not enough. Barney brought up his left leg, got his foot against the edge of the door, and pushed with everything he had. The door half opened. The alarm bell rang. The elevator stopped. He had them trapped.

But the ringing of the alarm bell dimmed, died. Barney swore. Cho had disconnected the emergency switch, overrode the control set off by the opening door. The indicator light went from ten to eleven.

Barney peered down. Deep in the sub-basement pit, the elevator cable turned in the groove of the huge wheel. Barney aimed, steadied his pain shaken arm, fired. A chunk of metal flew off the wheel. He fired again. The cable snapped with a massive twanging sound and flew far up the shaft. Barney looked up, saw the cable coming down in long, snaky coils. The elevator stopped. It was locked in its geared frame now, and the lock couldn't be overridden.

Kogan aimed upward, squeezed off another round. The muzzle blast sounded like thunder going up the shaft. The blunt-nosed slug punched through steel flooring and kept going. He wasn't trying to hit Cho and Carling so much as he was trying to prevent them from climbing out the emergency exit on top of the cage. He fired another shot, another . . .

Carling was backed against the wall of the elevator. "What are we going to do?" he screamed.

"That's six," Cho said calmly. "Open the trap in the ceiling. We only have to climb a few feet."

"But the Secret Service is waiting up there!"

"To rescue us," a smile passed over Cho's face. "You are Base Plate Two. The basement is filled with Communists trying to stop you from bringing me to them—the man responsible for this assassination plot. Now boost me up . . ."

Footsteps pounded across the basement garage. Barney grined crookedly. "The Marines have landed."

Captain Yerba bent over him. "They made a mess out of you, Major. Think you'll make it?"

"I'll make it." Barney said definitely. "Where are they?"

Yerba's eyes went up. "Stuck between 11 and 12. I'll bring them down with machine gun fire."

"No! I want them alive. Have you got gas?"

"Sure. Tear gas, nausea gas, knockout, smoke—you name it."

"Dump in all the nausea gas. And get two of your strongest men to carry me to the twelfth floor on a rifle . . ."

Cho was reaching to press the electric lock on the inside of the 12th floor when the gas hit him. First he felt giddy, then his stomach rolled. He shook his head. Suddenly his stomach erupted and he fell back on the top of the elevator, taking Carling with him. Both of them retched violently . . .

Kogan rode on a blood-dripping rifle held by two sweating Marines, going around and around the circular flight of emergency stairs. His right arm clutched a Marine's neck for support; his left hand pressed against his stomach wound.

"Come on," he exhaled. "Keep plugging. I'm getting lighter all the time."

They shouldered in the 12th floor door and were almost shot before Lavron barked an order.

"Get Root," Kogan ordered the Security Chief. "Sit me over there," he directed the Marines. "Four men on that elevator," he jerked his head, then spoke generally, "Get me a doc with a cork."

"Kogan!" Root came rushing from his room. "Are you all right?"

"Fine," Barney doubled over. "Get that elevator open. You'll find two very sick guys in there—General Cho and Vince Carling."

They opened the elevator doors and hauled out two greasy, dirty, sick men. Cho stared at Barney impassively. Barney raised his gun, cocked the hammer, pressed the muzzle to Cho's chest. Everyone was still.

Cho's face crumbled. He held out his hand in a pleading gesture. "Please."

Kogan pulled the trigger. It clicked on an empty chamber. Barney laughed so it hurt him terribly.

Cho raged. "Shoot me! Shoot me!"

Barney shook his head. "You don't get off that easy. Your plan failed. I made it fail. You said we'd meet again. You shouldn't have permitted it. Now you'll hang."

CARLING put his hand on Root's arm. "I was bringing him to you," he whined. "As a captive, of course. I had it all planned. I pretended—"

Root shook off the hand. "Oh, you'll hang, too," he said, and bent over the doctor examining Kogan. "How is he?"

"It's a small hole," the doctor said. "Surgery will repair it. Of course, he's lost a lot of blood—and he'll have to spend some time in the hospital."

Barney's eyes went to Cho. He said, "I just want to be out of the hospital in time to see him hang." ◆◆◆

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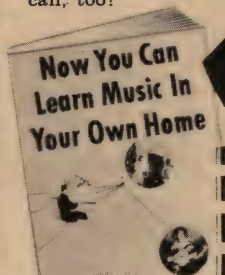

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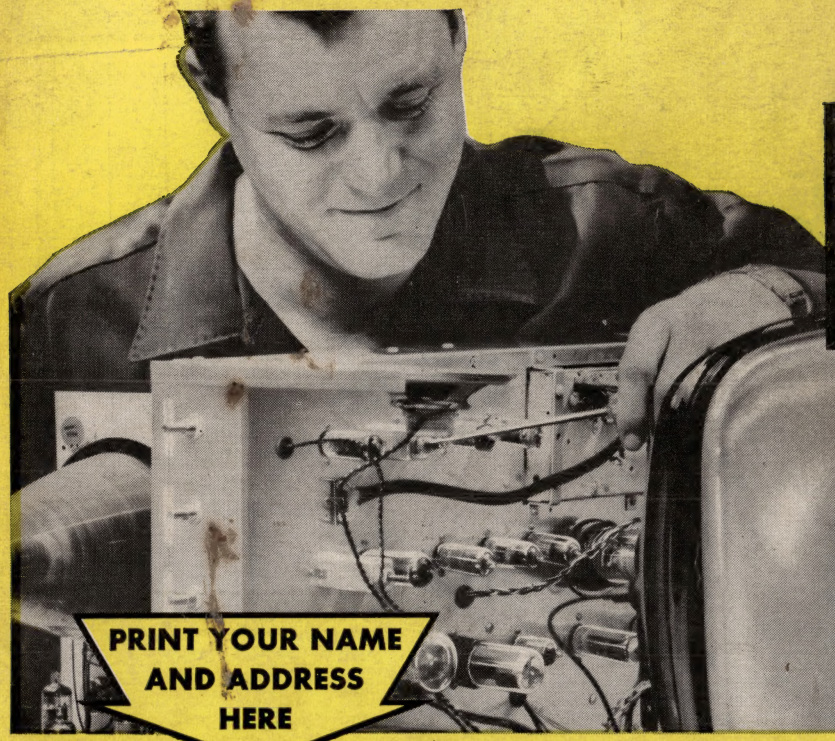

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